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NAVAL LIFE;

OR,

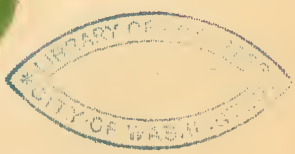
OBSERVATIONS AFLOAT AND ON SHORE.

THE

MIDSHIPMAN.

BY

W. F. LYNCH, U. S. N.



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TO

LIEUT. M. F. MAUREY,

THE STAUNCH FRIEND AND CONSISTENT ADVOCATE OF

THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE NAVY,

THIS VOLUME

IS DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

A WRITER, who respects himself, will not pander to a depraved taste; nor, in seeking an object which his judgment sanctions and his heart approves, should he prefer the ideal, when human life is teeming with events less startling perhaps, but scarce less instructive to the well-balanced mind.

If, without the labor of an argument, which but too often strengthens what it seeks to uproot; if by a mere narrative of facts, one generous mind can be freed from prejudice, neither false delicacy nor the love of ease should withhold it.

By a simple portraiture of the trials of Naval Life, I seek to combat the rising prejudices against my profession, and commit these pages to the press in

the hope that the reader will attribute all imperfections of arrangement and style to the early period when they were written ; for, having undertaken to publish from a journal there was as high an obligation felt, to follow it, even in its departures from continuity, as to preserve its identity of thought and expression. It is proper, however, to say, that those who look for steerage wit, or forecastle slang, will be disappointed.

The statement of the moral responsibility assumed by Commodore Hull, in sailing without orders, is given in justice to the memory of that officer, and rests on the authority of the late Purser Chew of the Navy; his First Lieutenant, now himself a Commodore, who shared his counsels, is justly entitled to his meed of praise. My memory is at fault as to whom of two officers it was, who drew the plug from the boat—or his name would be given. The omission may be supplied hereafter.

A portion of this journal has before appeared in a periodical, and its reception by the lovers of light reading, led to the proposition that the whole should be published.

What is now presented embraces the career of a Midshipman.

What may follow, must speak for itself.

It was my earnest wish to have withheld my name from the title-page, but, in the opinion of others, the purpose in view could not be attained by an anonymous publication. For the sake of simplicity, I have adopted the first person singular, and hope that the reader will not ascribe it to egotism. In the words of one who has gone before—"There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind; neither my mind, nor my body, nor my fortune, allow me any materials for this vanity. It is sufficient for my own contentment that they have preserved my self-esteem."

SEPTEMBER, 1851.

CHAPTER I.

A MOTHERLESS child, with a father who, though not devoid of affection, was engrossed by the care of his property, I esteemed myself fortunate that at the age of sixteen, with the love of adventure enkindled by the very perils arrayed to deter me, I abandoned my studies, and embraced the roving, stirring, homeless, comfortless, but attractive life of a sailor.

A frigate was fitting out in a neighboring seaport for a distant cruise, and from the time I first learned the possibility of being enrolled among her crew, I prosecuted a claim with untiring perseverance, and to my great delight, procured orders to her, with the appointment of midshipman.

Exchanging the garb of mourning for the uniform of my adopted profession, I repaired to the navy yard to claim my berth, fancying as I went, that the attention of others, as well as my own, was riveted on my dirk and the buttons on my collar, thus converting, in my simplicity, the smile of pity for my vanity, or sympathy for the trials which awaited me, into admiration of my figure and its trappings.

Passing through an arched gateway into an extensive area, I recognized at once the object of my destination; a large ship, partially careened, on which several hundred caulkers were hammering most vigorously; their rapid, unceasing strokes vibrating painfully on the inexperienced ear.

Presenting my credentials to the captain, I was by him transferred to the first lieutenant, a compactly-built, active, and energetic man, who in turn handed me over to one of my own grade named Wilson, with directions to show me my quarters and have my hammock slung.

This officer informed me that, for a few days, I would be excused from duty, to give me an opportunity of learning its routine and of becoming acquainted with the topography of the ship and the relative rank and position of my future shipmates.

This gentleman took me under his especial charge, gave me some excellent advice, and soon rendered me an essential service.

Duelling was, at that time, very prevalent in the navy, and I had been told that among my associates no one was respected who had not either fought or evinced a readiness to do so, and my informant advised me to be upon my guard, as my courage would certainly be tested.

In consequence of this admonition, instead of meeting my messmates with the unsuspicious frankness of youth, I weighed the purport of everything that was said, and, like the fretful porcupine, armed at all points, was prepared to resent the slightest aggression.

Imperceptibly, this unnatural state of feeling wore away, as I could detect no latent meaning in the hilarious conversation of a mess table, and before I was aware I had become a participant. One day the subject was the equipment and discipline of privateers, and I took occasion to describe one I had recently visited. I was listened to with attention, but, when I had finished, one of my messmates, sitting opposite, called out, "Tell that to the marines, you look too much as I do when I spin a yarn." As he spoke, in an instant, my plate, spoon, soup and all, were thrown directly in his face. There was an immediate uproar, and Anderson strove to get at me across the table; but Wilson sprung to him, held him forcibly, and called, in a loud tone, to order. The respect in which he was held enforced his call, and, as soon as he could be heard, he proceeded to say, that I was a stranger, unacquainted with their customs and unused to their freedom of expression; that he considered Mr. Anderson bound to recall his words when he pledged himself that an ample apology would be given for what ensued; but that, if Mr. A. refused, *he* would hold him answerable for an insult to one placed under his charge by the first lieutenant.

Although his appeal was received with acclamation, the matter might not have ended here, but the soup was not very hot, and Anderson had a turn for the ludicrous. As soon, therefore, as he was released, he drew his handkerchief across his face, held it up, laughed outright at its appearance, and extending his hand, said, "You have served me right, and I owe

you one. I did not mean to insult you, and I know that you are sorry to have lost your soup."

My first tour of duty was the watch from 8 P. M. until midnight. The snow fell thick and fast, and hoods and tarpaulins had been placed over the hatches, to protect the men on the lower decks from the weather.

Literally construing the order I received, to "keep the men below," I paraded in the snow, with chapeau on and dirk by my side, and eagerly wished for an opportunity to exercise my dread authority. Nor had I to wait long. It occurred to the Quarter Master of the previous watch, as he was about springing into his hammock, that he had neglected to inform his relief of the state of the tide, and without stopping to resume his clothes, he hurried up and called to him. Hearing his voice, I turned, drew my dirk, and rushed upon him. Taken by surprise, the Quarter Master had not time to descend, but, springing aside, fled along the deck, with his pursuer at his heels.

> "The rapid chase we held.
> One urged by fury—one by fear impelled;"
> "Now circling round the decks our 'course maintain,'
> Where the high mast 'o'erlooks the watery plain.'"

At length, I stumbled over a coil of ropes, and in falling, my dirk tore the shirt and lightly grazed the back of the seaman. Before I could regain my feet, the Quarter Master was below, and the word passed like wildfire through the ship, that there was a mad midshipman on deck. No one ventured up until the dawn dispersed their fears, and perhaps not even in the

midst of a hostile fleet was a ship ever more quiet than the Congress throughout the long watches of that night.

At length, our ship was commissioned, and we joyfully collected the stores and commenced in earnest our preparations for sea. But we were long detained, and, during that period, a thrilling incident occurred on shore.

It was in the latter part of February, and the clouds were driven rapidly along the sky, betokening a tempestuous and a bitter night. The moon gleamed at intervals through opening masses of cloud, and the keen north-east wind blew fiercely, when the cry of "fire!" startled the citizens from their slumber.

The first glance satisfied each one that no time was to be lost, for volumes of smoke and flame were bursting from a large building in the very centre of the town. The rattling engine and the tumultuous rush soon succeeded, for all felt the necessity of exertion. An interest deeper than usual was awakened, when it became known that the young and widowed Mrs. Graham, with a child but a few months old, was ill within the house.

The building was of a peculiar construction, with its gable to the street. The lower story was entirely enveloped, and all access to the upper floor was debarred by the scorching flame and dense and suffocating smoke. There was a painful silence for some moments, when a young man, springing from the crowd, exclaimed, "This will never do, who'll follow me?" "Lead on! Foster! lead on!" cried half a dozen voices, and the

gallant youth rushed into an adjoining house, followed by those who had so promptly promised to second him.

A few moments sufficed to apprise those without of their mode of proceeding, and the dull, crumbling sound of the first blow struck against the dividing wall by the vigorous arm of Foster, was cheered by an approving shout from the multitude.

In a few moments a sufficient aperture was made, and through the illuminated windows the figures of the daring fellows were seen hastening in various directions in quest of those they sought to rescue.

> "They climb the crackling stair, they burst the door,
> Nor feel their feet glow scorching with the floor.
> Their breath choked gasping with the volumed smoke,
> But still, from room to room their way they broke."

In a few moments they re-appeared, bearing two females, one closely wrapped and tenderly supported, the other, a black, wild with affright, borne hurriedly along, and convulsively grasping a bundle she carried in her arms.

The throng gathered quickly around, and while consulting where to shelter them, the mother revived, and, true to nature's impulse, her first question was for her child.

"Here it is, Missus," exclaimed the nurse, holding out the bundle which she held in her arms.

Franticly seizing it, with wild and almost maniac gestures, piece by piece, the mother tore the coverings apart, until she reached the inmost, when a heart-rending shriek told that the child was not there! The

nurse, stupified by terror, had clutched the bedding from the cradle, and left the child behind.

In an instant, the dreadful truth was known, and again was heard the cheering voice of Foster: "Fear not, lady, your child shall be restored."

By his direction, a ladder was procured and planted (for one window now afforded the only hope of access), and amid the acclamations of the crowd, he passed rapidly up and entered the house.

The moment after, his figure was lost in the dense smoke which ascended from beneath through the scorching, crisping floor.

Although these events occurred in less time than it has taken to narrate them, the fire had progressed most fearfully. As it found food and vent, the flame crept on, and the window sills and door frames were now all on fire. The paint on one of the top ends of the ladder blistered and peeled off; the wood first scorched, then crackled and charred; spiral lights now played about it, and, suddenly, it was in a blaze. The play of the engines was at once directed to it, and some of the bystanders endeavored to raise it up, in order that the water might have more effect. In the attempt, one slipped and let go his hold, and the ladder, falling against the wall, broke off about two feet from that end. At the same moment, an exulting shout was the signal for the engines to cease; for, blackened and disfigured, Foster reappeared at the window, with the child in his arms. The united strength of as many as could get hold, raised the ladder to its former height, but could do no more, for already the clothes of the foremost were

scorching from the intensity of the heat. Holding the child clear of either side, Foster in vain tried to descend: as soon as his weight was brought to bear upon the ladder, the part unsupported would give way and throw one side uppermost. His situation was now most critical. The cornice of the roof, long since enveloped, was now swagged in its centre, the flame was bursting through the floor, which yawned in chasms to engulf him, and the very building toppled with the frequent fall of crashing fragments.

For an instant, he seemed to yield to an agonizing impulse, and looked as if he meant to spring from the window, and thus preserve the life of the child by the immolation of his own. The very idea suggested a means of escape.

Amid the din and clamor, his voice was unheard; but those without, gathering his meaning from his gestures, procured a bed, and, holding it up, caught the child upon it, which was restored unhurt to its mother's arms, just as Foster, struck by a falling brand, in the effort to recover himself, fell back on the smouldering floor, and was never seen again.

A friend, who was conspicuously active on this occasion, relates, that, with several others, he remained for some time after the fire was arrested, in the hope of recovering the body, but that, unsuccessful, he bent his steps for home. The day was slowly breaking, disclosing hard ridges of vapor, through which, with sinking ray, the morning star occasionally glimmered. The last engine was rumbling along, dragged by a few men and boys, whose slow and slouching gait and soiled

attire bespoke the fatigue of recent toil, when he observed a group of three persons, two of whom appeared to be urging the third to some reluctant measure. They had stopped before an unpretending house, and were still in low but earnest conversation, when the door was thrown open, and a female voice exclaimed, "Where is Foster? Oh! Mr. Nesbitt, where is Foster?"

"My dear Madam," replied the gentleman addressed, "be not"—but, stifled by his own sensations, he could proceed no farther. The downcast eye, the sad demeanor, conveyed the rest, and, wildly clasping her hands, the heart-stricken woman gave an agonizing shriek, and fell senseless in the door-way.

CHAPTER II.

On a balmy day, when a light breeze ruffled the water, and our pennon streamed to seaward, the long-expected call was heard, "All hands weigh anchor ahoy!"

The sails were quickly spread, the anchor was aweigh, and with canvas full distended, we sailed past the lighthouse, and entered on the broad Atlantic. Near the Cape, we met a sister frigate returning from a distant cruise, and passing under full sail; three cheers from each, bade welcome to the one, and conveyed good wishes to the other.

The first night at sea was the most uncomfortable I had ever experienced. The sky was heavily overcast; the atmosphere below decks impregnated with the sickening smell of bilgewater, and the ship rolled and plunged like a maddened steed, instinct with desperation.

In a short time, we made the island of Corvo, the north-westernmost of the Azores, and in a few days, with a favorable breeze, sailed by the islands of Fayal, Pico, and St. George's. Whenever the dispersion of

the mist permitted a view of the land, the scenes were invariably picturesque, and sometimes grand.

We now pressed under all sail by the wind, in the hope of weathering the northern point of Madeira.

On the 20th day, we made the latter island right ahead, but the wind was so light that our approach was gradual, and the atmosphere so hazy as to render the land indistinct. The next day, with a pleasant breeze, we approached the island very near, when it fell calm.

The scenery of Madeira, by turns picturesque or grand, is yet so irregular as often in detached views to present the most grotesque appearances. In one direction is a peninsula, representing on a gigantic scale, the aspect presented by the surface of a sheltered lake when it receives the first of the thunder shower; in another, the mountains are so singularly huddled as to remind one of a jumbling together of every description of steeple, dome, and tower. In our approach to the anchorage, we passed a beautiful valley formed by a gorge in the mountains; a church on one side, a fortress on the other, a convent near the summit, and the intermediate space dotted with innumerable country seats, each surrounded with a patch of the most luxuriant vegetation.

The town of Funchal, the capital of the island, is built in the form of an amphitheatre, its base resting in the sea, and its arch receding as it rises. It presents an imposing aspect, but in reality the streets are steep and narrow, and the style of architecture unattractive.

All the females, and many of the males of the higher

class, are carried about in sedan chairs, slung on poles, and carried by two men each. Madeira, for its arable ground, is perhaps one of the most productive spots in the world. Every niche among the mountains, the sides of every ravine, and the summit of every hill, wherever half an inch of soil can be found, is highly cultivated. Places, that in the United States would only be traversed by the sportsmen in quest of game, are here covered with the luxuriant vine, pendent from which the grape hangs in innumerable tempting clusters. Spots, here and there rendered soft and spongy by the oozing from the superincumbent rocks, are made beautifully conspicuous by the long, rich, half-melancholy foliage of the banana, its straw-colored fruit discernible among the gigantic leaves. The very marshes, whose visitors with us would be the blackbird and the snipe, whose only tenants the discordant frog and hideous snake, are here covered with the yam, whose dark green leaves exceed in size, but otherwise strongly resemble, the full-grown tobacco plant, before it changes its hue.

It is remarkable of Madeira, that the only insects to be seen are a fly and a species of lizard, the latter, it is said, serving the poor as an article of food.

The peasantry are robust and tawny, and their dress peculiar; consisting of shirt, trousers, undressed goat-skin boots, and a blue conical cap, in shape very much resembling an inverted funnel.

Our stay was too brief to justify a remark on the manners and customs of the people, beyond saying that the religion is Catholic, as attested by the number

of convents, and that the country people are humble, and apparently pious. Indolence is predominant, and the thoroughfares are thronged with beggars.

The Portuguese live in haughty seclusion, and the trade of the island is almost monopolized by the English. A few of our enterprising countrymen are settled here, and by their open-handed hospitality cheer the path of the stranger.

Besides wine, its principal export, this island produces rye, maize, wheat, some arrow root, a species of bean, and figs, bananas, pine-apples, apples, pears, peaches, and a very large, mild-flavored onion.

Madeira, so named from its former abundance of wood, was discovered in the reign of Edward III. of England, by Robert Macham, "a squire of low degree," who eloped with Ann Dorsey, a noble maiden, and escaping in a small vessel, steered for France. But the unfortunate lovers were overtaken by a tempest which swept them from their course, and whirled them on this island, then desert and uninhabited. Themselves with difficulty escaping to the shore, their bark was dashed to pieces. Here they remained for years. A rude tomb and cross erected by the surviving lover, tells that his gentle companion perished first, but leaves it to the imagination to conceive his lonely sorrow and his untended death.*

Having recruited the crew and filled up our water, we left Madeira. The wind alternately fair or adverse,

* Much respecting Madeira has been omitted since reading the excellent work of General Dix, to which all are referred who wish for accurate information most agreeably conveyed.

more or less propelled us on, until we reached the confines of the trade-winds, when it fell calm, and the surface of the ocean, smooth as a mirror, reflected the black and threatening hull, and the tall and tapering spars, shrouded with cordage. The sun, untempered by the wind, scorched with the intensity of his blaze, the pitch melted and ran from the seams, the paint blistered upon the sides, and the resin exuded from the pores of the deck. For several fathoms around us, the surface of the water was coated with the dust and filth thrown into it, and the sea itself, filled with animalculæ, became almost putrescent.

For weeks, not a solitary bird fanned the attenuated air, and no roaming fish disturbed the slumber of the deep. Listless and inactive, on the silent waters, the Congress seemed indeed

> "As idle as a painted ship,
> Upon a painted ocean."

The flour, sugar, molasses, vinegar, and every anti-scorbutic was soon exhausted; the water became of a treacle-like consistence, and in the bread, "putrefaction fermented into life." The dread scurvy soon made its appearance, and the easily-indented flesh proclaimed that death was preceded by corruption.

Compelled to quench his thirst with a fluid more fetid than that of a stagnant pool, the dying sailor, crumbling as he lay, gasped and moaned in his agony. Reckless through life, mostly unconsoled by the hopes of religion in death, almost unmarked, his spirit obeyed the signal from aloft, and a lifeless mass

was all that remained of the once hardy and adventurous seaman.

> "The sea and him in death,
> We did not dare to sever;
> It was his home while he had breath,
> 'Tis now his rest for ever."

At length a breeze sprung up, and our ship cleaved with her prow the filthy girdle which environed her, and resumed her path upon the deep.

As we approached the equator, the atmosphere became humid and oppressive. Alike in calms and squalls, we were deluged by frequent rains, compared to which the heaviest showers of our own favored clime are as dewdrops to the overflowing cistern.

At night, the sea became brilliantly phosphorescent, and the waves, as dashed aside by the advancing prow, fell over in curls of flame. Here and there, a luminous track betrayed the course of the flying dolphin to the rapacious shark, whose impetuous rush left a broad and sparkling wake, which was lost in one bright whirl as the destroyer closed upon his victim. Once there was a rushing sound, as a whale disturbed in his slumbers floundered for an instant, and then through an illumined path plunged deep into the recesses of his native element; while myriads of porpoises, the dolphins of antiquity, sportively chased each other, and darting to and fro, without design or order, chequered with lines of light, the dark, unruffled sea.

As we neared the line, the countenances of those who had before crossed it wore an air of joyous expec-

tation, ludicrously contrasted with the feigned merriment of others less fortunate, who could not conceal their misgivings of the ordeal through which they were about to pass.

The day upon which we crossed the line was preceded by a night of surpassing loveliness. In the sky, each planet seemed a tiny sun, and each star shone as lustrous as a planet. The ocean laid in beautiful repose, its heavings so gentle as not to impair the reflection of its mirror-like surface, and the tall ship, without advancing, yielded gracefully to the undulation.

As the night waned, faint streaks of light tinged the dark clouds in the eastern horizon. Gradually, the hues became brighter and more expanded; the violet became purple, the purple reddened into crimson, and suddenly, as from a bed of flame, the sun looked forth upon the quiet scene. The serene sky, the placid ocean, the soft breath of the morning, and the gorgeous sun, were all in keeping with the attributes of their Maker; while our ship, a mere speck upon the waters, girdled with iron and prepared for strife, was a fit emblem of the frailty and insignificance of man.

About noon, the ship was hove to, for the purpose of receiving the expected visitor.

As if by magic, a car shaped like a conch, drawn by Tritons, and attended by Nereids and monsters of the sea, came over the bows, and rolled along the deck. With a long and flowing beard, a crown of sea-weed on his head, and a trident in his hand, Neptune sat within it, with Amphitrite by his side.

The car stopped when it reached the quarter-deck, and salutations were exchanged between Neptune and the captain of the ship. A rigid account was then demanded of all on board who had never crossed the line before. Those who had done so, made due preparation, and now the frolic began. The monarch, late so imposing in ceremonial, laid his dignity aside, and seemed to revel in delight as he looked upon the grimaces and contortions of those who were subjected to the discipline of his court. The command of the ship had been formally surrendered to him, and he dispatched his followers in every direction for the uninitiated. Few were suffered to escape, for the more experienced aided in the search, and with the love of mischief peculiar to their class, chuckled, laughed, and shouted, as, unmolested themselves, they witnessed the desperate but ineffectual struggles of their shipmates.

As often happens in life, the most patient and endured fared the best; for he who passively submitted to the initiatory bath, was often spared the subsequent and severe operation of shaving. The refractory were not only scraped with a common jack-knife, hacked and rusty, but their ears and nostrils, and when they attempted to speak, their mouths also, were filled with the disgusting lather, and over and over again, they were compelled to submit to the filthy embraces of the fond Amphitrite.

The summons to quarters announced at length the termination of the reign of misrule, and the resumption of legitimate authority.

In this day's frolic, many a dress was spoiled and

many a temper ruffled; and although seemingly all was boisterous merriment, frequent occasion was taken to gratify an ancient pique, many a rude trick was misconstrued, and many a harmless jest was treasured in bitter remembrance, long after the circumstance which gave it birth had been forgotten.

The custom of shaving on the line is surely one more honored in the breach than the observance.

After crossing the line, the atmosphere improved, and became so rarified, that the stars were visible at the very verge of the horizon. The polar star, with its pointers, the wanderer's guide in the northern hemisphere, gradually disappeared, and others more brilliant, but less endeared by association, rose upon the view.

High up were two luminous bodies, resembling fragments of the Milky-way, while lower down, towards the pole, another of a darker hue was visible. They are the wonderful Magellan clouds, which, from their position and immovability, are supposed by Humboldt to be the reflection of the Cordilleras. Among the constellations of this hemisphere, the Southern Cross first receives the homage of the Northman.

It is impossible to convey an idea of the night in these latitudes, when the sun has gone down enveloped in vapors of crimson and gold, and the full-orbed moon careers along the cloudless sky, in an ocean of silvery light.

Nor is the scene below less brilliant. Far as the eye can reach it beholds a sea as of molten silver in a state

of ebullition, and the waves severed by the burnished keel open in chasms of fire. At such times, the ship seems imbedded in flame, and the light of her brilliant wake shadows her masts and cordage, on the surface of the sails.

Such scenes are felt as well as seen, for the soul, forgetful of the present, stretches at such times far into the recesses of the past, and in its yearning for what it feels that it alone can love, seems to grasp within its memory, a reminiscence of a prior and purer existence.

In a few weeks we passed Cape Frio, its lofty summit covered with mist, and soon after entered the spacious and picturesque bay of Rio de Janeiro, inclosed by lofty mountains clothed with verdure to their summits, and separated by valleys wherein the luxuriant growth of fruit and flowers made the air redolent of perfume.

Groves of the orange, citron, and lemon, orchards of the plantain and banana, with the wild, abounding and delicious guava, some in blossom, and others weighed down with fruit, refreshed the eye with their varied hues, and almost overpowered the sense by their fragrance.

The palace square which fronts upon the quay, is, in the day time, thronged with negroes passing to and from the fountains. The slaves so much exceed the freemen in number, that the police is necessarily very strict, and gangs of the poor wretches are compelled to work in chains. The heart sickens at the sight of hordes of these unfortunates, almost in a state of

nudity, like driven cattle, exposed for inspection and sale, and this, too, immediately in front of the palace. What a contrast! Within those gates and beneath that roof, all is pride, and pomp, and pageantry, and art is strained and nature ransacked to pamper the luxurious indulgence of its inmates. Without, scorched by the blazing sun, his only garment a filthy rag girt about his loins, the fettered slave burdened to the utmost capacity of his strength, staggers along, with his task-master at his heels.

The unbeliever may ascribe to chance this great disparity of condition; but the Christian, with the eye of faith, recognizes the hand, and in submissive piety, bows to the dispensations of Providence. He feels, he knows, for the records of a Saviour's life confirm it, that each state has its trials and its solace; that the slave less favored, is less accountable, and that it is the high in rank and the gifted in intellect, from whom the most will be exacted.

As the height and depth of mountains and valleys would scarce be discerned by an eye capable of embracing the whole surface of the earth, so, the inequalities of human life, transitory and fleeting, are as nothing compared with the prospects of a future state.

Let the poor slave toil on then, humble and submissive, and he will reap the reward which will be denied to the monarch who abuses, or the statesman who betrays his trust.

The slave-trade is very brisk; but it is to be hoped that the rays of intelligence may penetrate this benighted land, and repudiate the Machiavelian policy which

teaches that crime can be conducive to prosperity. Every comparison with other countries makes me prouder of, and more attached to, my own. With her artillery, she first silenced the exactions of the Barbary powers, and by her was dealt the first death-blow to the horrid traffic in human flesh.

The Brazilian women are by no means prepossessing. The men have more regular features, but are short of stature, and disposed to be corpulent. They are simple, uneducated, and credulous, but kind and charitable, and provide so well for their poor, that beggars are rarely seen. Unquestionably, the number of convents from whence food is gratuitously distributed, is the reason why the aid of the stranger is so rarely solicited. There are many churches, all richly, but few tastefully decorated. The King's chapel is gorgeous in the extreme, but the great attraction is the music. The choir is composed of eunuchs, and the singing surpasses all I have ever heard.

A few weeks before our arrival, a princess was born, and the rejoicings have not yet terminated. Throughout the day, the clang of the bells is incessant, and the surrounding hills reverberate the reports of the artillery, discharged from every ship and fortress. At night, the convents throw back the blaze of the illuminated city, and like a mirror, the harbor reflects the myriads of lights which are fancifully interspersed among the spars and rigging of the ships of war. On the islands and along the shore, in every direction, bonfires are blazing, and from every point is heard the whizzing sound of the sinuous and beautiful rocket,

which, exploding above and around, like a *feu de joie*, fill the air with their fiery flakes. The sound of music, and the shouts of merriment, commingled and wafted by the breeze, fall gratefully upon the ear, and soothe the lagging hours of watchfulness.

CHAPTER III.

With light airs from the land, barely sufficient to ripple the surface of the water, we slowly sailed from the harbor of Rio de Janeiro. Bidding adieu to the comforts and delights of shore, and almost to the face of civilization, we girded on the armor of endurance for a long and perilous voyage.

We had scarce gained an offing when the wind subsided, and left us for hours riding helpless in a perfect calm.

With the hot and blistering noon, sprung up the sea breeze, cool and refreshing, whose glad coming, long before it reached us, was announced by the white foam of the leaping, sparkling wave. And now with light sails furled and boats secured and all prepared for the rude encounters of the sea, we braced our yards to the favoring breeze, and shaped our course for India.

Little of incident occurred to vary the monotony of our long and tedious voyage. By way of cheering the passage of the dull and lingering hours, the midshipmen attended school during the forenoon of each day,

Sundays excepted; and in the evenings, when not prevented by the inclemency of the weather, those exempt from duty at the time, assembled together, and by jest and tale and song, strove to cheer each other.

Some of the crew, more dramatic in their taste, formed an amusing Thespian corps, and twice a week indulged their shipmates with a theatric exhibition. The indulgence of this taste led to an amusing incident.

One of the most intelligent of the corps, also a good seaman, was at the helm during the mid-watch of a dark and threatening night. The top-gallant yards had been sent down, the topsails double reefed, and every preparation made for an approaching gale. Huge masses of clouds swept along the sky; the stars here and there glimmered through them, and the moon just sinking below the horizon, threw a pale and fitful beam across the waters: The ship rose and plunged to the fast rising sea, and nothing was heard except the angry lashing of the waves against her sides, and the shrill whistling of the wind through the blocks and cordage.

The lieutenant in charge of the deck was intently observing the weather, and the men of the watch, with the ropes in their hands, stood ready to reduce sail at a moment's warning, when suddenly letting go the helm, the seaman clasped his hands and exclaimed, "O Bertha, I adore thee!"

"What's that?" cried the officer, much startled, and springing to his side. "Steady—no higher," said the man, who had instantly resumed the helm, and the officer, supposing that he had mistaken the usual

directions of the helmsman, returned to his post and renewed his scrutiny of the weather.

It is almost needless to say, that the seaman had been, in fancy, enacting on the stage the character assigned to him.

One sultry night, finding it too oppressive below, I left my berth, and laid down in the quarter hammock-netting. Everything was so still, that I had fallen into a light slumber, when I was awakened by the steps and voices of two persons walking to and fro along the deck. They were two of the ward-room officers, known to be devoted friends, and by far the best beloved of all the officers of the ship. I soon heard the eldest say to the other, "we are now in the near vicinity of a spot, which was the scene of an eventful era in my life."

"Edward," said his friend, "you have often promised me the history of your life; there could not be a better opportunity than the present one; I am an idler, and you have no watch to-night."

"Let us be seated," replied the first, "and I will redeem my word." They took their seats on a gun-slide, immediately beneath me. I would at once have risen, but, in the first place, I had violated an order of the ship, in making a bed of the hammock-netting; and in the second, there was evidently no anxiety for concealment, as several of the sailors were lying against the gunwale, in hearing distance, if awake. Moreover, from the character of Mr. T., I felt sure that he could say nothing to lessen the high estimation in which he was held. I therefore remained quiet.

"Of a large family of children," he proceeded to say,

"I am the sole survivor. My father died when I was an infant. In my fourteenth year I lost my mother, and in the intervening time, one by one, my brothers and my only sister, were all swept off by the consumption, whose victims waste away even while the cheek is flushed and the eye brilliant with anticipations of renovated health and years of enjoyment. Oh, Charles! that you could have seen and known my sister, for, in many respects, she resembled your own."

"For your sake, if not for hers, I should have loved her dearly."

"You could not have helped it, for she was one of the purest, gentlest beings that ever lived."

"Describe her appearance living."

"It is impossible; for, graceful as a fawn, and with elastic spirits, her features, at one moment gleaming with hope, at the next subdued in sympathy, were changeable as the aspects of a summer cloud, but beautiful in all their changes, for the light they reflected was borrowed from Heaven."

"Hers, then, was the beauty of expression."

"Yes, of angelic expression, and yet her countenance was exquisitely lovely in repose. It reminded one of an inland lake, which, when undisturbed, reflects the foliage and the flowers around it; but, when agitated, its crests of foam, its waves brattling on the shore, all its wild and shifting beauties, are its own. She died on an early summer's morning, the dew-drop yet sparkling on the blade, which, while it bent, it fertilized; and the whole earth, in one gush of fragrance, sent up its tribute to the Mighty Hand which made it."

"Her death was a happy one."

"Aye! for a spirit, pure and spotless as hers, could realize that death has no terrors where life has no reproaches."

After a slight pause, he proceeded. "In less than twelve months, my mother followed her to the grave, and the day and the hour, the occasion and the scene, are deeply graven in my memory; but," perceiving his friend affected, "I will not distress you with the sad recital, although the sorrows of that bitter hour were not without their solace; for, feeling that my loss would be her gain, the showers and the sunshine, the alternate gloom and brightness of the day without, were typical of my hopes and fears.

"My patrimony was supposed to be considerable, and my mother had appointed a distant relative as her executor and my guardian.

"A few weeks found me under the roof of Mr. Thornton. The exchange was a sad one. I had left the home of my infancy, where every familiar object was associated with some kindly phrase or act of endearment, to become a member of an aristocratic family, which traced its lineage from England.

"I could have endured physical privations without repining, but, peculiarly sensitive of neglect, was like the vine cast from the trunk which had sustained it, whose drooping tendrils are swayed to and fro, seeking for something whereupon to cling. Repelled by the haughty manners of the family, my yearning nature found the sympathy it needed in the friendship of Mr. Winchester, the private tutor employed by Mr. Thorn-

ton. Above all men I have ever seen, he united the wisdom of the serpent with the simplicity of the dove. Placed under his tuition, I made rapid progress, he was pleased to say, not only in the acquisition of knowledge from books, but in that more difficult branch which teaches us to analyse our feelings and to know ourselves. You remember Dr. Holmes?"

"Indeed I do, and esteem him as a valued friend."

"Well, imagine him a little taller, a shade more pensive and somewhat more retiring in his manners, with an enunciation yet more distinct, and you have Mr. Winchester before you."

"I think I see him, and, with the character you give, feel that I could love him, too."

"Aye, that you would; for his meek exterior concealed a spirit as incorruptible as that of Brutus, and as benevolent as Howard himself. To him, I owe all that I am, or can ever hope to be.

"At that time, politics ran high; Napoleon, the great human vulture, was gorging himself with the blood of nations, and the crimson flag of England claimed the empire of the seas. The discordant clamor of party strife was loud and vehement, and the whole country seemed to vibrate with the throes of political convulsion. Warped by his pride of descent, and giving the tone to his family, at Mr. Thornton's fireside, in all political discussions, the cause of England was strenuously maintained.

"It was here that, as I grew older, I derived the greatest benefit from the counsels of Mr. W. A pure patriot, without a parade of zeal, he ever upheld the

cause of his country. Pointing out the distinction between the governments of Europe and the one we had adopted, how the former strove to maintain an idle and luxurious class in the enjoyment of peculiar privileges, while the other recognized no difference between man and man, he engrafted in me an attachment to our institutions, as warm and enduring as his own. But for him, I might have imbibed the alien feelings of the family with which I was domesticated.

"About the close of my second year under his tuition, news came of the wanton attack upon, and the inglorious surrender of, the Chesapeake. At Mr. Thornton's table that day, much was said of the valor of the English, and the craven spirit of the Americans. Mr. Winchester, mildly but firmly defended his countrymen, but his opposition provoked such a torrent of abuse and such violent denunciations of everything pertaining to America, that, interrupting Mr. T. in his loudest tirade, he announced his determination of forever quitting a roof which he considered as the fit shelter only of foes and traitors. A violent outbreak seemed inevitable, but his calm and lofty demeanor quelled the rising storm, and, true to his word, he left the next day.

"After his departure, the last tie which bound me to the spot was severed, and I applied to be sent to college. To my surprise, Mr. Thornton declined, and threw out some vague hints of an unpaid bond and a threatened lawsuit, which might involve my whole estate. I then asked to be sent elsewhere to school, but was again denied. I then determined, hap what

might, to leave the place and make my way to one of the Atlantic cities, where, in the sanguine spirit of youth, I felt sure of achieving something. Anything was preferable to the life then before me. I had read of perilous escapes, and, in my inexperience, confounding my situation with that of some imaginary captive, and fearing a thousand obstacles, I waited impatiently for a tempestuous night. It came at last, wild and terrific to my heart's content.

"Throughout the day, the weather had been variable. At one time, the tops of the trees were bowed down by fitful gusts, while at another, the wind gently sighed among the branches, or, dying away calm, everything would droop with the oppressive heat. The clouds were low, detached, and ragged; the bold and craggy tops of the mountains were wreathed in mist, and the same humid vapor filled the chasms and swept down the distant slopes.

"Even before the sun disappeared, his disc became lurid, the air seemed to thicken and respiration became difficult. The untended cattle went lowing to their pens, and the poultry, with discordant noises, hurried under cover. About dusk, a dense cloud gathered in the northwest, and while the thunder muttered in the far-off mountains, it slowly approached us, the lightning playing across it in incessant flashes. Suddenly, like the smoke of artillery, a number of jets were thrown up from its upper surface, and then a flash, compared to which those were as artificial fireworks which had preceded it, blinded the eye, and instantly, every animate thing shrank with dread, as a

most terrific crash pealed upon the ear. Then came the whirl and the roar of the tempest. The spirit of the storm was abroad, and "Omnipotence rode on the wings of the mighty wind." Huge trees and massive fragments of rock were whirled about like gossamer in a summer's breeze. An avalanche of rain followed, the very flood-gates of heaven seeming to have opened above us.

"The long wished-for hour had now arrived, and bracing myself to the desperate chance, I seized a bundle I had prepared, and hurried forth, preferring rather to encounter the battling elements, than abide with those I could not love. Breasting the driving rain, I shouted with exultation at the prospect of achieving my own fortunes by my own exertions. Although 'the live thunder' leaped 'from cliff to cliff,' and the forked lightning almost seethed the brain with its sharp and sulphurous fire, I pressed on, regardless of the storm, and only fearful of pursuit.

"For some miles, the road, which ran winding among the hills, was overflowed, and each indentation in the mountains had become the bed of a foaming torrent. I was obliged to clamber the hill-sides, and spring from ledge to ledge across the mad and plunging streams. But that I was in full health, buoyant with hope, and of an elastic frame, I could never have overcome the difficulties or survived the perils of that night. Once or twice, I nearly despaired, but the thought of the sneers to which I would be subjected if I returned, determined me to persevere.

"After severe toil, I gained the high road and threw

myself down, exhausted. I had rested but a few moments, when, borne upon the wind, I heard a loud clatter and, now and then, a shrill and piercing shriek. Springing to my feet, I gazed anxiously up the road. The rain had partially subsided; a luminous spot in the heavens showed the position of the moon, the thunder, no longer near, reverberated in the distance, and the flashes of lightning, although vivid, were less sulphurous and blinding. I could soon distinguish the tramp of horses at full speed, and in an instant after, a carriage passed at headlong velocity. The screams I had heard satisfied me that there was some one within, and I breathlessly hurried after it.

"A short distance below, the road descended a hill and crossed a stream, ordinarily shallow, but now doubtless swollen and scarcely fordable. My fears were more than confirmed, for, to my dismay, I soon found myself up to my armpits in the water.

"The screams had ceased, and I could hear nothing to guide me. Suddenly, through the lurid gleaming of the storm, I saw the carriage, which seemed to be entangled by a prostrate tree, while the horses, rearing and plunging, strove to free themselves from the harness. With some difficulty, I swam to it, the lateral pressure of the current almost bearing me under. Fortunately, I had my hunting-knife with me, and contrived to cut the traces and liberate the horses, but not without receiving a severe blow from one of them. Within the carriage, I found a female form, but whether alive or dead, in the uncertain light, I could not tell. The water was nearly up to the seat, and rising with great

rapidity. Bearing the body up, I hesitated what to do. With a bruised shoulder, and supporting a lifeless form, it would be madness to attempt to swim. Feeling about, I discovered that the front panel was a large one, and forcing it out, dragged the wet and dripping figure through it, and placed her on the driver's seat, while I called loudly for help. Almost simultaneously with my own, I heard voices shouting up the road, and guided by my call, assistance was soon procured, and the lady (who had fainted) rescued from her perilous position.

"Mr. Stephens, a wealthy gentleman, was, with his wife, returning from the Springs, and had reached the village soon after the storm set in. He had just alighted, and was holding out his hand to assist Mrs. S. to descend, when the horses, terrified by a flash of lightning and the loud peal which succeeded it, ran off at full speed, and the driver, in the effort to recover the reins, fell to the ground.

"Mr. S. expressed so much gratitude, and so frequently proffered his services to aid me, if he could, that, won by his kindness, I confided to him the secret of my flight and all my ill-digested plans for the future. He listened with deep attention, and endeavored, at first, to persuade me to return to my guardian; but, finding me resolute, he suggested a mode of enfranchisement, at the bare mention of which, my heart fairly leaped for joy. He proposed that I should enter the navy; a profession, he remarked, which, although little esteemed by the country, would, he felt sure, if opportunity offered, win for itself an imperish-

able renown. Informing my guardian of the course intended to be pursued, he exerted his influence, and, in a short time, procured me an appointment.

"War was soon after declared, and I was ordered to the frigate Constitution, then lying at Annapolis. She was commanded, as you know, by Capt. Hull, who, with every officer and man on board, was exceedingly anxious to get to sea before the enemy should reach the Chesapeake in superior force. Our Captain had twice ineffectually written to the Secretary of the Navy, entreating permission to proceed to sea. At length, he called up the Officer of Marines, and said to him,

" 'Sir, have you no official business which calls you to Washington?'

" 'None, sir,' replied the officer.

" 'Then you must make some,' said the Captain, and, handing him a letter, added, 'you must start so as to reach Washington early to-morrow. When you get there, let it be your first business to call upon the Secretary of the Navy, and give him this letter, telling him, at the same time, that you will call in three hours for a reply. At the expiration of the three hours, be sure to take your departure, and I expect you to breakfast with me the morning after.'

"The officer strictly obeyed his instructions. When the dilatory Secretary had read the Captain's letter, he remarked, 'I am very much occupied at present, sir; but, if you will call in two or three days, I will have an answer ready for you.'

" 'Sir,' replied the officer, 'I am allowed but three

hours in Washington to see my Colonel, and, at two o'clock, I am to start on my return.'

"'Very well, sir,' was the reply, and the officer took his leave.

"At two, punctually, he called again, and the Secretary, somewhat fretted, said, 'Really, sir, I have not had time to attend to Capt. Hull's letter. Can you not wait until to-morrow?'

"Under my orders, sir, it is impossible."

"'Very well, say to Capt. Hull, that I will write to him by mail.'

"'Excuse me, sir,' said the officer, 'when I assure you that Capt. Hull will be bitterly disappointed if I do not take him something from you.'

"With a gesture of impatience, the Secretary drew a sheet of paper to him, and writing a few hurried lines, handed the note to the officer. It contained these remarkable words:—

"'Sir—You will proceed with the Constitution to New York, and should you meet any vessels of the enemy, you will note it.'

"It was sufficient—and we immediately weighed anchor and stood to sea. A short distance out we encountered a squadron of the enemy, and the chase that ensued has already become matter of history. Of the fatigue we underwent and the extraordinary exertions we made, I can give you no idea. For most of the time the wind was very light, and at length died away in a perfect calm. We then resorted to towing and kedging, and with the perspiration streaming from their brows, our crew toiled manfully without

a murmur. Each one sleeping at his post took his meals as he could. At one time the nearest ship, towed by all the boats of the squadron, was enabled to gain fast upon us. Gradually, too, our pursuers, like huge, creeping monsters, seemed all to gain upon us, when, at the very crisis of our fate, a breeze sprung up. Swinging the ponderous yards to meet its glad embrace, we thanked our God, that we were the first to feel it. The sails flapped exultingly against the masts, and then slowly distending, our noble ship, in all her grace, and pride, and beauty, renewed the race she had so nearly lost. With sail on sail, packed wide and high, from the bulwarks to the trucks, each ship was soon a pyramid of canvas. Behind us was captivity or death, before us, freedom and the hope of future renown. Judge then with what delight we soon perceived that we were leaving our pursuers. The wind freshened as the night closed in, and early the ensuing day the enemy abandoned the chase as hopeless. For sixty hours we toiled unceasingly, and human nature had been taxed to its utmost powers of endurance.

"Cut off from New York, our commander determined to proceed to Boston. Off Block Island, we spoke an American vessel bound in, and by her the Captain wrote to the Secretary of the Navy acquainting him with his escape, and informing him of his intention to proceed to Boston, where he trusted to receive permission to cruise at sea.

"We reached the harbor late one evening; by midnight we had commenced taking in provisions and

water, and in twenty-four hours were again ready for sea. For three days beyond the time we should have heard from Washington, we were kept in the most anxious suspense. All hands were detained on board, except the Purser, who, on the arrival of each mail, hurried to the post-office. On the third day there did come an official letter, but it was addressed to a ward-room officer on the subject of his pay.

"It was then that Capt. Hull took a resolution which evinced as much wisdom as moral courage. He knew that the cruisers of the enemy swarmed upon our coast, and he chafed with desire to encounter one of them. He determined to put to sea without orders, and immediately carried his purpose into execution.

"We had soon the satisfaction to meet an adversary. It was one of the ships of the squadron which had chased us. Instead of increasing, we now sought to lessen the intervening distance, and as we approached, each ship, like a combatant in the arena, partially stripped herself for the conflict. Under reduced sail, leisurely, deliberately, we neared each other. It was a moment of intense excitement. England had so long styled herself the mistress of the sea, and the arrogance of the claim was so lessened by her almost uninterrupted career of victory, that the boldest and most sanguine among us admitted the probability of defeat. Yet there was no shrinking of the nerve, not one instant's hesitation of purpose. Our country had sent us forth, and in the hour of peril she relied upon us. We knew that we might be defeated, but resolved that we would not be disgraced. The flag, with the proud

vessel which bore it, might sink beneath the waves, or by one terrific explosion be scattered in shreds and fragments upon their surface, but each one felt that it could never be struck to a single adversary.

"I had thought before that I had some idea of a battle, but imagination fell short of the stern reality. Men, lately so calm in their demeanor, were wrought to the highest pitch of phrensy, and reeking with perspiration and begrimed with powder, as seen through the fire and smoke, appeared like infuriated demons. The ship reeling like a drunken man, quivered with each recoil, but there was no screaming, nor shouting—the ministers of death were too earnest for noisy exhibition, and except the stifled groans of the wounded, and the brief, quick words of command, the human voice was unheard.

"You know the result. At the report of the last gun in that conflict, as at the blast of the Israelite trumpets before Jericho, the walls of British invincibility fell, like them, too, never to rise again. But they are about to relieve the watch; I will resume my tale hereafter."

CHAPTER IV.

On the thirty-eighth day we were on the meridian of the Cape of Good Hope, and passed it on a rolling, mountainous swell, the confluent greeting of two mighty oceans. Like a cork tossed on a rippling river, we floated buoyantly along; at one moment riding on the crest of a wave, which in another was curling angrily above us. Although rearing and plunging like a maddened steed, our gallant ship, obedient to the helm, breasted the surge and rode skilfully on her way.

A few nights after, the freshening wind compelled us to shorten sail. The topsails had been reefed and hoisted, and the men were returning from aloft, when one of the topmen stepped on an unfastened rope, and before he could regain his foothold, was by the pitch of the ship thrown forward off the yard, and in his fall striking against the inflated surface of the foresail, was glanced overboard. The life-buoys were immediately cut away, and gratings, coops, and many light articles were thrown over the side, in the hope that one at least might come within the grasp of a struggling shipmate.

The ship was brought as near to the wind as safety would permit, and, immediately after, the startling notes of the drum summoned the crew to quarters, and announced the decision of our commander, sustained by the observation of all, that the tempestuous sea and rising wind, forbade the lowering of a boat. The battle-lanterns were lighted fore and aft, look-outs were stationed aloft and along the deck, and a dead silence prevailed, for every ear listened for the faintest sound, and every eye scanned the wild and dreary waste, to catch a glimpse of our unfortunate companion.

What must have been the feelings of that poor wretch when the sound of the familiar drum came riding upon the gale, proclaiming that his fears were realized, and that for him there was no hope! When the lights streaming through the ports exhibited his shipmates on the yards and rigging, their dress distinguishable, and the very anxiety of their countenances visible, while himself, the object of so much sympathy, unheard and unseen, although so near, shrieked and struggled in his agony.

Whether he strove to the last, and with the water gurgling in his throat sunk senseless and exhausted; or whether with the flight of hope he ceased to battle with his fate, can never be known. In darkness and amid the roar of elemental strife, he perished.

Our humane commander lingered for hours, and only when the last and faintest ray of hope had become extinct, was the order given to bear up and steer the appointed course.

For many days this calamity cast a gloom through-

out the ship. The tones of hilarity were hushed; the joyous laugh was unheard, and the ordinary duties were carried on in subdued voices, and with a composed and quiet manner.

On the sixty-fourth day we made Java Head, a bold promontory, the western extremity of the island of Java, and marking the entrance of the Straits of Sunda.

Passing up the Straits, we anchored in Anjeer Bay, a short distance from Batavia. The land is extremely fertile, and the hill sides are covered by lofty and umbrageous trees, and the tangled and luxuriant undergrowth is so interlaced, as almost at high noon to exclude the rays of the sun. The mountains in the distance are covered with verdure—not the tawny verdure of a northern clime,—but the luxuriant green of the tropics.

The natives, as well as the Malays, who resort here in great numbers, are copper-colored, and of light and agile frames, a little below the medium size. Their eyes and hair, like those of the gypsies, whom in many respects they resemble, are coal black; the former sparkling, restless, and sinister in expression; the latter long, coarse, glossy, and luxuriant. Although sedate and grave in manner, they are fond of excitement, and delight in gambling. So deeply absorbed do they become in their games of chance, that they are often insensible to everything else around them, and will stake, not only what little property they possess, but their wives, their children, and their very liberty.

Each community has its peculiar code of honor,

and although a Malay will rob, and steal, and murder, he serves with inviolate fidelity the master awarded by the hazard of the dice.

The fruits are here various and abundant; cocoa-nuts, pine-apples, custard apples, mangoes, oranges, guavas, &c.; and our crew, thirsty from exclusive salted food, and from so long inhaling a saline atmosphere, revelled in enjoyment, until sickness, the inevitable consequence of excess, warned to forbearance.

While we laid here, two ships belonging to the English East India Company, each nearly as large as our frigate, and two American ships, all bound for Canton, arrived and were received under our convoy.

As soon as our water was replenished, we got under way, and sailed slowly through the Straits, with our convoy in company. It was late in the season, and the light and baffling winds harassed and alarmed us, for they presaged the change of the monsoon, so dreaded by navigators of the China sea, which is comparatively unknown, and abounds with shoals and sunken rocks.

Both of the English ships, and one of our own, were dull sailors, and although the indications of the weather became daily more and more unfavorable, we were compelled to proceed under short and easy sail, rather than desert them.

On the ninth day, the weather was perplexing; the wind at one time bellying out the lower sails, at another, scarce distending the loftiest. Shortly after noon it became so variable, that frequently the vane would fly upwards from opposing currents of air. The clouds were not gathered as usual into solid masses,

and did not float in one uniform direction, but in detached fragments, and with various speed were swept hither and thither. The sea-birds screamed discordantly, the air seemed to thicken with the approach of darkness, and the night found us, with all sail furled, waiting for the coming storm. One black cloud rose above the eastern horizon, and beneath it the fretting ocean reflected a sickly glare of light. The lurid light increased, the spectral cloud seemed to launch itself on the water, and then, with the speed of the lightning, it bore down upon us. Like gossamer, our ship was driven before the terrific blast. On, on we drove, spar after spar falling with a crash. In breathless terror each one clung to the nearest object; for it seemed as if we were rushing to certain destruction.

The hurricane ceased almost as suddenly as it had commenced. The sea, like a panting steed, all covered with foam, rose, as the fierce wind which had swept it smooth, subsided; and for hours we pitched about on a fast-increasing swell, without a breath of air to steady and relieve us.

About two in the morning the wind again sprung up, and at sunrise ourselves and scattered convoy were "lying to" in a tremendous gale.

Varying in direction, but unmitigated in its violence, the gale continued, and the morning of the fourth day found us tossing confusedly upon a tempestuous sea, our masts strained, the fragments of our storm stay-sails fluttering from the bolt-ropes, and the "wales" opening with every roll, through which the

water rushed with alarming rapidity. In the morning, the island of Luconia, the principal of the Philippines, was made upon the lee beam, and the crags of its iron-bound coast cut sharp against the rising sun. At the same time, the Macclesfield shoals—the most to be dreaded in this perilous sea—were, by calculation, distant but sixteen miles, and might be within as many furlongs.

At 8 P. M., the captain summoned the commissioned sea-officers to a consultation in the cabin, and the question was discussed whether it were more advisable to continue "lying to," or to attempt to "wear." The advocates of the first represented the great danger of foundering in the attempt to wear in such a tremendous sea, and the equal risk, if, providentially, the ship wore round, of being dashed upon the shoals. Those in favor of wearing, urged the condition of the ship, already so overstrained as almost to preclude her weathering through the night, and the certainty, if she did, of being so embayed with the land as would render it absolutely necessary to beach her in the morning.

The consultation was a long and anxious one: the result—a determination to seize a favorable opportunity, and attempt to wear.

So dreadful was the alternative that it was resolved to keep the crew in ignorance, and, for the first time in eight-and-forty hours, the watch was set. But the hammocks were untouched. Of all that bold and hardy crew, not one courted the influence of sleep, from which he knew not how soon he might be

roused by the rush of the overwhelming wave, or the crash of the ship upon the rocks.

The position of the ship was now most perilous. The sea was frightful and the sky appalling. Before midnight the tempest fairly howled. Low, ragged clouds flitted along the sky; the moon had gone down, and the foaming crests of the waves threw a dull, phosphorescent light, which made the scene more gloomy. Again, the raging sea, the rock-bound coast, and the scattered convoy were distinctly revealed by a vivid flash of lightning, instantly succeeded by a crashing peal, which was lost amid the angry surge.

To the red lightning and the loud thunder, succeeded the flash and the boom of the minute gun, which each ship fired in succession to denote her position to her companions. At one time, lifted simultaneously on high, each appeared to be riding on a pinnacle of foam; at another, nothing could be seen from our deck but a threatening sky above and curling crests around us.

By 1 A. M., the ship had drifted so near the land, that the roar of the surf was distinctly audible. One hour more and we should be dashed upon the rocks. Bracing ourselves to the desperate chance, signal was made to the convoy, and the order given to wear. The good ship, strained and almost water-logged, slowly yielded to the helm, when she was arrested by the shock of a gigantic wave, which, toppling over the bulwarks, swept the deck fore and aft. Rocked in the trough of the sea, with the waves on each side

combing over her, the noble ship seemed doomed to destruction.

At this moment, that startling summons, which it is believed has never before been heard on board of an American man-of-war, resounded along the decks. The cry was, "All hands to save the ship ahoy!"

The affrighted crew clustered together, and in silence prepared to meet their fate. Pride, with every earthly feeling, quails at the approach of death; and human respect is forgotten when all human ties are about to be sundered. A subordinate ventured a suggestion, which his commander adopted. Preparations were made for cutting away the mizen mast, and a few daring volunteers exposed themselves in the weather fore-rigging. The latter proved sufficient, and the ship slowly but gradually fell off, until right before the wind without a sail, and with breathless velocity she scudded under bare poles. The next day but three of the convoy were visible. One of the Indiamen was never heard of afterwards. She had been either dashed upon the rocks, or stranded on the shoals, or foundered in the wild and raging sea.

Like some fierce animal that had been infuriated to phrensy, the sea continued to chafe long after the lashing wind had subsided. By degrees it moderated, and the maddening plunge and heavy roll, were exchanged for a slow and graceful movement on a gentle swell.

We soon made the Ladrone islands, which lie at the mouth of Canton river, or, more properly, of that

inlet of the sea into which flows the river Pekiang, on the banks of which the city of Canton is situated. The inhabitants of these islands regard fire as a god or a devil, which feeds on dry wood and bites when it is touched.

What a contrast to our position a few days since! *Then*, without a stitch of sail, we were tossed to and fro on the foaming brine; at one moment kissing the welkin's cheek, at another sunk in the deep abysm. *Now*, with sail on sail packed wide and high, under a cloud of canvas, the beautiful ship presses on; the spray, like fairy fretwork, curling and combing beneath the bow, and the foaming wake sparkling in the sun-light, as it closes behind us.

Then, we had the forked lightning and the loud thunder, the flash of the minute-gun, and the roar of the surf for accompaniments. *Now*, the unclouded vault, the clear horizon, hundreds of fishing-boats skimming about, and the deep blue of the land in the distance enliven and beautify the scene.

From one of these boats we received a pilot. This boat, and it is a specimen of its class, has two masts, each bearing a lateen yard, to which a sail is bent, composed of pieces of matting stitched together. The crew consists of four men and two boys. The men are rather below the medium height, but are erect and active. Their complexion is a light olive, their eyes are small, black, elongated, and drooping at the inner angle. Their heads are shaved, with the exception of a long lock growing from the crown, which is neatly plaited. Their dress consists of a

short frock or tunic, of black-glazed muslin, and loose trowsers. They are without stockings; and an old man, who seems to exert parental authority, alone wears shoes. Their hats are of bamboo, very wide in the brim, and running with a concave curve to an abrupt point. They are very sociable, and smoke incessantly. Their only drink seems to be black tea, which is kept warm and taken at all hours, without milk or sugar. The cabin is very low, but highly varnished, and the bamboo seats are about the height of a lady's footstool. At the farther end of the cabin is an altar, gaudily decorated with gold and silver foil. The goddess of the shrine is a waxen image, dressed in flaunting satin and ribbons. A lamp and "Ghos-stick" are burning beside it, and before it are the morning offerings of the crew, consisting of a cup of tea, some ginger, and a little fruit. The Ghos-stick is a species of slow match; with the lamp, it is kept constantly burning, and it would presage a dreadful calamity were either to be extinguished by accident, or to expire from neglect.

The land, clothed with the universal pine, as we near it, presents very much the appearance of our own coast, excepting that in some places by gentle slopes, in others abruptly from the shore, it rises into hills, which, aspiring as they recede, wreathe their bald and craggy tops with the mists which float in the distance.

With the exception of the peculiar equipments of the boats, the dress and complexion of their crews, and the milk-white dolphins playing around us, there is much in the aspect of this country to remind us of our

own. The deep and brilliant green which pervades the landscapes of Sumatra and Java, is superseded by the duller but more wholesome tints of our more temperate and more happy clime. We came to anchor near the island and almost within the shadow of the mountain-peak of Lintin, about eighty miles from Canton.

CHAPTER V.

Riding at anchor, a short distance in shore of us, are several Chinese war-junks, commanded by a Mandarin of rank, which are stationed here to prevent smuggling. The largest of them is about six hundred tons burthen, shaped like a shoe, and having a high forecastle and poop. It has no figure-head, but an eye painted on each bow, from the idea that ships are animate things, and that the ocean, even when most agitated by storms, is intersected by narrow and intricate pathways, to deviate from which is certain destruction. To all our questions upon the subject, the invariable reply was, "No have eye—how can see?" These vessels have high bulwarks; each carries three masts which are stayed irregularly, and the sails are of fine matting. Their hulls are black with white ports, and the masts and spars are painted a variety of colors. The stern is crowded with images of hideous aspect, and flags and signals of all sizes and colors flutter from the mastheads. They carry each six iron guns about the calibre of our nine-pounders, secured upon swivels amidships.

Having never before seen an American man-of-war, the Chinese insist upon it that we are English; and the authorities, actuated by their jealousy of foreigners, treat us with great rudeness, and to our intercourse with the shore, every impediment short of actual resistance is presented. At length, we are ordered to quit the country, all supplies of provisions are interdicted, and the squadron of junks considerably increased. We are compelled to smuggle fresh provisions for the crew, and water, when required, is procured weapon in hand. And here the skill of the Chinese boatman is most apparent.

The war-junks, in the form of a crescent, are anchored to the east in shore of us. On the opposite side of our ship, we always moor the launch. When the moon is set or overcast, a Chinese smuggling boat comes from the western side of the bay, standing directly for us, in such a manner that our towering hull conceals it from the junks in shore. When almost upon us, the boat's helm is put "hard down," and the boat ranges alongside of the launch, into which three or four bullocks are precipitated, and the next moment, the smuggler under full sail, is standing from us. The slight noise which accompanies the transfer, is invariably heard by the vigilant watchmen of the fleet. Instantly a rocket is sent up, which, before it reaches its full ascent, is followed by others, and plain and colored lights are shown along the island and in every inlet of the bay. The tumult of a hurried chase succeeds, but it is usually fruitless,

except that its excitement relieves the tedious monotony of the watch.

Our bold smuggler, rendered incautious by success, made the attempt one night when it was not sufficiently dark. A signal was made from the fleet long before we could discover anything, and in the endeavor to escape, the smuggler most probably shifted his course, and endeavored to regain the western shore. But finding himself intercepted, by a dexterous evolution he doubled upon his pursuers, and with a flowing sheet and every muscle strained to the oars, bore down towards us, evidently with the purpose of claiming our protection. The scene at this time was an exciting, and but for the sympathies it awakened, a most beautiful one. The alarm had been communicated not only to the adjacent islands, but to the distant mainland. The indentations of the shore were defined by a continuous line of light, and from various points rockets were sent up; every boat on the river, except the smuggler's, hoisted a lantern, and the men-of-war were incessantly firing, shouting, and exchanging signals with each other.

As well might Acteon hope to elude the fate awarded by Diana! One of the men-of-war closed upon the unfortunate smuggler. We heard the grapple, the rude chafing of the boats as they ranged side by side, and a brief scuffle; after which a few orders were given in a distinct voice, and four or five times, at intervals of a few minutes, we heard gurgling sounds as if the bowstring were being inflicted. A blue light was then burned, the lights were extin-

guished, the men-of-war returned to their anchorage, and the sentry's cry of " All's well," alone disturbed the silence of the night.

The city of Canton is well known from the description of travellers, and the semi-Portuguese town of Macao is only celebrated for its cave wherein the unfortunate poet Camoens wrote his Lusiad.

After the lapse of nearly two months we sailed from Lintin, and spent six weeks in search of a fictitious shoal, laid down on the equatorial line, and in the midst of the Chinese sea. Our men and junior officers were very much exposed, sounding at great distances from the ship in open boats.

Unsuccessful and dispirited, with nearly one hundred of the men on the sick list, we sailed for Manilla, the capital city of Luconia, the principal of the Philippine Islands. Immediately after our arrival, a large building on shore was hired for the accommodation of the sick, and the Spanish authorities were most considerate and attentive.

Manilla is situated on an extensive bay. The city proper is surrounded by a high wall, within which reside the authorities, the natives of Spain and their descendants. The suburbs circling the walls on the land side, stretch far to the south and west, and are more extensive and more densely populated than the city. The houses in the suburbs, with the exception of those in the principal streets, are mostly built of bamboo, in many places raised on piles within the margin of the river.

In the houses so constructed, the floors consist of

bamboo-cane split longitudinally, and laid with the convex side uppermost, leaving a space of half an inch between; which, besides its recommendation for cleanliness, keeps the apartments cool from the evaporation of the water beneath. A short time previous to our arrival, upwards of 4000 huts had been destroyed by fire.

The natives are of a very bright olive complexion, slight in figure, and very graceful in their movements. Their eyes are dark, full, and expressive, and their hair long, black, and luxuriant. They seem friendly and inoffensive.

The principal exports of the island are cotton, rice, indigo, tobacco, sugar, tortoise-shell, and grass cloths. About 15,000 tons of shipping clear annually from the port. A vessel owned in the place is a regular trader to Acapulco, whence, like the galleons of old, but no longer intercepted by the freebooters of England, she bears her rich freight across the vast Pacific Ocean. In consequence of the Spaniards having reached the Philippines by pursuing a western course, and ourselves by steering east, there is a difference in time of twenty-four hours, and Monday with us, is celebrated as Sunday on shore.

A short distance from the city is the Prado or Park, where, every afternoon, the inhabitants rising from their siesta take the air on foot, on horseback, and in carriages of every description. On the occasion of our first visit, all was glee and joyfulness. The breeze which rippled the bay and gathered coolness from its sister element, bore to us the merry laugh of the

pedestrians. The middle classes in their unpretending vehicles, and in social converse, passed by at a reasonable pace; the gentry and nobility, the parvenu so gorgeous and the aristocrat severely simple in his equipage; the gay and dashing cavalier and the haughty beauty in her pride, swept along, when suddenly, from within the walls, came the startling but melodious sound of the vesper bell. The transition from confused and rapid motion to a state of perfect stillness, from the hubbub of a joyous multitude to a death-like silence, was instantaneous and impressive. Each pedestrian knelt upon the spot where he stood; instinctively, as it were, every horse stood still, and the riders bowed their uncovered heads. Among many thousand beings, nearly the whole population of that city, our carriage alone presented an erect and covered head, while the hushed multitude breathed the vesper prayer.

On our first arrival a similar circumstance was noted, although from our relative position the effect was less startling. We came to anchor about noon, with several Spanish ships and a number of coasters lying at various distances from us. A light shower, just sufficient to render the sails too damp for furling, had caused us to defer doing so until evening. The vessels around, after the shower, loosened their sails to dry. Near sunset, we called all hands to furl sails, and in compliment to us as strangers, the word was passed among the vessels of the port, and they prepared to follow our movements. The sails were clewed up, the yards of our own and of all the other vessels

were covered with men, and the bay between the shipping and the shore was enlivened by a dozen boats passing to and fro; the Spanish with measured stroke to the cadence of a song, and our own with a short, quick stroke, and unaccompanied with any sound except the harsh grating of the oar in the row-lock. The men on the yards were in the act of gathering up the sails when the toll of a bell was heard. Instantly, the men aloft in the other ships doffed their caps and stood immovable; the song of the rowers was hushed, and the oars rested from their work, our own boats excepted, which swept on with rapid and unceasing stroke, and our men had furled the sails and were descending from aloft, when the last sound of the bell gave the signal for the others to proceed.

After having thoroughly recruited, we sailed for Canton in company with an English frigate. She was literally fir-built, and had been presented to their government by the ladies of Liverpool, after which city she was named. It was determined to try our relative speed, but she was out of sight on the second morning, and reached the port of destination before us. She was commanded by Sir Francis Collier, the gallant officer who crowded sail on his ship in a heavy gale, and dashing stem on against the chain stretched across the harbor of Brest, snapped it asunder, and opened a passage for the blockading fleet.

On the fourth day out, a midshipman of the watch, a little after 12 o'clock, was walking to and fro in the weather gangway, when he thought that he discovered something on the water several miles to wind-

ward. He called the attention of the lieutenant of the watch, who examined it attentively with his spy-glass, and directed him to report to the captain that we had made Pedro Branco, a large, isolated rock, on the coast of China.

Under the supposition that we had either overrun our reckoning, or been drifted by a strong and favorable current, our course was altered, and we stood directly for it. As we neared it, however, we saw that it was buoyant, for it rose and fell with the swell of the ocean, and we soon perceived human figures making wild and frantic gestures.

It proved to be a large water-tank, built of wood, and closely cemented in the seams, but open at the top, which floated but a few feet above the surface of the water. It contained seven miserable creatures, one of whom, an old man, was found lying in the bottom, his head propped against one side, and his body nearly covered with water, which was coated with a fetid slime. The old man died, but the rest by slow degrees recovered. They stated that they had been a part of the crew of a large Chinese junk, which had stranded on a rock about two weeks previous; that the whole crew and passengers escaped in three large tanks, of which the largest held about one hundred, another sixty, and their own twenty-three persons. That they drifted about in close proximity until the evening of the second day, when a heavy squall came up, and after it passed away, they saw nothing more of their companions. No doubt the other tanks

laden beyond their buoyant capacity, filled and sank with the first rising of the sea.

These men state that, with the exception of a fish and two gulls caught with a line made of their long hair, they have passed the whole period without a morsel of food. But their appearance and their very reluctance to converse on the subject, satisfy us that they have fed upon each other; whether upon the bodies of those who died from exhaustion, or the flesh of their slaughtered comrades, we cannot tell. The rains of heaven, they say, had furnished them drink. Such abject love of life I never witnessed. They not only kissed the deck when brought over the side, but if permitted would have embraced the feet of all who stood around them. Their excess of joy was natural, for the night before the English frigate passed within pistol-shot without perceiving them. Our generous crew raised a handsome subscription for them, and when we returned them to their native country, they were better off than when they left it.

Anchored in our old berth, abreast of the island of Lintin, with the same monotonous life, came the same petty vexations. Compelled to smuggle our fresh provisions as heretofore, and to obtain our water with a display of force, we patiently await the arrival of the store-ship. At length she arrived and brought tidings from home. Except myself, all have received some token of remembrance from a relative or a friend. The way-worn traveller plods cheerily when he thinks of the grasp of friendship or the embrace of love. The moans of the invalid are hushed at the voice of

sympathy, and with renewed hope he quaffs the medicine which is tendered by the hand of affection. The orphan, like the solitary tree upon an open heath, is gnarled and twisted by the wintry wind, stunted in growth by an ungenerous soil, and rendered hardy by exposure. Who can supply the place of the beloved object to the young affections? I speak not of an earth-born passion (in the male breast at least) which, with the nuptial rite for its goal, is so often sensual and so seldom pure—but of that celestial link which binds the parent and the child, that mutual tie of protection and dependence, of love mingled with anxiety, and of awe intertwined with confidence. In very desolation the orphan sailor feels that—

> "The hollow oak, it is his home,
> His heritage the sea."

And if with the long lines of massive artillery, the deadly musket, the bristling bayonet, the sheen of the cutlass, and all the paraphernalia of war ever before him, he should lose sympathy with his kind, will it not in charity be deemed the result of his position?

We are subjected to unceasing vexations by the authorities. The provisions sent to us from the United States are denied, and we have sailed up to Bocca Tigris (the mouth of the river) and taken a position abreast of fort Anawan, with a determination to force the passage, proceed to Whampoa, and take our provisions *vi et armis*, if they be not delivered within a specified time. All is bustle and preparation at the

fort, and among the men-of-war junks which have followed us, and, reinforced by others from above, assume a menacing attitude. We quietly make our preparations, and have no fears for the result. The junks we could destroy in ten minutes, and although the fort mounts upward of 100 heavy guns, if we were not disabled by their first discharge, we could effect the passage, for the guns are imbedded in stone, and by consequence incapable of elevation, depression, or range.

An English frigate once silenced the fort, and passed without material injury. It was a night-action, and is represented to have been a beautiful sight. Many of the Chinese soldiers carried lanterns made of oil paper, and when they were dispersed by the tremendous fire of the ship, it seemed as if a thousand ignes fatui were flitting over the hill. Subsequently, another English frigate made the attempt and was defeated with loss. We do not think that the authorities will drive us to extremities. Their object is evidently to extract money from us, which our commander is very properly determined not to suffer. At the last moment, finding that we were not to be intimidated, the authorities permitted our provisions to pass down, and we have returned to our former anchorage.

Soon after, we heard of a dreadful massacre of the foreigners, including some of our own countrymen, at Manilla, and hastened there with all possible expedition. The reality exceeded the report in the extent of the calamity and the horror of its details. It was thus accounted for. For several weeks heavy and unusual

rains had fallen, and the river, turbid and swollen, overflowed its banks, and inundated the suburbs to the very walls of the city. As the waters receded, the miasma from decomposing animal and vegetable matter impregnated the atmosphere; added to which, the natives, as was their wont, drank the turbid water of the river, without filtering or permitting it to settle. The consequence was, that the cholera, that direful scourge, broke out in a most malignant form, and nurtured by the hot, moist atmosphere, reeking with effluvia, it raged with virulence, and daily swept hundreds to the tomb. It is stated on good authority, that in one day fifteen hundred perished in the city and its suburbs. The ignorant and superstitious natives fancied that the foreigners poisoned the air and the water by means of impalpable powders.

A young Frenchman, a physician by profession, had benevolently devoted himself to the sick, and went from house to house giving advice and administering medicine gratuitously. At one place he left medicine to be given at stated times, to three members of the family, in various stages of the cholera. The moment he left the house, according to a preconcerted plan, a dog was made to swallow the whole of the medicine. As might have been expected, the dog died. The word passed from mouth to mouth, and the populace, convinced that the object of the foreigners, who had all been active in their charity, was to destroy them, raised a vindictive shout and pursued, overtook, and murdered the unfortunate Frenchman. Placing the ghastly head of their victim upon a pole, they

paraded the streets, gaining access of numbers and increased confidence at every step, and threatened not only the destruction of the strangers but of the Spanisn soldiery, and every officer of the government. The signal gun was immediately fired, the bells of the cathedral pealed the loud alarm, the drawbridge was hoisted, the portcullis let down, and the garrison hurried to the ramparts. The broad moat although immediately filled with water, would have been but a slight impediment to a people wrought to a pitch of frenzy; but being unprovided with artillery, the high walls presented an insuperable barrier. Venting their impotent malice in execrations, the multitude turned unmolested away, for the humane governor would not permit a gun to be discharged.

Like demons goaded to madness, they then roamed the streets, and assailing the habitations of the foreigners, indiscriminately murdered the inmates.

The mutilated head, now stiffened with gore, was borne from house to house before them, and the demoniac yells and screams proclaimed their purpose in advance.

A large and massive building, solid in its masonry, lofty, and seemingly impregnable, for many hours withstood them. It had been used as a warehouse by a German firm, and to it, as an only shelter, several had rushed on the first alarm. The capacious gateway opening into the court, was secured by a ponderous door, sheathed with iron and fretted with innumerable spikes. The windows, mere narrow apertures in the thick walls, were protected by large and upright bars of iron.

The roof was tiled, and towered so far above the adjoining houses as to preclude all access to it.

The multitude, as it recoiled from its rush against the gate, yelled with vindictive fury. In a short time, nearly the whole of the native population was gathered before it. An ominous silence now succeeded the previous uproar, for a consultation was held how to dislodge the inmates.

Among the strangers in the city was Mr. W——, a midshipman in our navy, and a native of Virginia. For the improvement of his health he came to Manilla, and had accepted an invitation from our mess to return home with us. Himself and the captain of an American merchant ship, were concealed a short distance from the German warehouse; and when, from the concentration of the people at one point, the streets seemed deserted, they rushed out, with the purpose of seizing a boat and pulling off for the captain's ship, which lay a short distance from the landing. Unfortunately, at an angle of a street, they were intercepted, and borne in triumph to the square in front of the beleaguered building. Their arrival was hailed with triumph, and a plan was immediately concerted.

It was proposed to the inmates that the officer should be admitted with two of the natives to treat for the surrender of the house and the safety of its inhabitants. Although but a short time in Manilla, Mr. W— had acquired enough of the language to comprehend the outline of their plan, which, in the full belief of his ignorance, was discussed around him. When the

party within the house had acceded to and were about to comply with the proposition, Mr. W. hailed and begged them not, telling them that those who were to accompany him, would set fire to a quantity of bamboo known to be stowed in the lower story, and make their escape in the confusion.

Fortunately, those immediately around Mr. W., did not understand what he was saying in time to interrupt him, but when they gathered its purport, their rage was unbounded. Himself and his companion were stabbed, and hacked, and trampled upon; their heads were struck off, and gory and defaced with dirt, were kicked about as footballs amid the yells and shrieks and mocking taunts of the vindictive throng. The besieged, unable to restrain themselves at the harrowing sight, fired a volley into the midst of the crowd. Although each ball in all probability proved fatal, its effect, instead of intimidating, roused the multitude to a higher pitch of frenzy.

A number of the besiegers, who belonged to the native militia, were posted at the windows of the houses on the street which ran along the rear of the warehouse, from whence volleys were discharged whenever any of the besieged were visible through the grated windows. Every description of lumber and rubbish was piled up in the square in front, and a high platform erected, from the summit of which a number of marksmen kept a constant fire on the besieged. Fiery arrows were also discharged through the apertures of the windows, and a ladder was procured and held perpendicularly against the wall immediately

under one of the first story windows; and two resolute fellows passed up, bearing a rope with a strong hook attached. Ceasing to throw their arrows into this window, while it was watched more closely by the musqueteers, the besiegers continued an uninterrupted discharge into the others.

The besieged, numbering nine men, and a boy thirteen years of age, whose father was then at Canton, entrusted the management of the defence to a German gentleman named Müller. He had divided his force into two bodies—one consisting of four men, to defend the rear; and himself, with the remaining four, and the boy, to the front. Well provided with arms, they had not been idle; but after the first rash discharge, hopeless of negotiation, had kept up an incessant fire, and killed many of the besiegers.

Since the erection of the platform, and the posting of the musqueteers in front and rear, the besieged had been obliged to keep within close shelter, and only from time to time, turn suddenly to the windows, and discharging their muskets, retreat to immediate cover.

Mr. Müller had returned from the rear of the building, whither he had been drawn by the incessant firing in that direction, when, on looking into the first room in front, where he had stationed two of his comrades, he found one of them dressing the arm of the other, which had been shattered above the elbow. The renewed noise without, soon after drew his attention to the window, when he perceived the hook raised by some one beneath, and inserted between two of the

bars. Instantly springing forward, he seized the hook, drew it in, and calling upon his unwounded comrade to assist him, bore the point down against the massive sill of the window, and while the multitude without strained the rope with their exertions, he drew a knife, and still stooping, reached his hand and severed it. As the hook fell inwards, he sprung up exultingly, but it was a fatal movement, for a ball, penetrating his right cheek, passed through the opposite temple, and he fell dead upon the floor.

A second attempt of the besiegers, made with a hook and chain, proved more successful, and one of the bars was torn from its fastenings. Not to prolong a dreadful tale, despite the exertions of the besieged, of whom, at length, only three besides the boy remained unwounded, a sufficient opening was made, and the building carried by assault. The man whose arm had been shattered and hastily bound, had, in the mean time, crawled down into the court, and laid down beside the fountain.

It seems, when the remaining defenders despaired of all escape, that, *against his will*—for he was bold and spirited—they had pushed the boy out, and bade him conceal himself if he could. For some time he hesitated what to do, and lingered near the door; but when he heard the besiegers forcing an entrance through the window, he instinctively rushed down the stair-way. As he gained the court, his eye, quickened with the love of life, caught sight of the opening to the sewer, which conveyed the filth and surplus water to the river. Immediately raising the

grated top, he was about to let himself down, when he saw the poor gentleman bleeding beside the fountain. He immediately ran to him, and entreating him to save himself, assisted him to reach and descend the sewer.

The gentleman, almost stunned by the fall, was, in turn, urging the boy to hasten, when the latter exclaimed, "Oh, God, they are upon us!" and instantly replaced the cover. The next moment he was cut down; but considerate to the last, dragged himself across the sewer to conceal it, and as he stiffened, the blood which oozed from his wound dripped upon the last survivor beneath.

That poor gentleman remained all night in his dreary place of concealment, and when rescued next day he was delirious with fever. When we saw him he was perfectly well, but his arm had been amputated below the shoulder joint.

One other escaped almost miraculously. He was an American gentleman, holding the situation of vice-consul of the Russian government, and had been seized on the first outbreak of the insurrection. As his captors were dragging him from a hut into which he had fled, one of them perceived an old man lying on a mat in the corner in a state of collapse, and evidently about to die. He called the attention of his comrades to him, and proposed that "el consulado" should be permitted to save his own life if he could preserve that of the sick man. The proposition was repeated to those without, and the mob, partly from

caprice, and in part, perhaps, because the consul had long been a resident among them, readily and loudly assented.

Unprovided with medicine, and unskilled in its use if he possessed it, Mr. B. was left with the dying man. The windows were secured, and an efficient guard placed outside, with the strong injunction of their comrades as they departed in quest of other victims, to kill him if the sick man were not better in an hour.

Left alone with his patient, Mr. B. remained for some time in a state of stupor, scarce realizing his position. The house was one of those resting on piles, and extending a short distance into the river; and while he sat brooding over his fate, he was roused by a splash of water beneath, caused by the sportive gambol of fish which had risen to the surface.

Starting up, he instantly conceived a plan of escape. Throwing aside his coat and hat, he hastily assumed the cap and tunic of the dying man, and retiring to the farther end of the hut, quickly but cautiously tore up some of the bamboo flooring, and silently let himself into the water. Holding on by one of the piles, he perceived another house about thirty yards distant, and beyond it many others, extending, in a similar manner, into the river. The streets appeared to be deserted; but he knew that if he were to land, even to the children his complexion would betray him, and an immediate hue-and-cry be raised. Sinking below the surface, therefore, he dived in the direc-

tion of the next house, and rising but a short distance from it, was enabled to reach it undetected.

He had in this manner reached the fifth house, and clinging to a pile, was taking breath for another dive, when a loud outcry up the river told him that his flight was discovered. The mouth of the river was still half a mile distant, and the alarm spread rapidly along the shore, the tumult gathering as it advanced. Instinctively, and with an agility which the fear of death could alone have imparted, he clambered up the pile, and desperately dashing his head through the thin bamboo flooring above, with a scarred and bleeding face, gained a foothold in the apartment. As he entered, a faint shriek rang in his ear, and a female form rushed past, but immediately fell fainting on the floor. First securing the door, he hastened to her assistance, and perceived that she held a child in her arms. It was a young mother, who, in her alarm, had caught the sick child beside which she was watching, and endeavored to make her escape. The cries of the child, more than any effort of his own, soon revived her, and he told his tale, and besought her sympathy. When did ever man make such an appeal in vain!

Besides the pursuit along the shore, there were, by this time, many canoes upon the river searching the banks and among the piles of the houses. Concealing as well as she could the broken appearance of the floor, the woman bade him lie down in a hammock stretched across the apartment, and throwing a mat over him, placed her child upon it, and commenced singing

to it. The search continued for upwards of an hour. Frequently the canoes would be immediately beneath, and occasionally some of the pursuers looked in and inquired for the fugitive. At such times, the kind-hearted woman would seemingly lean upon the hammock to account for the apparent weight it bore.

In this manner Mr. B. remained concealed until nightfall, his charitable preserver dreading every moment the return of her husband, who, maddened, she said, with the loss of a sister, breathed vengeance against the white men. At length, bidding him keep perfectly quiet, she slipped out, and shortly returned in a canoe. Directed by her, he procured various articles about the house, and descending through the aperture made at his entrance, stretched himself at length in the boat, in the manner of a corpse, while she spread over him a shroud made of the light grass cloth of the country. Pushing out from beneath the house, she lighted a torch, and placing it at his head, drew a black veil over her face, and slowly paddled down the river, chanting the hymn for the dead.

They passed unmolested, although frequently obstructed as they neared the mouth of the river, which, at this early hour of the night, was crowded with small coasting vessels, fishing-boats, and a great number of canoes.

With the respect for the dead which is characteristic of this people, all made way for the death-canoe, and many were the expressions of sympathy for the seeming widow.

Now and then a canoe would turn and follow in the

wake, its rowers taking up the monotonous chant. In this manner, to the great alarm of the poor woman, by the time they arrived nearly abreast of the burial-ground appropriated to the lower classes, there were no less than six canoes in the train. The woman having decided on her course, slackened her speed, and motioned the others to land before her. She then ran her boat below the rest, and whispering, "Señor, save yourself," she sprang to the shore.

Pretending to slip as she leaped, the canoe was pushed far into the stream, while she disappeared behind the bank of the river.

The supposed corpse at the same moment started up, and throwing the torch overboard, struck out vigorously with the paddle, while the beholders precipitately fled, crying, "El diablo! El diablo!"

Before we reached Manilla, a number of the ringleaders had been executed, and good order was apparently restored; but there was great distrust visible in the intercourse between the city and the suburbs. The governor, in his communication to our commander, confessed his inability to have arrested the tumult at its height, and expressed deep regret for the loss of so many valuable lives, and especially of Mid. W. As many of the remains as could be found were gathered into a common grave, over which a handsome monument, commemorative of the catastrophe, was erected.

The cholera, although now considerably abated, would have been considered devastating at its commencement. The number of victims bore as great a

proportion as heretofore to the remaining population. Fewer were mowed down by the scythe of death, because the harvest of life had been previously thinned by the destroyer. The pestilence stealthily gliding on the water, as it had crept along the shore, was borne by sickly airs from the land, and enveloping us in its folds, one by one garnered its victims.

The crew became panic-stricken, and resigned themselves to the most gloomy forebodings.

We had sailed unexpectedly from Canton, and being bound for the United States, it was necessary to replenish our water in Manilla.

By the evening of the third day, this had been completed, and it was determined to sail early the next morning. But about 10 P. M., one of our most valuable petty officers was attacked with the cholera, when the order was immediately given to weigh anchor. The crew sprung to the capstan bars with an alacrity proportioned to the extent of their fears, and their exertions were stimulated by the means of a second victim. The first died before the anchors were secured—the second, before we were clear of the land.

The night was still; the glassy surface of the bay reflected the glimmering lights of the firmament; the islands and shore were mantled in mist, and in the direction of the city, here and there, within and without the walls, was seen a deep red blaze, crested with black and sulphureous smoke, indicating the vain efforts of man to stay the pestilence. The faint airs from the land, so gentle as to elude the sense, imper-

ceptibly wafted us along, and many were the fervent aspirations breathed with renovated hope as we gazed upon the far-stretching sea.

When we first entered the port of Manilla, our ship was a floating hospital—the lower deck crowded with sick, the upper encumbered with invalids. Then, we fled from the barren sea, which yielded neither food to invigorate, nor fruit to refresh us. Now, flying from that shore, on whose luxuriant verdure we had gazed with rapture, we looked upon the sea as our great physician, and longed to behold its surface ruffled with a fresh and wholesome breeze. Our prayers were long denied, and day by day the contagion spread as we drifted parallel with the land.

The contagion spread rapidly among the crew already debilitated by the heat of the climate and rendered nervous by apprehension, and like the sickliest trees of the forest, the most timid were the first prostrated. The strong became pallid with fear as their less robust companions fell around them. But even the most vigorous did not all escape. Of those who assembled at the evening meal, sometimes he, whose manly frame and sanguine temperament seemed to defy the pestilence, would be attacked during the night, and the next morning, sewed up in the hammock in which he had long been rocked to sleep, his body awaited the rites of sepulture.

The longest day will have an end; the most perfect calm cannot last forever. A heavy cloud gathered in the northern board. From the summit of the dense embankment, ragged and threatening columns arose,

which spread along the vault, and swept with inconceivable rapidity towards us.

The squall, although severe, did not find us unprepared, and we had occasion to remember it with gratitude; for it was the harbinger of a favorable wind, which, while it propelled us on our course, ventilated the ship, strengthened the enfeebled crew, and arrested the march of the pestilence.

By the time we reached the Straits of Sunda, we had lost but twenty-six men. No more cases were reported, and those previously attacked, were mostly convalescent. But the wind failed us, and owing to the oppressive heat, the frequent rain, and above all, the noxious exhalations from the swamps of Sumatra, the cholera, more virulent than ever, reappeared among us.

Like a stagnant pool on which innumerable insects are playing, the smooth surface of the Straits presented numerous whirls and eddies, denoting the strength of the current with which our ship, with every sail spread to catch the slightest breath of air, slowly drifted. The lower sails hung listless from the yards; the upper occasionally flapped as they felt the whisper of a breeze. At funereal pace we proceeded, performing at stated intervals the last sad rites to departed shipmates. Whether in the scorching glare of the noontide sun, or the clammy dews of night—whether in the sickly haze of twilight, or the stifling mists of the morning, each watch buried its dead. The first question of each relief as he assumed his post was, "Who are gone?"

At one time it seemed as if we were all doomed to

perish. It was a dead calm. A leaden mist had gathered around and above us, concealing the water and the sky; while the spars and sails, in shadowy outline, seemed extended beyond their proportions. It was the flood-tide of the pestilence.

New cases became more frequent, and the cries of the sick for water were loud and incessant. This lasted for upwards of two days, and among the victims of that period fell one whose death seemed a peculiar visitation of Providence.

He was a boatswain's mate, remarkable for his obscene profanity. He had been one of those attacked when the cholera first made its appearance. Impelled by the fear of death, he called upon God to forgive and spare him, promising, if his prayers were heard, to lead a different life; but,

> "The devil was sick, the devil a saint would be,
> The devil was well, the devil a saint was he."

He recovered, and as if ashamed of what he seemed to consider a weakness, became worse than ever, and by his oaths and imprecations appeared disposed to prove the insincerity of his former protestations. He had frequently been reprimanded by the officers; and on this occasion, the midshipman in charge of the forecastle was so shocked by his profanity, that he would not permit him to mingle with his watch-mates. At midnight, when that watch was relieved, he retired grumbling to his hammock: At four in the morning, when that watch was again called, he was

found a stiffened corpse. He died alone and untended.

The steady current below, and the light currents of air aloft, carried us slowly through the Straits, and, at last, with the Island of Java behind us, our sails caught the wholesome breeze, which, untainted by the land, sweeps across the Indian ocean.

In a few days we were driven furiously along, and our reduced and enfeebled crew were called upon to make unusual exertion to perform the duties of the ship.

My hammock was slung in the after part of the gun-deck, and on the morning of the second day out, when I awoke, it was blowing a gale of wind, and the deck beneath me was overflowed. On the opposite side, lashed to gratings, and floating about with the uneasy roll of the ship, were the bodies of six men who had died during the night. Dressing in haste, I proceeded to the upper deck, and had been there but a short time, when a seaman fell from aloft, and striking on the hammock rail, dropped dead in the gangway—adding a seventh to our morning burial.

Repeatedly, a seaman, after taking his meal, and ascending to the top, would, within half an hour, be lowered down in a state of collapse, and by the expiration of the watch, be sewed up in his hammock, ready for interment. On two occasions besides that of the boatswain's mate, men not answering to the muster of their watch, were found lifeless in their hammocks.

By slow degrees the pestilence abated; but an idea of its virulence may be formed, from the fact, that from the time we first made Java Head, we had lost upwards of seventy men.

CHAPTER VI.

A GALE of wind prevented us from stopping at the Cape of Good Hope to replenish our water; and a strong, favorable breeze induced our captain to forego touching at St. Helena. The last was a great disappointment to nearly every one on board; for this isolated rock had become the final resting-place of Napoleon. But our regret, although soon immeasurably enhanced, was light compared to the self-upbraiding of our commander. Midway between the island and our port of destination, it fell calm, and for one week we made not the slightest progress. The crew, confined for eighty days to salted food, and necessarily restricted in the allowance of water, feeble and emaciated, were soon prepared for another visitation; and a second time since we left the United States, the scurvy made its appearance among us. Pervading the whole crew, it assumed an aspect so serious that, as our small quantity of water diminished, we were compelled to increase the individual allowance; for it was now our only antiscorbutic. Immovable and helpless, we seemed to ride on a molten sea, with a

bronzed sky above us. In sleep, our parched lips drank of imaginary fountains, and our waking thought and closing prayer was for rain! rain! rain!

He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, did not try us beyond our strength, and copious showers, and a propitious breeze, soon refreshed and cheered us on our way.

At the expiration of a week, we were lying about fifteen miles distant from the entrance to the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, the ship rolling slowly on the unbroken surface of a light ground swell, while the sails flapped against the masts as if impatient for the sea-breeze which daily sets in to temper the heat of a tropical sun.

How strikingly does a ship, and the unfathomable element on which she rides, convey the distinction between the works of man and his Maker! The first, a progressive series of change, and every change an improvement, but constructed of perishable materials, is the plaything of the elements, and perhaps will one day be engulphed in the capacious bosom of the ocean, or, as unworthy of such a burial, be dashed into shreds and fragments on the jagged and inhospitable rock.

The second, like the Great God who made it, sublime in immensity, incomprehensible in its laws, terrific in its frown, and in its favors benignant and profuse, is the same now as when, in obedience to the Immortal Fiat, "the waters were gathered together, and the dry land made to appear." Even the everlasting hills (as, in the language of finite beings, they are termed) must yield to the wide-spread and

magnificent ocean, which, comparing great things with small, sleeps quiet as an infant, awakes with the strength and breathes with the convulsive throes of a giant, and when aroused overwhelms all it encounters in indiscriminate ruin.

Physically speaking, we find everything in and about Rio the same as when, two years since, we left it. The hills, clothed with the same luxuriant verdure, retain their original position—the channel remains unchanged, the indentations of the shore unaltered. The fortress frowns, and the sullen men-of-war float as heretofore, and the same chimes are heard from the towers, domes, and cupolas of the city and its environs. But in a moral, or rather a political sense, a great and pleasing change is perceptible.

The marriage of the Crown Prince with a Princess of Austria, retarded the march of liberal principles, and on our first arrival here, we found but three degrees of civilization. 1st, The slave, scarce with a sense of a Superior Being and grovelling in the most abject servitude; 2d, The untitled subject, a little better informed, but writhing under his political debasement; and 3d, The court, which ruled with despotic sway. But a spirit of inquiry was abroad, which was sedulously fostered by the foreigners, and a few weeks since, the troops assembled in the Public square, and with their artillery turned upon the Palace, demanded and received a liberal constitution.

When we were here before, the air was rent with shouts and sounds of rejoicing. The fortress shook and the massive men-of-war reeled with the recoil of their

ponderous artillery, but above them, encircled with wreaths of smoke, floated the banner of royalty. The illiterate, the thoughtless, the poor and the abject, rejoiced at the birth of a Princess.

Now, the bells chime only the hour of prayer; the palace is no longer illuminated, and the boisterous shout is unheard; but from the flag-staff of the silent fortress and the mast head of the quiet ship, flutters the flag of the Constitution. The sense of enjoyment is too deep for noisy exhibition, and men greet each other with a manly grasp and a smile, which proclaims at once a congratulation and a pledge.

About six months ago a conspiracy was formed, which, bold in its object and ingenious in its contrivance, bade fair to expel the last vestige of royalty, and ensure to the Brazilians a republican government.

Carlos del Pánfilo, the commander of a Brazilian frigate, conceived the daring plan of seizing the King and Queen and the Crown Prince and Princess, with their infant daughter Donna Maria. His purpose was to seize them late at night, and without noise, conduct them to the quay in front, where his boats would be in waiting, and thence convey them to the ship. Once on board, he had little to fear, for there was not a man-of-war prepared to pursue him; moreover, of the larger vessels, the Gloria was decidedly the fastest sailor. From the forts he had little to apprehend, for even if the alarm were given, he need but expose his prisoners to deter them from firing. But his object was secresy; for on that, and on expedition, depended his whole hope of success. Once clear of the land, he

meant to steer his course for the Pacific, and to liberate his captives when he heard that his country was free. Step by step he sounded his officers, and found them, with few exceptions, readily disposed to second him. The impracticables were so few as not to discourage him, and by keeping them on board, under close surveillance, he prevented their giving information. With the men, he had so ingratiated himself, that they were ready to stand by him at any hazard. Seven or eight, suspicious characters, were kept employed apart from the rest, to whom, indeed, the plan was not fully divulged until an hour before its time of execution. With the aid of some active friends on shore, he had succeeded in bribing a serjeant of the royal guard, who betrayed to him the watchword of the night. The word was 'Leopoldina,' the Christian name of the Crown Princess.

The old King and Queen slept in the right and the Crown Prince and Princess in the left wing of the palace. Towards the centre on either side were apartments for the chamberlains, pages, and attendants in waiting. In the very centre, was a hall, in which two sentries were stationed. Without, at the head of the stairs, were two long galleries, along each of which, also patrolled a sentinel, and on the first landing of the great stairway, was another. The stairway terminated in an extensive hall, occupied at night as a guard room.

Pánfilo, as a pretext for landing with his boats at a late hour of the night, had given an entertainment on board of his ship. It were needless to say that his

guests were his brother conspirators, and the time supposed to be passed in festive merriment was employed in silent and anxious preparation.

About 9 P. M., a notary of distinction, accompanied by a grey-headed negro, who halted feebly after him, approached the front entrance, and giving the countersign, demanded to speak with the officer of the guard. "Senhor Manuel," he said, when that officer approached, "I owe you an apology for disturbing you at this hour, for I well know the strictness of your regulations. But I appeal to your gallantry to excuse my presumption. With a large party, I dined to-day at Senhora Grijalva's villa. Shortly after rising from the table, when the guests were retiring to the siesta, she beckoned me aside, and said to me, 'Senhor Zorga, you have ever proved a true friend to my family, and therefore I feel emboldened to pray your assistance in a matter of importance to me; hereafter I will explain, but now time presses, for the shadows of the mountain stretch far into the bay, and what I desire must be accomplished to-night.' Drawing a packet from her bosom, without waiting for a reply, she proceeded to say, 'It is most important that this package should be given to Dom Alexis Andrade, before he retires to rest, and I must have an answer before morning. I will not trouble you to deliver it in person, but pray you take my butler Gonzalvo along, and direct him how to proceed, when you reach the city, so as to see Dom A. as soon as possible. Gonzalvo is old and feeble, but honest and persevering, and after you have put him in the right way, you can leave him to himself.

Will you oblige me? I see that you will, and therefore beg that, foregoing the siesta, you will start at once; for the palace gates close, you know, at 8 o'clock.'

"Thus conjured by a beautiful woman, you will admit, Senhor Manuel, that I could not decline. I immediately set off for the city, but the mule of Gonzalvo nearly as old and quite and as feeble as himself, compelled us to travel much slower than I wished. I am just arrived, and pray you will admit my sable friend.'

"Senhor Zorga," replied the officer, "even if I were not disposed to oblige a gentleman so distinguished a yourself, the name of Senhora Grijalva would be sufficient, notwithstanding the severity of our regulations; but Dom Pedro gives a concert to-night, and Senhor A. will not be in his room for an hour or more, but—give me the package, old man, and I will deliver it as soon as the concert is over."

"My good master," said the black, "if it rested with Gonzalvo, you should have it at once, but my mistress told me over and over again, to give it only into the hands of Senhor Alexis, and that if I could not see him, to bring the package back."

"Ha!" said the officer, "the Senhora is discreet; doubtless a love affair," he whispered to the notary; "well, come in, and you shall be accommodated with a seat in the count's anteroom until he arrive."

The black passed in, and with many thanks, the notary courteously took his leave.

Dragging himself slowly after the soldier sent to conduct him, the black threw himself on the floor of

the room into which he was ushered, and to the sentry stationed at the open door, seemed in a short time to be fast asleep. When he had remained several hours in this position, he was aroused by the challenge of the sentinel, and immediately after, a middle-aged gentleman, gaily and even sumptuously attired, entered the apartment.

"What means this? who is this?" he exclaimed, as his eye rested on the black, slowly rising from his position. The sentinel briefly explained, and the features of the Count brightened with the thought of a successful amour, for he had long sued in vain.

"Give me the package, old man," he said, "and look in yonder beaufet for some refreshment."

"Good, my lord—my mistress ordered me not to give it in the presence of a third person," and he glanced at the sentry in the doorway.

"Well, well, her whims are not to be disputed; sentry, close the door."

With a gesture of impatience at the slowness of the black, the Count retired to his bedroom, and by the light of a lamp, commenced breaking the seals. The envelope was secured by a lock of luxuriant hair, and was so intricately folded, that it was some moments before he opened the note it contained. The handwriting, unlike the direction, was bold and masculine. The words were—

"Speak and you are a dead man—Look up!"

As the note dropped from his hand, his eye fell upon the black who had stealthily crept within a few

feet of the table, and with a dagger in one hand and a pistol in the other, sternly confronted him. It was Pánfilo himself, who, in disguise, had assumed the most perilous part in his drama. Before the count had time to recover himself, he threw a noose over him and pinioned him to the chair. With the dagger to his throat, he then securely gagged him, and lashed chair and all to the ponderous bedstead. He then raised the window looking into the inner court, and fastened to it one end of a rope-ladder which he drew from his body, round which he had worn it.

Stepping softly into the ante-room, he secured the door as well as that of the inner room, and waited impatiently for the signal of his comrades beneath. Holding the office of Chamberlain to the Prince, the apartments of Count Alexis opened into a moderate-sized hall, with many doors, leading to the chambers of the Prince, the Princess, and their personal attendants.

The serjeant when he betrayed the watchword, had received a liberal reward, with the promise of a much larger sum, should the attempt prove successful. Elate with his present wealth, and rendered generous by anticipation of yet greater riches, he invited his comrades to a carousal at his expense. The wine circulated freely; and how the party dispersed, he could not remember.

Some time after nightfall, he was awakened by the galloping of the patrol along the street, and found himself lying in the open court of a large building. As sensible objects became distinct, he saw in a niche beside the

gateway, an image of the Virgin with the infant Saviour in her arms. At the same moment that his eyes rested on the placid countenance, which, to his disturbed imagination, seemed to look reproachfully, his thoughts reverted to the consequences of what he had done. Secret assassination, open strife and bloodshed in profusion, by turns appalled him, and rushing into the street, with yet unsteady steps, he sought the dwelling of his commander. Sobered by fright, the cool night air refreshed him, and as his faculties regained their power, he slackened his pace, until he stopped in anxious deliberation. "Fool that I was to be so cajoled; if detected, I shall certainly be put to death; and if I inform on myself, to be sent to the mines is the least I can expect. What can be done?"

A sudden thought occurred to him, and with renewed speed he dashed up the street, and entered a church on the right. A solitary lamp suspended before a magnificent altar, with its faint light gave an indistinct idea of the extent of the building. One side was nearly obscure; on the other, the chastened beams of the moon played with their soft light among the stained glass of the gothic windows. An old woman, reciting her beads, kneeled midway on the pavement: a novitiate was prostrate on the lowest step of the sanctuary.

Looking closely round the serjeant approached and whispered to the woman. To his disappointment she proved to be deaf, and he then sought to attract the attention of the novice. In reply to his inquiry for a priest, he was told that the whole

fraternity, except a lay brother and himself, were absent on a procession to a distant church; but that in the chapel of the Dominican Convent, he would prove more successful.

Seated in a box at the theatre, Col. Salazar was intently regarding the performance, when a voice whispered in his ear, "Son, follow me, it is a matter of life and death!"

"Holy father!" said the Colonel, "your's should not be a garb for mummery."

"By the womb that bore thee!—by the God that died for us all! I conjure you to follow me! A plot has been revealed to me in confession; I cannot betray, but may defeat it—there is more than murder,—there is treason abroad!"

At the word "treason," the soldier sprung to the door, and hurried forth with the priest.

After Pánfilo had waited an hour or more, his quick ear caught the sound of a movement without. The apartment commanded a view of the inner court, where, instead of his companions, he beheld a body of armed men gliding cautiously along. Presently, he heard the outer door first tried, then forced, and a rush made against the second.

Aware that all was over, he ran into the hall, and threw up the sash. At the same time, a volley was discharged by his pursuers, and, pierced with a dozen balls, he bounded from the window, and was transfixed on the bayonets of a platoon beneath.

Thus perished this gallant man, as patriotic as he was brave, who thought only for his country, and in

the execution of his plan, allotted to himself the post of greatest danger.

The officers of the English navy are usually charged with being arrogant and supercilious. I have, as yet, had little opportunity of forming a decided opinion, but, if future experience confirm my present impression, that opinion will be highly favorable.

When we had been four or five days in port, I went on shore with a messmate, to spend an afternoon. After wandering about the city, we returned to the principal hotel, and had finished our supper, when a boisterous party of English naval officers entered the apartment. They were in high glee, and had evidently been dining out. Calling for champagne, they seemed bent upon a frolic, and my friend and myself demanded our bill, with the purpose of retiring. Before it could be rendered, one of the officers approached, with a glass in each hand, and tendering them, said: "We pledge the strangers." His associates were standing up, with their glasses filled. It would have been rudeness to refuse. As soon as the toast was drunk, we rose to depart, but the glasses were immediately re-filled, and we were called upon to drink to the memory of the gallant Captain Lawrence, late of the United States Navy. Neither could we refuse this toast, which was drunk standing, and in silence. The next toast was "to the memory of Captain Lambert, of the Java," and the officer who gave it, added, that he hoped his American friends would not hesitate to drink to the memory of a gallant enemy, particularly

as the brother of Captain Lambert was present. Of course we did not, and toast succeeded toast in rapid succession—all characterized by the same liberality of sentiment.

We broke up at a late hour, and sauntering through the streets arm in arm, in a long line abreast, disturbed the citizens with our noisy clamor. From one of the houses, we were treated with the indignity of having a quantity of water thrown upon us. We immediately held a council of war, and it was determined that four of the number should take their stand in the middle of the street, with their pistols ready to shoot whoever should present himself at a window, while the remainder endeavored to force an entrance. We commenced an assault in earnest, and storming loudly at the door, called by every opprobrious epithet upon the owner of the house to come forward and receive his chastisement. The outcry raised the neighborhood, and amid shrieks and loud vociferations, we continued to thunder at the portal. An old Brazilian, who, from an adjoining house, demanded who we were, received a pistol-shot in reply. The ball, shattering a pane of glass above his head, drove him precipitately from his position.

The sound of the report had scarce died away in the distance, when, clattering over the rough pavement, we heard the rapid approach of the patrol. Immediately falling back against the house, we presented a determined front. We were nine in number. Nearly all of us had pistols, and every one a sword. My messmate and myself were provided only with the

latter. The patrol drew up before us, and the abrupt question of their leader received a surly reply. The commander of the detachment was cool and decided, and the order was immediately given—"Patrol dismount:"

Some of the troopers held the horses, while the remainder, about twenty in number, slowly marched towards us, with their carbines in their hands. As they neared us, they suddenly wheeled their flanks inwards, and enclosing us in a hollow square, shut out the avenues of retreat. But we had not dreamed of retreating. The oldest English officer present, who had been at Trafalgar, we hastily appointed our leader, and my messmate was named the second in command.

"Boys, are you ready for a rush!" said our leader.

"All ready," was the reply.

"Stand by!" and we bent forward for a desperate charge.

"Hold, gentlemen," said the officer of the guard, who had recognized our uniform and suspected our condition. "There is some mistake here. Be not rash, I pray you—but answer me; why do I find you with arms in your hands, assaulting the house of a respectable lady?"

"A lady!" replied our leader; "do you say that this house is occupied by an unprotected female?"

"I do; it is the house of Senhora Gortéza, many years a widow."

"Then we are in the wrong, for we do not war upon women. Am I right, boys?"

We assented, and the officer proceeded to say:

"I would gladly let you pass unmolested, gentlemen, but, besides disturbing the whole neighborhood, you have rashly endangered the life of a subject, by the use of fire-arms. You must surrender at discretion."

"We'll die first—stand by for a rush!"

"Hold! hold!" again exclaimed the officer, evidently disconcerted and humanely averse to spilling blood. "Yield up your arms, give me your names, and promise to meet me at eleven, to-morrow, at the palace of the minister of justice, and you may pass."

We consulted together for a few minutes, when our leader replied:

"In the first place, we offer, through you, an apology to the lady we have alarmed, but beg her to dismiss the servant who provoked us. In the second, we will give our names, and appear before our respective ministers to-morrow at the hour you have appointed, but we will not acknowledge the authority of any other country than our own, and will not surrender our arms."

The officer stepped back and conversed a few moments with a person in citizen's attire, who had just ridden up. Again approaching us, he said:

"It is sufficient, gentlemen; we rely upon your word."

We then gave our names, and, completely sobered by the transaction, embarked as speedily as possible for our respective ships. We faithfully kept our promise, the next day, and were severally reprimanded by our commanders, and more or less restricted in the indulgence of visiting the shore. But, we were not

unmindful of the generous forbearance of the captain of the guard.

Heretofore, sewed up in a hammock, and laid upon a plank, the body, alike of officer and man, has been launched, with a shot at its feet, to seek a tomb amid the dark caverns of the mighty ocean.

"Low in grotto's of coral they sleep, or on white beds of pearl around,
And near them forever, the water-snakes creep, and the sea-lion guardeth the ground."

Our Lieutenant of marines died yesterday, and we are to-day called upon to inter his remains with something of military pomp.

At 2, P. M., the boats pushed off from the various men-of-war in the harbor, and slowly approached us. At the same time, the body, laid in a plain coffin, was passed through a port into the barge alongside, into which it was followed by the pall-bearers. The remaining boats were successively manned, and at the report of a gun, pushed off from the ship. Pulling directly abreast for a short distance, the barge rested on its oars, while the other boats, thirty-eight in number, English, French, Portuguese, and American, formed in procession. In two lines abreast, the barge in the centre, the procession moved slowly, each ship, as we successively passed, lowering its flag and tolling its bell, until the next took up the melancholy chime. The solemn ruffle of the muffled drum, borne on the breeze, was heard at the sequestered burial-ground, long before we appeared in sight. The marines were first landed, and formed in a double line,

facing inwards, through which, the band playing a dead march, the seamen, the officers, and the chief mourners passed with uncovered heads. As the body was borne along, each detachment in succession presented arms, not more in deference to the rank of the deceased, than in acknowledgment of the majesty of mighty death!

We had marched in inverse order, the juniors in advance, but, when the service was over, and the rattling musketry closed the ceremony with the last military honors, rank claimed its position, the band struck up a lively air, and embarking with speed, the boats, which lately moved at funereal pace, now dashed rapidly on, each striving to be swiftest in the general race. Thus is it with the world! To-day we die, and a few friends, alas, how few! mourn in silence. To-morrow, we are consigned to "lie in cold obstruction and to rot," in the dark and mouldy grave—and the forgotten worm, which crawled upon the surface of the earth, becomes the dainty banquet of the scarcely more ephemeral worm beneath it.

CHAPTER VII.

By the first of April, with our stores complete, and an invigorated crew, we were prepared for sea, and our ex-minister and family were received on board as passengers for the United States. The ship was unmoored, the top-gallant and royal yards sent aloft, and the studding-sail-gear rove.

The next day, at early dawn, we weighed anchor, the capstan-bars bending to the strain of the seamen as they kept time to the lively and cheerful tune of "Sweethearts and Wives." Every sail was spread to catch the fickle airs, which, more like zephyrs than a steady breeze, were wafted from the land. They proved too light to give us steerage way, and our boats were lowered, manned, and sent ahead to tow. No sooner was this perceived, than, with the courtesy which characterized them throughout, the Portuguese, French, and English commanders sent their boats to assist us.

The morning was beautiful—the bay was serene—the air was filled with perfume—the woods and groves were alive with carols of the birds—the dew-drops glittered in the rays of the rising sun, and the summits of the mountains were bathed in a flood

of light. The rowers kept tune, and the oars kept time, and by eight o'clock, with three hearty cheers we parted from our friends, hoisted in our boats, and slowly gained an offing with a light, but no longer inconstant breeze.

Standing well to the eastward, directly from the land, we cast our fate once more upon the waters, and, with alternate slow or rapid pace, traversed the dreary ocean. And yet the ocean teems with life; and to the mind of an observer, whether becalmed or careering before the breeze, or riding on the crest, or pitching down the steep of its mighty wave, it tells of the majesty, the beneficence, and the terrific wrath of its Great Maker. Each drop of water has its animalcule—Every bunch of sea-weed bears its colony. The coral worm, in its inmost depths, lays the foundations of future islands and continents. The heat of the sun is tempered by the evaporation it produces, and the invisible vapor, condensed into clouds in the cooler regions aloft, is wafted onward, and occasionally pouring its hoard to slake the thirst of the parched mariner, descends towards the land, and diffusing as it descends, falls in gentle dew to fertilize the soil and revive the drooping vegetation. The dolphin, the chameleon of its element, betrays, by its variegated hues, the depth at which it sports beneath the surface. The shark, rapacious with hunger, rushing upon its victim, conveys the idea of ferocious strength; The multitudinous fish are gathered in the open maw of the monstrous whale—and man, the monarch of creation, by his skill overcomes this giant of the

deep, and rocking in the foam of its desperate struggle, plunges the harpoon deep within its vitals.

Sometimes, in the silent watches of the night, when, in seaman's phrase, all "is asleep aloft"—in other words, when the sails are full, distended by a steady breeze,

> "I carelessly lie on the deck,
> And listen in silence to catch
> The wonderful stories of battle or wreck,
> That are told by the men of the watch."

There is an uncouth sentimentality among sailors, and they deal much in the pathetic. Besides their own adopted sovereign, Mars and Venus are the only deities with whom they are acquainted; and a violent death, or successful love, is invariably the doom or the reward of their principal characters. Their stories usually begin with "One morning in May." The hero is a Jack Somers of a tar, just returned from a cruise, with his pockets well lined; and the heroine, "a beautiful maid, with coal-black eyes." Like long Tom Coffin, they usually lose their reckoning on shore; but on their appropriate element, their spirits become buoyant—they are free and natural, and their incidents are frequently interesting—sometimes thrilling, and very rarely improbable.

The adventures of Harry Adams, related by himself, differed from all the rest, as well in its tenor as the manner of its narration, and made the deepest impression on me. He had received a partial education, evidently seen better days, and held a situation

more responsible and less laborious than most of his shipmates.

Of medium height, the frame of Adams indicated more activity than strength. His keen, grey eye, undimmed by his misfortunes, expressed decision of character, and his dark hair fell in untrimmed luxuriance beside his bronzed and weather-beaten features. His age could not have exceeded twenty-eight. It was told to a few intimates, and with such a tone of feeling that I arose, and was walking aft, when he said, "Don't go unless you wish it, sir; I have no objection to your hearing me."

I immediately resumed my position, and he proceeded nearly as follows:

"My father is an Englishman by birth, and a physician by profession. He came at an early age to America, and settled in New Hampshire. As a graduate of a foreign university, he soon obtained considerable practice, and in the second year married the daughter of a respectable farmer. He had two sons, myself the second, and my mother died in giving birth to a daughter. Of that unhappy event I have not the slightest recollection, and grew up unconscious of the deep loss I sustained. Soon after the death of my mother, a far off relative, withered by age and soured by celibacy, assumed the domestic management of the family. Miss Patsy Sawyer, bred in a puritanical family, with their self-denying doctrines had imbibed the most parsimonious ideas.

"Living in a thinly-settled neighborhood, my father's circuit was extensive; and except at night and occa-

sionally on Sunday, he was seldom at home. Sometimes he would be absent for several days at a time. He was of a stern nature, and although his feelings were strong, he rarely betrayed them. Rather repelled than attracted by his manner, we seldom approached him,—while he, regulating his demeanor by the reports of Miss Sawyer, generally met us with a reproof, and took leave of us with a warning.

"We were governed with despotic sway. At table, for the slightest indecorum, we were driven from our untasted food. For a heedless laugh, or an ill-timed jest, or an infringement of one of the numberless regulations, we would be confined to the house, while the merry shouts of our schoolmates could be heard from the adjoining field. For an unbecoming posture, or an irreverent look, we would be sent supperless to bed.

"Thus, unkindly nurtured, we passed our boyhood, and a portion of our youth, when it pleased Providence to summon Miss Patsy to account for her stewardship. My brother George was then a little over seventeen, and a student at Cambridge. I was sixteen, and my sister one year younger.

"The harsh treatment endured at home, had ingrafted in George and myself a dogged self-will, which we could alone oppose to the persevering annoyances of the old harridan. But on our sister the unceasing espionage, the ever-recurring fretful interposition, had a more lamentable effect. She became exceedingly timid, and without the slightest confidence in herself, depended on others for advice in difficulty, and for

consolation in distress. Both George and myself grieved for her mental thraldom; but we could do little for her. Our aunt, as we termed our relative, seldom permitted Pauline to leave her sight; and fearful that we might instil insubordination, regarded with peculiar jealousy all intercourse between us. Thus our sister grew up under this remorseless system. The precepts of religion were inculcated by addressing her fears instead of her understanding and her affections, and her mind was only cultivated by committing unreasonable tasks to memory, which were recited with trepidation amid the reproaches and sneers of her amiable kinswoman. And yet we loved her for her very helplessness; and when the virago was laid in the village church-yard, we did our utmost to retrieve the errors of her education.

"When George went to the university, Pauline and myself became inseparable; for truthful and confiding, her heart yearned for an object on which to place its affections. She was the purest, gentlest, humblest creature I have ever known.

When George had been two years absent, he came home to spend a vacation; and when he returned to college, I accompanied him, to which I was less reluctant from the very great improvement I perceived in my brother. We both parted from Pauline with deep regret; for she clung to us—to myself in especial—in all the reckless abandonment of grief. Poor girl! we left her sobbing convulsively in my father's arms, his stern nature moved almost to tears by her distress.

"At this time, Pauline was almost a woman. Of

the ordinary stature of her sex, her light, elastic figure moved with unconscious grace ; her chesnut hair shaded a neck of snowy whiteness ; her brilliant cheek, now white as the lily, now mantled with a blush, more surely and more rapidly than words, bespoke the current of her feelings ; while her deep hazel eyes, bathed in liquid crystal, and curtained from the sight by their long and fringing lashes, rarely raised and as suddenly withdrawn, struck the beholder with wonder and admiration. Beautiful in person, sensitive in her feelings, and of a most confiding and affectionate nature, she was a being formed for love.

" Nearly a year previous to my departure for college, a young Englishman, named Alford, settled in our village, and opening a handsome store, soon became extensively known. As a countryman, my father gladly welcomed him ; and when he found that his relatives were respectable, and not unknown to him by name, he gave him a cordial invitation to his house. When, therefore, on the return of George and myself the next year, we found Alford almost domesticated in the family, and heard Pauline, in reply to our inquiries, blushingly confess that they were engaged, we were not surprised. Indeed, we were rather pleased at the fair prospects of our sister. Still I determined to watch Alford closely ; and how it is I know not, but without being able to assign a satisfactory reason, even to myself, I conceived a prejudice against him.

" I returned alone to Cambridge, George being sent at the same time to New York to embark in business.

About three months after, I heard of the wedding, and suppressing my prejudices, wrote a congratulatory letter both to my sister and her husband.

"Early the following spring I went to Boston for a few days' recreation, and strolling on Long Wharf with a class-mate, we noticed a large ship being towed up through the drift-ice by a steamboat. We stood looking on until the ship let go an anchor in the stream, while the steamer came to the landing with a number of passengers from her. With the interest we usually feel in gazing on faces from a strange land, my companion and myself remained for some time looking on. Presently I noticed an elderly gentleman pointing out to a porter a large trunk with 'C. R., of Ledbury,' marked on the end. It immediately occurred to me that Alford had said he was from that place. I approached the gentleman as soon as he had ceased giving his directions, and asked him if he were from Ledbury. He replied that he was. I then asked him if he knew a family there by the name of Alford. He said that he did very well, and with some eagerness inquired if I knew any one of that name. I told him yes; that a merchant named Henry Alford had lately married a relative of mine.

"'The scoundrel,' muttered the stranger, 'and he has a wife and child at home.'

Absolutely electrified, I fairly gasped for breath, and seizing the arm of the stranger, exclaimed:

"'For God's sake tell me if this be so! Has Henry Alford a wife in England?'

"'I am sorry that I said it, young gentleman,' re

plied the stranger; 'but I cannot now gainsay it. It is too true.'

"'Sir, you must prove this, for you speak of the husband of my sister.'

"'Then come with me, young man, and God forgive me for the pain that proof will cause.'

"He did prove it, alas, too conclusively, and I left him in dismay; but as the figure of my injured sister rose to my imagination, the desire of vengeance sprung up within me. Hurrying to the nearest livery stable, I procured a horse, and started immediately for home. Arriving late at night, I proceeded direct to one of the parlor windows, which had so often in boyhood been our mode of egress when escaping at night for that recreation which had been denied during the day. Forcing up the bolt, I opened the shutter, and raising the unfastened sash, jumped into the room.

"When the phrensied excitement in which I left Boston subsided, I came to the determination, in the first place, to communicate everything to my father, that he might take proper measures to send Alford away in a manner to avoid suspicion of the cause. It was then my purpose to follow him, and avenge my sister elsewhere. My father was unfortunately absent; and, as returning from his room I passed my sister's chamber, and thought of the scoundred pillowed in her chaste embrace, an irresistible impulse overcame me; and exclaiming, 'Villain! villain! double-dyed villain!' I rushed against the door and forced it. As he sprung from the bed, I clutched him by the throat, and in the dark, amid shrieks and screams, we desper-

ately struggled. He was fully as strong as myself; and, although nearly strangled by my vindictive grasp, he fought desperately, and, at one time, by a severe blow, caused me to relax my hold. But it was for an instant only; and presently I felt that he was giving way. Dashing against him with all my force, he fell backwards, with a crash his head struck against the corner of the stove, and he tumbled heavily upon the floor. Even before he fell I was conscious that lights were approaching, and it was the fear of interruption, perhaps, which had caused me to make the desperate effort to overthrow him. In a minute my sister, followed by some of the servants, rushed into the chamber. She saw me standing with my foot upon the throat of him she believed her husband, while the blood gushed from the wound in his head. With one wild shriek she ran to me, pushed me with unexpected force aside, and fell senseless beside him. The servants urged me to fly. I gazed for a moment upon the dying man, imprinted a kiss on the cheek of my insensible sister, and left the house.

* * * * * *

"I have never been happy since. There is blood upon my hands; phrenzied with the sense of the deepest wrong, and although I sacrificed another, yet the shriek and the hysteric laugh of my poor sister, are forever ringing in my ear. I tried various occupations, but all failed to divert my mind from the horrid scene on which it was forever brooding. At length, hearing this ship was destined for a long cruise in a sickly climate,

in a reckless impatience of life I signed the articles which enrolled me among her crew. The first lieutenant finding that I had received the benefits of education, gave me the easy berth I hold. We have gone through a great deal of suffering together, and my own sorrows have been frequently forgotten in the general distress. The afflictions of others have taught me to submit patiently to my own; and for the future I will murmur no more, although I can never cease to lament."

As Adams finished, he bowed his head, and burying his face in his hands, seemed almost overcome with recollections of the past. Feeling that we could offer no sympathy to a spirit so bruised, we arose in silence, and one by one, left him to brood upon his sorrow.

Stretching not quite so far to the east as when outward bound, we crossed the Equator in 23° instead of 18° west longitude, and, by consequence, were less detained by calms. To those who were unemployed, the passage must have been tedious in the extreme. But to us, notwithstanding the yearning for home and its enjoyments, our incessant avocations caused the time to slip almost imperceptibly by. There was the ever-recurring exercise of the great guns, the boarders, and the firemen, the periodical setting and relieving of the watch, and the perpetual making and shortening sail according to the alternations of the weather. The last differs from the first not more in its object than its mode of execution. Sail was made, or in other words more canvas was spread, leisurely as it were, one by one, as the gale subsided, or the light and flickering

airs strengthened into a breeze. But sail was reduced promptly and rapidly, in obedience to the startling tones of the anxious and observant lieutenant of the watch.

The *ennui* of the passengers and the regular routine of our employment were one day diversified by the shrill whistle of the boatswain and his mates, whose prolonged notes were followed by the hoarse call—

"All hands witness punishment ahoy!"

The officers with their side-arms, the marines with bayonets fixed, assembled on the quarter-deck. The sailors in a dense mass, gathered on the booms and in the weather gangway. The culprit, a young mizzen topman, was brought forth, his offence stated, and his sentence to the full extent of the law awarded. He submitted in silence to his fate, and bore the lash without a murmur. The justice of his punishment was much questioned by us youngsters of the steerage, and certainly his crime, if crime it be, is not embraced in the articles of war. Love like faith, surely comes by inspiration, and whether it be a milkmaid or a goddess, a man has a right to worship the object of his affections. Poor Lambert had become smitten with one of the young lady passengers. He might as well have cast his eye upon—

—— "a bright particular star,
And think to wed it."

And yet, had he not divulged his passion by token of presumptuous suit, he might with impunity have said—

"Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more."

More sentimental than discreet, Lambert wrote a letter to the young lady, for which he was arraigned and punished.

There is evidently more folly than knavery in the transaction. It is a circumstance calculated to excite a smile rather than a frown, and provokes to laughter in others, rather than the punishment of the offender. Under the most severe discipline a private admonition would have been more advisable and equally as efficacious as the course adopted. Even in the time of Semiramis, a cat might look at a queen. Lambert was undoubtedly punished not for feeling, but for imprudently betraying the soft impeachment.

We begin to look anxiously for indications of the land. The higher temperature of the water shows that we are in the Gulf stream, and we are diagonally crossing it, steering direct for Cape Henry. The current buoys under the lee, while with a steady wind from northeast, we are sailing two points free at a glorious rate. My messmates insist upon it that the Norfolk girls have a tow-rope secured to the ship, and that they are hauling us in with a speed proportioned to their impatience. At 11 P. M., we took a pilot ninety miles from the land. The prudent and the phlegmatic, aware that much is to be done to-morrow, have retired to rest, but the thoughtless and the sanguine are not to be enticed from the deck.

The night is very different from the one on which we took our departure. Far to seaward, the dark surface is relieved by the white caps of the waves; in the eastern board, in the midst of a bright space which clearly indicates the line of the horizon, the moon is slowly rising; while to the northwest is a dense cloud, its summit catching the first rays of the moon, and giving it the appearance of a dark mountain capped with snow. In that direction lies the land, which, by the wise providence of its Maker, receives at night the moisture which its sister element has by day emitted.

Unfortunately, in the morning watch, the wind veered, and slackened, and with it, our speed. Those who had retired expecting to be aroused at daylight by the cheerful cry of "land ho!" awoke to disappointment. The morning is foggy, "puffing with wind and rain." Still, although the wind be light, it is favorable, and with fast increasing impatience, we scan the western horizon. Presently, a huge figure shrouded in mist, is descried sharp upon the lee bow. A minute more its outlines are distinctly visible, and forgetful of discipline, the shout of hundreds proclaims it to be the lighthouse. As we approach it, the fog lifted, and the sun shone as through a prismatic curtain upon our dear, our native land. The magnificent Chesapeake lies before us, its surface dotted with coasting vessels which, close hauled, or with flowing sheet, are steering for their various destinations. In delightful rivalry we strive who can first recognize each feature of the landscape as presented to the view by the progress of the

ship. At sunset we were anchored in Hampton Roads.

This last morning broke beautifully. The day is bright with the genial rays of an unclouded sun. The soft winds of spring are wooing nature to assume her green and fragrant livery, and the vegetation, revivified by the heat, carpets the earth with its refreshing verdure.

At an early hour, we were again under way, and threading the narrow and intricate channel, under shortened-sail; "majestically slow," we passed the town, and responded to the loud cheers of our countrymen congregated on the wharves, by a salute from our great guns, whose hoarse and brazen throats made the welkin roar. We cast anchor a little below the Navy Yard, and when the sun dipped beneath the horizon, the sails were unbent, the running rigging was unrove, and down the sturdy topmasts, the shrouds and backstays hung in most admired disorder.

Here ends the cruise of the Congress; and in the hope one day to tread her deck in battle as firmly and successfully as she has borne me through the perils of the deep, I close this, my first journal, to cull from that which next in the order of time succeeds it.

CHAPTER VIII.

In the short breathing space allowed between the termination of one cruise and the commencement of another, I had occasion to visit a distant friend. Traversing the narrow but fertile tract of western Maryland, towards sunset of the third day, I was seated beside the driver of a ricketty stage-coach, which was dragged at a snail's pace, up the steep ascent of the Alleghany.

Anxious to reach the summit before the sun had set, the road seemed to me interminable. Even the phlegmatic driver caught at last a spark of my enthusiasm, and while he humanely withheld the lash, cheered his jaded team to renewed exertion. Heedless of the beetling cliff on one side, and the yawning precipice on the other, I thought only of the crowning point from whence could be viewed that scene, of which I had heard so frequently and so much.

It has been remarked that high-wrought expectations are almost invariably disappointed, and that such disappointment is usually in proportion to the eagerness of the anticipation. Such may be the case with the artificial efforts of man, but where is the mind to con-

ceive the sublimity of the works of God! From the summit I gazed in silence. The first sensation was one of inexpressible awe. The first idea—that a mighty ocean, arrested in its wildest throes, lay before me,

> "Wave upon wave—as if a boundless ocean,
> By boisterous winds to fierce rebellion given,
> Heard in its wildest moment of commotion
> And stood transfixed at the command of heaven!"

Although the sun was several diameters above our horizon, he had long set to those in the valleys beneath, and the bases of the mountains were fast deepening into gloom, while their summits were basking in light. The immediate base of the high spur upon which we stood, was concealed by a girdle of mist, gathered many hundred feet below us, while the same humid vapor occasionally filled the chasms, or was wreathed around the crags, or swept down the slopes of distant mountains.

Standing on the very crest of the mountain, the sensation of awe increased as the eye gathered in objects distant, and more distant still, until the mind was overwhelmed with a sense of its utter insignificance. I would as soon attempt with uncircumcised lip to inculcate the sublime truths of the gospel, as with ungifted pen undertake to describe that magnificent and unrivalled scene! I have seen, and yet hope to scale, the peak of Teneriffe. The summit of Mont Blanc comes within the scope of my contemplated wanderings, and, with the help of God, I trust to look into, if I cannot explore, the craters of Vesuvius and

Etna; but I never expect to behold a scene more grand and impressive than this which I have long wished to view, and now sigh that I must relinquish.

Usually great fatigue induces sleep so profound that the senses are steeped in forgetfulness, and the mind is as inert as the body. But the excitement consequent upon the scene I had beheld, kept me awake long after I had retired to rest; and the following singular dream will show that the imaginative faculties were in full play long after the will had ceased to control them.

I dreamed that again I stood upon the summit with two of my fellow passengers,—an aged man and his young grandchild; and that the deep silence was broken by the child saying, "Grandfather, what are you crying for?"

"I think, my child, of the day of judgment and the general doom!"

Suddenly the wind was hushed—and a voice from the still air above was heard, saying, "It is come! Lo! the ocean of time bringeth its generations to the foot-stool of the Redeemer!" The sound of rushing waters succeeded, the mountains, except the one upon which we stood, sank from the sight, and a dark and troubled ocean rolled beneath us.

In consternation, I turned to my companions, but, instead of the old man with his thin grey hair streaming in the wind, I beheld the irradiate form of the Saviour. I fell prostrate to the earth, while the child meekly knelt; and with its tiny hands clasped together, gazed fixedly upon that heavenly face, which to my

aching vision, was shrouded by a vapor light as an infant's breath, and more dazzling than if woven of the rays of the diamond.

And now the voice was heard to say, "Come forth!" and immediately the ocean heaved and swelled, until its turbid waters nearly washed our feet, when it suddenly receded, and rolling back into the distant void, left an immense plain covered with generations of men.

In the van stood the father of men, his lofty port chastened with an air which showed that if he had sinned, he had also suffered much. Beside him, clinging for support, as she shrunk from the piercing rays of the Godhead, was the unhappy mother of the human race. Mute and conscience-stricken, the multitude, headed by their common parents, slowly advanced, when the child in deep and imploring accents exclaimed, "Holy One, have mercy?"

And the Holy One replied: "Seat thyself before me. Thou shalt be endued with the knowledge of the Most High; and by thee, the youngest and last, shall the destinies of thy race be determined."

And the child obeyed, and the multitude advanced, and Adam and Eve, in obedience to a signal, passed up the mount; and the Holy One said, "It is good! They have sinned and have repented. Throughout all time their spirits have writhed with the sense of the misery entailed upon their offspring. Strict justice would condemn, but mercy spares them."

Then approached Cain, the firstborn, with anguish on his brow, but no true repentance in his heart; and

at a shudder from the child, he instinctively turned and rushed down the steep, the multitude shrinking from the touch of the fratricide. But the simple-minded Abel, and many like him, passed up, and stood upon the mount. But many more, and far more rapidly increasing in number, were those rejected by the child.

Next came the generations before the advent of the Messiah. The Assyrians, Egyptians, and Jews, the Arabians, the Medes, the Persians, the Carthaginians, the Greeks and the Romans, with countless others, were there.

And Noah first advanced, and the child smiled as he ascended the mount. After him some passed up, but many took the downward path. Then came Abraham, the friend of God, with the once more beautiful Sarah; and Melchizedek, the priest of the unbloody sacrifice; and the laughter-loving Isaac, with the meek Rebecca; the almost too politic Jacob, and the chaste and filial Joseph. The sadness which had been fast gathering over the face of the child passed away, and she welcomed their approach with joy.

Again that sweet face was overcast; for now came the sceptred line of Pharaoh. He, of the hardened heart, the most conspicuous, followed by all the swarthy idolators of Egypt.

Then came Moses, the man beloved of God, and Aaron, the chosen High Priest, and the judges and kings and prophets, with all the stiff-necked tribes of Israel; and the effeminate Mede, and the haughty Assyrian who destroyed, and the warlike Persian who

rebuilt, the temple; and all received their doom from that little child.

And now approached the apostles and evangelists, and followers of the Redeemer; the angelic Mary, supported by the beloved disciple and Mary Magdelen. Side by side, too, came the crucified thieves; but he whose revilings had embittered the last moments of his Saviour, fell off, and joined the sons of perdition—Herod, who had persecuted, and the conspiring Pharisees, and Pilate who had condemned, and Judas who had betrayed his master. Then passed up, shouting loud hosannas, the glorious body of martyrs, headed by St. Stephen, and the virgins, and whole host of saints; while the dark Tiberius, and the blood-thirsty Nero, and all the ensanguined line of Cæsars, and countless hordes of barbarians, and all of the tribes and nations of the earth who had died at enmity with their God, were turned in despair towards the dark void. And now the voice was heard, saying:

"Let their doom be accomplished!"

And the seething waters of the ocean rolled over, and hid them from the sight.

Scarce were the shrieks and groans hushed to the aching ear, when clouds gathered in the sky, and the thunder loudly pealed, and the lightning played across in incessant flashes. The ocean now grew black and thickened, and the lightning struck it, and it burst forth in one general conflagration. The mountain upon which we stood rocked and reeled,

and then seemed to be uprooted from its base, and to float unscathed upon the burning waters.

Here I was awakened by my room-mate shaking violently one of the bedposts, and bidding me, for God's sake rise, for that the woods were all on fire below us. The bright light which shone through the uncurtained windows, confirmed his intelligence. Dressing in haste, we repaired to the yard in front, where we found the driver hitching his team, and calling upon the passengers to hurry, that he might pass the line of fire before it had crossed the road. With the impertinence of his class, he scoffed at the suggestion to send a messenger ahead to ascertain if the fire had not already crossed; and we dashed at almost full speed down the rapid descent.

With murmurs and deep misgivings, we saw ourselves whirled by the last place where, for many miles, the stage could be turned. Ahead, and directly in our path, we heard the roaring of the blaze, and the sound of falling timber. The air was filled with myriads of sparks, and the burning cinders fell thick as the flakes of a snow-storm around us.

When we reached the upper line of fire, it had not crossed, but was fast approaching the road, and the heat was intense and almost scorching. The heavy crash of a falling tree behind us, made the horses wild with terror, and with a peculiar noise like an unearthly shriek, they rushed headlong at full speed. I threw my arms around the driver to support him, while, with his body bent over the foot-board, he bore with his whole strength upon the reins.

The screams and shouts within the stage were soon drowned as by the roar of a mighty cataract, and in a moment we found ourselves between two walls of fire, the flames meeting in fantastic curls in the air above us. Fortunately the belt was a narrow one, but before we had cleared it, the reins, crisped by the heat, one after another snapped asunder, and the horses, unrestrained, sped furiously along for a mile or more.

At a sudden turning of the road the stage was upset with a severe shock, and the horses freed by the breaking of the axle, rushed on, and were found several hours afterwards lying in a creek, cooling their scorched bodies. It was thought that none of them would ever be fit for service again. The inside passengers, more or less bruised, escaped material injury; but neither the driver nor myself could proceed. We were hospitably received in a farm-house near by, where we remained for some days under the soothing application of cream to our blistered hands and faces.

From Wheeling I descended the Ohio, whose limpid waters, gliding with a strong, but not impetuous current, have won for it the name of "Beautiful." Our steamboat, although large, was crowded; and I was incessantly struck with the difference between the soothing aspect of nature in all her wild luxuriance without, and the provision for artificial wants, the petty schemes, the clamor and dissatisfaction within board.

"I say, stranger," called out a man to me, as I walked the deck; "Ever been in these parts before?"

"No," said I. "This is the first time."

"Well, ain't this slick? But only hold on till you see the Mississippi; that'll wake you up, I can tell you."

"Yes," I replied; "I am told that it is much bolder and wider, but then the water is not so clear and beautiful."

"How you talk, stranger! Why, the Mississippi is like a great back-bone, going from one end clean to the other; but this here," said he, pointing to the river, "ain't no more than one of the small ribs!"

Perceiving that the man was an original, I took a seat beside him, and soon listened with interest while in the racy and peculiar phraseology of the West, he recounted some of his adventures. We sat far into the night; and as our huge leviathan swept along, sometimes almost grazing the banks, I fancied that from within the deep gloom of the dark and bloody ground of Kentucky on our left, I occasionally heard that terrific war-whoop of which he spoke.

I have been enabled to write down nearly all of what he first related, because, perhaps, simply from being the first, it made the deepest impression.

Rankin (such is the narrator's name) was a sergeant in what I think he termed the raised volunteers of Ohio, during the last war with England. On one occasion, he had been sent with twelve men from the main body, to escort a wagon laden with supplies for one of the smaller posts. The distance was not more than twenty-six miles; and although possible, it was scarce deemed probable, that the Indians had pene-

trated within the advanced posts. Besides the detachment, his party consisted of the driver, two friendly Indians for scouts, and the wife and young child of a soldier belonging to the post to which they were bound.

They left the camp about 2 P. M., and made about eight miles by dusk, when they halted, intending to make an early start, and accomplish their journey the next day. But it rained hard during the night, and the road was, in consequence, so heavy the next day, that they had accomplished but fourteen miles, when, although yet early, the jaded condition of their teams compelled them to halt. By the time that the horses were tethered, and the rude supper prepared, the scouts came in and reported that there were no signs of Indians in the woods. Cheered by the intelligence, they seated themselves around the fire, and Rankin was leaning forward, helping the woman to some food, when a bullet whizzed by his ear, followed in quick succession by a sharp report, and a scream from the child, which sprang wounded from its mother's arms.

"To the wagon, men! to the wagon!" shouted Rankin; "but where are the scouts?"

"Here they are, sneaking off!" called out one.

"Shoot them down, the traitors!"

Several muskets were discharged, and one of the scouts fell. The other, evidently wounded, limping as he fled, escaped.

While the party sought cover behind the wagon, the woman remained gazing, horror stricken, upon her child. After some moments she sprung up, and seiz-

ing a knife which laid beside the untasted food, heedless of their call, she ran with furious speed towards the quarter from whence the fatal ball had sped. As she passed a tree, a short distance from the opposite side of the road, and in full view from the position of the whites, an Indian stepped out, and brained her with his tomahawk. Before he could regain his cover, however, one of the soldiers levelled his musket and fired, and the savage, bounding upwards several feet, fell to the earth a corpse.

The driver, an athletic, swarthy man, seemingly a half-bred, had been throughout the journey a silent and dull companion. But, on the first alarm, he ran to the wagon and commenced searching for his rifle. He found it just as the Indian fell, when, with a loud and exulting shout, he exclaimed:

"Well done, soldier! Well done!"

Then springing down beside Rankin, he said to him:

"Mr. Sergeant, this will not be a safe place for you long. These Indian devils hav'n't shown their usual cunning, or they would have begun the attack from more points than one. Take to the trees if you wish to save a single life."

"Sergeant!" here called out several soldiers, "the Indians are running across the road."

"To the trees! Each man a tree for your lives!" cried Rankin; and the whole party rushed into the woods.

After the death of the warrior, except a few ineffectual shots at some of the Indians as they succes-

sively ran across the road, the time was passed in silent preparation. Each soldier, behind the tree he had selected, fixed his bayonet, picked his flint, and drew his cartouch box more in front.

By the advice of the driver, who seemed familiar with the Indian mode of fighting, Rankin extended his men, five on each side, in the form of an open wedge, while himself brought up the rear with the two remaining soldiers faced the opposite way to guard against a surprise from behind.

Their arrangements completed, as the whole party eagerly watched the Indians stealthily flitting from the shelter of one tree to that of another, they were startled by the cry of the child, which had raised itself upon its little hands, and called for its mother. They saw it struggle for a few feet, then fall upon its face and die.

"The devils! The incarnate devils!" exclaimed the half-bred; "Oh, that they would but show themselves!"

Very soon after, quick as light, he brought his weapon to his shoulder, and fired, and an Indian, who had just peered from behind a tree, fell dead beside it. His fall drew a shout from the soldiers, which was answered by a fierce whoop and a general volley from the Indians. With the exception of one or two slight flesh wounds, the discharge was harmless; but it served to convince the whites that their foes more than trebled their number.

The action now became general, and the woods rang with the sharp crack of the rifle, and the louder

but less deadly report of the musket. The Indians, spreading as they advanced, soon outflanked the whites; and then, gradually closing in, completely surrounded them. Already three of the soldiers had fallen, and two others were so badly wounded as to be unable to use their weapons. The only hope left was in retreat, and the remaining survivors rushed to the place where the horses were secured. Cutting the tethers in all haste, the whites strove to mount, while the Indians sprang forward to prevent them. The sergeant, and one of the soldiers, succeeded in mounting a horse, and the half-bred was upon another, helping one up behind him, when an Indian seized the headstall and threw his tomahawk. It struck the driver on the temple, peeling it to the bone. In an instant he jumped down and clutched his assailant. For some moments they struggled desperately, but freeing his arm, the driver drew a long knife he carried, and plunged it into the savage. As he turned to mount again, he was pierced by a bullet from behind, when, seeming to abandon all hope of escape, he staggered forward, brandishing his bloody knife, and endeavored to close with the nearest Indian; but the wily savage stepping aside, felled him to the earth with the butt of his rifle.

With his eyes fixed upon the dreadful scene, from which he was endeavoring his utmost to escape, the wild war-whoop raised on the fall of the driver, seemed to Rankin premonitory of his own. There was a desperate struggle about the remaining horses, and he heard the crack of several rifles as he urged the one

he rode to its utmost speed. In a few moments he felt the hold of the soldier behind him relax, and shortly after the latter fell with a groan to the earth. A few seconds more and a sharp pain told him that he was himself hit in the leg, while, by the convulsive bounds of his horse, he was satisfied that it was also severely wounded. Bending low to the mane, with a sagacity sharpened by the fear of death, he contrived to place as many large trees as possible between his pursuers and himself. He rode thus for miles, and long after the pursuit must have ceased, the vindictive war-whoop seemed to ring in his ears. His poor horse carried him to the last, but fell within half a mile of the post. Bandaging his leg with a handkerchief, Rankin attempted to proceed on foot; but faint and exhausted with the loss of blood, he could not. From a feeling which all will understand, he retraced his steps, determined that if die he must, it should be beside the faithful steed. With his head upon the neck of the dying animal he swooned away, and was found by scouts from the garrison sent out to meet the detachment.

Nearly the whole force at the post immediately turned out in pursuit of the enemy; but the Indians had disappeared with all their booty. With the mutilated bodies of his late companions, however, the sergeant was rejoiced to see the treacherous scout brought in; "And stranger," said he, while his features gleamed with savage delight, "I was the man that tied the noose for him."

Clank! clank! clank! splash! splash! splash. Alas

for the practical and unpoetic age in which we live! A man in the depths of the hold below turns a cock, and the strange eccentric is moved by the steam, whose supply it afterwards regulates. As the valves open and close, the piston rod, with the regularity of the pendulum, moves up and down, turning the paddle-shaft, which whirls in unceasing revolutions the immense wheels that propel us. No longer spreading a sail to the breeze, or drifting idly with the current, the arks and the broad-horns have disappeared—the wild and not unmelodious notes of the boatman's bugle are unheard, and in their stead the soothing solitude of nature is disturbed by the monotonous clank of a workshop.

Surely the most beautiful object in nature is the ocean, heaving and swelling in its mysterious undulation, its calm and placid surface chequered with light and shade, reflecting the sky above and the changing aspect of the flying clouds. And the greatest perfection of art, is it not a ship, buoyant and graceful, under a cloud of canvas, buffeting the elements, and against wind or tide or current, pushing onward to her port of destination?

While yet the world was young, the nomadic tribes that wandered along the coasts must have gazed wistfully on the rippling surface of the sea; but when the tempest came, and the angry surf lashed the opposing shore, and the spray was borne far inland by the blast, appalled and terrified they must have fled precipitately from the scene. But every evil has its antidote. The storm, wide-spread and devastating, up-

rooted gigantic trees, which, floating upon the surface of the once-more tranquil ocean, suggested the means of transportation. The art of navigation, in the beautiful mythology of the ancients, ascribed to Venus and Minerva, owes its first invention to Ousous, the Phœnician, who, on the trunk of a tree denuded of its branches, and half-excavated by fire, boldly pushed from the shore, and encountered the untried perils of the deep.

To the canoe succeeded the raft, and thence, in regular succession, the galley manned with oars, and the ship propelled by sails. From skirting along the coasts, men inured by degrees to the dangers of a new element, extended their intercourse from mainland to island, and, at length, with the newly invented compass for their guide, they boldly stood from the land, and wandered over the fathomless ocean in quest of other worlds.

One of those worlds has requited the blessing of civilization conferred upon it, by the application of an agent which bids fair to effect as great a revolution in maritime affairs, as the invention of gunpowder, upwards of five hundred years ago, caused in the art of war. Not many years hence, and perchance some native of this New World, bolder than the Phœnician, may launch forth, and with the single aid of this agent, combat the opposing winds, and rocking in the storm, career successfully over the billows of the wide Atlantic.*

* Not many years after the above was written, an English officer did

As I stood upon the summit of the Alleghany, and beheld a graceful sweep of verdant hills and plains, boundless as the view, and recollected that they stretched onward and onward, until the one extreme is clasped in the rude embrace of the thick ribbed ice, while the other is washed by the phosphorescent ripple of the tropic, and that east and west, on each side, it has an ocean for a boundary, I could not help exclaiming: "Oh, my country! if your young energies be but properly directed, to what a glorious consummation may you not attain!"

Three days after leaving Cincinnati, we dashed into the Mississippi, whose turbid and swollen waters rolled far and wide beyond their usual boundaries. It was a scene wild and magnificent, but appalling from the dangers which beset it. The river was filled with broken rafts, drift-logs, and half-sunken and floating trees. The danger of running upon a snag, or encountering a sawyer, was great and ever-impending. The current was so strong, that, frequently caught by a whirl or an eddy, our huge boat, like a stray leaf on a rivulet, was turned round and round, until striking against a tree, it would be sent into the mid-current—the word torrent would, perhaps, convey a more correct idea of its irresistible rapidity. Sometimes we were carried for miles among the trees, from whose verdant tops, the birds, which had remained undisturbed by the rush and roar beneath, flew at our approach, as if aware that their only enemy is man.

achieve it, and two lieutenants of our navy were permitted to accept an invitation to accompany him in his return trip.

My friend and his father received me with the open-handed hospitality for which the south and south-west are proverbial. A few days after my arrival, they made up a grand hunting-match, in which I, unthinking mortal, joined. By sunrise, after a hurried breakfast, we were off; and all unused to the rifle, I carried my own fowling-piece. In the woods, we soon separated, all but a young brother of my friend's, who kept with me. Little accustomed to the forest, by mid-day I felt much fatigued, and lagged slowly along, while my little guide, seemingly as fresh as when we started, was eager in the pursuit of game. In a short time, between my weariness and his anxiety to proceed, we lost each other; and after ineffectually trying to find him, I threw myself at the foot of a tree, beside which gurgled a rivulet. The early hour at which I had risen, and the unusual fatigue I had since undergone, combined with the soothing sound of the water as it rippled by, caused me to fall asleep.

What awoke me I know not, but the first object I saw was the disc of the sun descending behind the tops of the trees. The next was a stag, with enormous antlers, standing by the brook, a short gun-shot distance from me. He had evidently been drinking, but disturbed, perhaps, by my slight movement in waking, his head was thrown back in the attitude of listening. I remained perfectly still, and he again began to drink. With the utmost caution I reached for my gun, and taking deliberate aim, fired, and severely wounded him. He made one bound across the stream, but, to my amazement and great alarm, turned the

next moment, and rushed furiously towards me. I had barely time to spring into the tree, when he brought up with a violent blow against it. He then walked round and round the tree, anxious to get at me, and glared at me with more ferocity than I thought the animal capable of. His wound was certainly severe, and I hoped would prove a mortal one, for he bled profusely. After blockading me in this singular manner for fifteen or twenty minutes, he turned to go away, when I coughed aloud, and with a redoubled fury he dashed at the tree. This was repeated six or seven times, when he slowly walked away regardless of every attempt I made to bring him back.

Immediately descending the tree, I re-loaded my gun, which had fallen beside it, and followed in pursuit. I was unsuccessful; and to my farther disappointment, discovered I had lost the bearings I had taken. Although the night promised to be a mild one, the prospect of spending it in the woods was far from pleasant; and I hallooed long and loud for my companions. Echo alone replied. Not the echo of the sage writer, which, to the call, "Where are they?" answered "Where?" but the only kind of echo I have ever heard, which, in such a case, would have answered, "Are they," and now in fainter notes returned my own wild halloo.

The sun had now set, and night approached more like the gathering of mist than the withdrawal of light. I struggled on, almost losing a sense of fatigue in anxiety, when, even through the thickening gloom,

I perceived that the trees grew thinner, and quickened my pace in the hope that it would prove the clearing of the plantation. I was provoked to find myself on the edge of a small cane-brake. Recollecting presently that I had heard this cane-brake spoken of as lying in a certain direction, I concluded that my best course would be directly through it. I had not gone one third of the way, however, when I found it so fatiguing, forcing my way through the canes, that I decided on throwing myself down, and spending the night there, when I was startled by the rattle of a rattle-snake. The sound was so sudden and unexpected, that I could not tell from what quarter it proceeded; and afraid to step any way, I gathered the canes as thick as I could around me, and stood breathless with anxiety. In a few moments, I heard him glide away, and springing in the opposite direction, regained the wood, and soon afterwards heard the welcome shouts of my friends in search of me.

The approaching termination of my leave of absence, compelled me, after a few weeks, to bid farewell to those who had treated me almost as a son and brother, for which I feel the more grateful that I had no claims upon them other than what their kindly natures accorded.

CHAPTER IX.

I was next ordered to the schooner Shark, then fitting out for a cruise on the coast of Africa.

Sailing in midsummer, and sounding across the Atlantic with a deep-sea-line of the ordinary length,* we stopped for a few days at Madeira. My journal presents nothing of this visit which is worth transcribing. The vine, now almost the sole culture of this island, was brought principally from Candia; and the sugar-cane, introduced from the East, *via* Sicily and Spain, and hence transplanted to the West India islands, is no longer cultivated.

From Madeira we sailed to the Canaries, and coasted along those beautiful islands, which are evidently of volcanic origin, and present the alternate aspect of mountains and valleys, rocks and gorges. We saw even less of these islands than of Madeira, for

* At that time, the Master-Spirit of the Navy, had not turned the attention of the profession to the necessity of sounding the depths of the ocean, for the purpose of ascertaining, from the temperature and character of the bottom surface, the direction of its currents.

the "Rodgers" system of discipline was strictly enforced; the ruling feature of which is, to render every one as uncomfortable as possible; it seeming never to occur to some of our commanders, that there is a knowledge to be acquired unconnected with the tar-bucket.

Merely touching at Orotava and Santa Cruz—the last place principally celebrated for the discomfiture of Nelson, who lost an arm in a night attack upon it; we bade adieu to this cluster of islands, which, for their salubrity, beauty, and productiveness, were denominated "Fortunatæ," by the ancients. It was matter of deep regret to us that we were denied the opportunity of examining them more nearly, and particularly of ascending the glorious "Peak of Teneriffe," with its five zones of vegetation, beginning with the vine, and terminating with the heath. It is singular enough that the first and not most inaccurate description of this group extant, was given by Juba, Prince of Mauritania, who graced a triumph of Cæsar. These islands were by the ancients considered as the extremity of the earth, and none ventured beyond them, until Columbus, with the compass for his only guide, ploughed his way through the unknown sea in quest of other worlds.

Sailing from the Canaries, our course was in a converging line with the high range of Mount Atlas—fabled by the ancients to prop the vault of heaven—and parallel to the Great Desert of Sahara, with its trackless wilds; its shifting sands, tossed by the winds and whirling in eddies through the air, and only here

and there a spot of vegetation—verdant islands in a boundless waste.

Amid the oases, which, like islands, gem this sandy sea, the predatory robber lurks in wait for the coming caravan, and the "ship of the desert," as he plods his weary way, is fortunate if he encounter only hunger and thirst, the withering harmattan, and the whirlwind madly waltzing with the sand.

Running by the parallel of Cape Non (*Non plus ultra*), we next made the Cape de Verdes; a volcanic group of islands and islets, not far distant from the coast of Africa, and nearly abreast of the debouchure of the Senegal; which, as well as the Gambia, the Nile, and that famed, mysterious stream the Niger, flow from the mountains of Kong and of the Moon—stupendous ranges stretching across the desert, and forming barriers to its waves of sand.

The exterior surface of these islands presents to the eye mostly sharp crags and deep gorges, the former bare and incinerated, the latter clothed with luxurious vegetation. The rainy season had commenced, but the copious showers scarce allayed the stifling heat. It was by turns a pour down or a drizzle, and dry clothes were soon numbered among the remembrances of the past. The night air was peculiarly unwholesome, of which we had melancholy proof. Two of the midshipmen, finding the atmosphere insupportable below, slept one night in the stern of the launch which was stowed amidships. One of them took the precaution of protecting himself from the dew; the other slept with face and breast exposed. They were

both attacked next day with fever; the former, comparatively light, but the latter was in a few hours in the frensy of delirium, and his brain never recovered from the shock. He ultimately abandoned the service; enlisted as a private soldier in one of our regiments, and leaving his post as sentinel, committed suicide by drowning.

From this group, we sailed for Freetown, an English colony at Sierra Leone, first settled by refugee negroes who fled from America during the Revolutionary war. Its site is a most unfortunate one. The adjacent country is low and swampy, and the rank vegetation growing out of and covering the soil with living and decaying matter, renders, and will ever render the climate fatal to the constitution of the white man.

The slave-trade is far from being suppressed; and from 1661, when the Royal African Company was first chartered with the condition of supplying the English West India islands with 3000 slaves annually, it has gone on increasing, and at the beginning of this century amounted to 100,000 per annum, besides the loss in transportation, which is equal to 15 per cent.

Denmark, to its honor, was the first Christian nation which prohibited the slave-trade; our own was the second; and thirteen years afterwards, our example was followed by Great Britain.

Our commander, if fearful of encountering shoals in mid-ocean, deserved the gratitude of all on board for the precautions taken to guard against the effects of the climate. No one was permitted, on any pretext, to sleep on shore, and all were required to wear flan-

nel next to the skin. Nor was he content with merely issuing the order, but, to his credit, saw it carried into rigid execution, and morning and evening the crew were mustered at quarters for inspection. To the enforcement of this judicious regulation, the comparative preservation of our health is mainly attributable.

From Sierra Leone we sailed down the coast to our own colony of Liberia, then just founded, where we landed Dr. Ayres, the first agent sent out by the American Colonization Society. This was an intelligent and prepossessing gentleman, with whom we were much pleased. He had been in Africa before, and his first introduction to the continent, as he relates it, was a singular one. The vessel in which he was a passenger, was wrecked in sight of the shore, and after swimming for some hours towards the low line of coast which seemed to recede before him, his strength gave out, and in despair he ceased to struggle; but as he sunk, his prayer for mercy was cut short by finding that the water was no deeper than his waist. The shore was flat and shelving, and he had been within his depth for a mile or more.

Liberia is situated on an elevated peninsula, and is by consequence more healthy, and promises to be more successful, than the settlement at Sierra Leone. Its condition is, however, more prospectively than immediately prosperous. But there are elements which, if judiciously worked out, may yet make it the nucleus of the great work of African Civilization.

The interior of the continent is mostly involved in mystery. The circumnavigation of its coast was a

favorite object of the maritime enterprise of the ancients, who conceived the idea of its being a peninsula, from observing the convergence of its coasts beyond the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. There are four attempts on record. The first by some Phœnicians sent by Necho, an Egyptian king; the second, by Sataspes the Persian; the third, by Hanno the Carthaginian, and the fourth, by Eudoxus of Cyzicus. The brief narrative of the first, is thus rendered by Herodotus:—

"The Phœnicians, setting sail from the Red Sea, made their way into the southern sea; when autumn approached they drew their vessels to the land, sowed a crop, and waited until it was grown, when they reaped it, and again put to sea. Having spent two years in this manner, in the third year, they reached the pillars of Hercules, and returned to Egypt, reporting what does not find belief with me, but may perhaps with some other persons; for they said that in passing Africa, they had the sun on their right hand (i. e. the north.) In this manner Lybia was first known."

The very circumstance on which the historian bases his incredulity, tends to confirm the truth of the narrative. Africa could not be circumnavigated without bringing the sun to the north.

The Persian sailed by the pillars of Hercules and turned to the south, but was intimidated by the sight of the frightful and desolate shores of Sahara, and the tempestuous ocean which beat against them, and turning back, was put to death by his Imperial Master.

The Carthaginian, passing also through the Straits of Gibraltar, sailed, it is supposed, as far as the Bight of Benin, now believed to be the outlet of the Niger. He says, " On the last day, we came to a high mountain covered with trees, the wood of which was odoriferous, and variously tinted. Passing round these mountains, we came to an immense opening of the sea, bordered by plains, in which we saw fires of different magnitudes glittering at intervals from every spot. In it was a large island, and in that island a salt-water lake, in which again was another island. Entering this lake, we saw, in the day, nothing but forests; but, in the night, there were many fires burning, and we heard various sounds of musical instruments, and the cries of numberless human beings. Being terrified by these objects, and the prophets also exhorting us to quit the island, we made off and reached next the fiery region of Thymiamata, whence torrents of flame poured down into the sea. Here, the heat of the earth was such, that the foot could not tread upon it. We therefore, took our speedy departure from this place, and saw in the night the earth full of flames. There appeared also, in the midst of them, one lofty fire, greater than the rest, which seemed to reach to the very stars. This, when seen by daylight, proved to be a very lofty mountain, called the chariot of the Gods."

The great conflagrations of the grass, and the music, and the dancing of the natives prolonged through the night, have been frequently noticed by modern navi-

gators along the coast, and confirm essentially Hanno's high-colored narrative.

Eudoxus, after two voyages through the Red Sea, in which he penetrated as far as the southern shores of Arabia; also made the attempt by passing the Pillars of Hercules, and proceeded until he came to a race of people who appeared to him to speak the same language with those he had met on the opposite shore; when he returned to fit out a larger expedition, but was disappointed in his expectations.

The moderns have been more successful, and the outward geographical features of Africa are well known; but the mysterious gloom which hangs over the interior, has been but partially penetrated by a few adventurous men. This extraordinary land, which since the creation has panted beneath the direct rays of Phœbus, and which, in the size of its animals (man excepted), and its vegetable productions, surpasses the other quarters of the globe, presents a vast and glorious field for exploration. But, alas! where are the means to be procured?

From Liberia, we cruised along the coast in search of slavers, the rain sometimes coming down in an avalanche, at others falling in intermittent showers. The squalls, which were preceded by a gathering murkiness of the atmosphere, were absolutely terrific, and the clouds hung so low, that the vivid lightning seemed to shoot in horizontal lines about us. I have read of "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds," but had no conception what it sounded like, until I heard African thunder.

We had heard of a large slaver, armed and equipped to fight her way, and we eagerly sought her. One morning we were sanguine that we beheld her, for we discovered an armed vessel, with yards too square for an ordinary slaver, and which, instead of endeavoring to escape, hauled by the wind, and stood towards us. But our hopes were crushed when she hoisted the English flag. It was a brig of war, commanded by Lieutenant Hagan, of the Royal Navy. He was a very Nelson in gallantry, and had been seven years on the coast, during which he had distinguished himself in frequent combats with armed slavers, and on one occasion, having boarded a vessel of superior force to his own, engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with her commander, and slew him. He had lost nearly all of his original crew by sickness, and supplied their place with Kroomen, an active race who inhabit this coast, and are mostly employed as fishermen, seamen, and pilots. Of his officers, there was not one remaining. The last survivor, was one whom he had brought a boy from England, and for whom, after the great mortality among his officers, he had procured the appointment of a midshipman. He described his grief as being more poignant at the loss of this last one, than for all the rest, as he had not, until then, felt so absolutely alone. His only companion afterwards, was a favorite monkey which had been accidentally killed a short time previous.

One morning at daylight, we discovered a suspicious-looking vessel, and immediately made all sail in chase. But those on board of her were not disposed to be interrogated, and the wind being very light, they

kept their vessel full before it. There is a trite but true saying among sailors, that "a stern chase is always a long one," and we gained very slowly upon them. Towards noon, it fell calm, and the chase and ourselves got out our sweeps (long oars mounted upon swivels), and the chances of capture or escape, became solely dependent upon physical exertion. Fear of pecuniary loss and severe, perhaps capital punishment, actuated the one, and motives of humanity, intermingled with visions of prize money, impelled the other. As fear is a more powerful incentive than either benevolence or the love of gain, the chase at first increased her distance from us; but, as we were better manned, and could more frequently relieve the men at the sweeps, the prospects were soon changed, and we rapidly gained upon her. Already the bow guns were cleared away, and we were calculating how long before they could be brought to bear, when, through the spyglass, we were shocked to perceive that gangs of negroes were brought up, placed at the sweeps, and made to labor for the prolongation of their own captivity. This cruel act, while it rendered the character of the chase no longer questionable, spurred us to renewed exertion; but the heat was intense, and the allowance of water was insufficient even for a state of inactivity. No moral stimulus could compete with the physical relaxation, and as the sun descended towards the west, the spirits of our men began to flag. Again the chase led off, and as night closed in, showed but as a cloudy speck on the horizon. But, with the uprising of the moon came a gentle breeze, which soon

strengthened into a stiff and steady one, and carrying it with us under a press of sail, we were almost in gun-shot distance of the chase before she felt its influence. An hour more, and the result was no longer doubtful. Our yards were more square, our canvas stronger, and our heavier vessel was less impeded by the now rising swell. We gradually closed upon the chase, but she would not heave to, until within point blank range of our guns.

An idea of the discipline of a man-of-war, may be formed from the following circumstance which occurred during the chase. We had brought the slaver within the range of our shot, but as it could only be indistinctly seen from deck, a midshipman was sent by the captain to take his position on the head of the bowsprit to direct the helmsman how to steer and give the word when to fire. The young officer obeyed the order, and when he thought our bow was in an exact line with the chase, gave the word, and raised himself up on the stay to which he clung, to see where the shot would strike. It had not occurred to him, to our Commander, nor to any one else, that he was almost in the direct line of fire. As it was, the shot passed so near his head that its windage threw him round the stay, and but for the strong hold he had just taken, would have sent him overboard. From fear of misconstruction, he would say nothing of the peril he was in, but remained at his post until the gun had been six times discharged, but, from the repeated concussion, his head began to whirl, and he was fast losing the power to sustain himself, when the danger of his posi-

tion flashed upon the mind of our Commander. The Midshipman was immediately ordered in, but instead of an expression of regret for the great and unnecessary peril to which he had been exposed, he received a severe reprimand for not having made it known immediately after the first discharge.

The slaver proved to be a schooner, sailing under French colors, with a mixed crew and an American mate. She was bound to the French West India islands. The overpowering smell and the sight presented by her slave-deck, can never be obliterated from the memory. In a space of about 15 by 40 feet, and four feet high, between-decks, one hundred and sixty-three negroes, men, women, and children, were promiscuously confined. In sleeping they were made to dove-tail, each one drawn up to the shortest span, and the children were obliged to lie upon the full grown. They were all naked, and to protect from vermin not a hair was permitted to grow upon their persons. Their bodies were so emaciated, and their black skins were so shrunk upon the facial bones, that in their torpor, they resembled so many Egyptian mummies half-awakened into life. A pint of water and half a pint of rice each, was their daily allowance, which is reduced if the passage be prolonged. The passage is performed in from fifty to seventy days.

I never saw the sympathies of men more deeply moved than were those of our crew. Immediately after taking possession, while the papers were being examined, we hoisted up a cask of water, and some

bread and beef, and gave each poor slave a long drink and a hearty meal.

Unfortunately, the schooner's papers were so regular,* that our commander did not feel authorized to send her to the United States. But he made prisoner of the nominal mate, but real master, to be taken home for trial. The officers not feeling the same responsibility as our commander, blamed him for what they considered his timidity and want of feeling. We offered to become his security against any pecuniary loss, but as our purses held but little, and never held that little long, our security was not deemed sufficient, and the slaver was released.

With feelings which I cannot undertake to express, we saw the schooner fill away and steer to the westward, bearing into life-long captivity the unhappy wretches whom we had inspired with a hope of freedom.

After cruising along the coast without meeting with anything worth transcribing, we also turned our prow to the westward, and steered for the Antilles. During the passage, we encountered a severe gale of wind, which subsiding more rapidly than the sea, left us rolling about on a confused swell, with scarce a breath of air to steady us. When the movement was most uneasy, a young sailor boy who was passing along the deck stepped on a rope, which was at the instant stretched out by the flapping of the sail to which it

* At that time, France had not entered into the league against the slave-trade.

was attached, and he was thrown some ten feet upwards, and fell overboard. With a presence of mind I have never seen surpassed, the lad before he had reached his full ascent, cried out, " boy overboard," and struck out manfully when he reached the water. We immediately cut away the life-buoy, formed of two small empty casks, secured together by cross pieces, and with a staff bearing a flag from the centre. To this, the boy soon made his way; and our alarm for him increased when we perceived that every time he tried to climb upon it, the buoy would turn over with him. At length, to our great relief, we saw him dive down beneath it, and coming up between the cross pieces, succeeded in perching himself upon it. Admiration at this sight determined our commander to attempt to save him, although the sea ran alarmingly high for a boat to venture in it, and volunteers more than were necessary, sprang forward at the word. At the expense of some anxiety for the boat's crew, the intrepid boy was rescued, and gladly welcomed on board again.

After a pleasant but somewhat protracted run across the Atlantic, we made and passed Barbadoes, the first settled and improved of all the English possessions in the West Indies. There is not a central mountain range in this island, and it is, by consequence, less copiously watered than others of the group, and being further out in the Atlantic, is more exposed to the sweep of the hurricane. But its scenery although not grand, is beautiful, and peculiarly refreshing to an

eye long accustomed to the sight of arid sands and of water stretching to the horizon.

We pursued our course through the Archipelago of the Caribbean sea, to the island of Jamaica, the largest and most valuable of the West India islands possessed by Great Britain. The lofty range of the Blue Mountains in the interior, covered with majestic forests, gives to the landscape a grand and varied aspect. From these heights descend many streams which fertilize the land as they flow into the sea.

Proceeding to the harbor of Kingston, we passed the ruins of Port Royal, with the exception of Mexico and Lima, once the most magnificent city of the New World. But first destroyed by an earthquake and then by a conflagration, it was finally laid in ruins by a hurricane, the most dreadful ever known, even in these latitudes.

The climate and the soil here call forth a wondrous luxuriance of vegetation. Nature appears prodigal of organic matter, and the ground is overloaded with plants which have scarcely room for their development. In the forests, the trunks of the trees are covered with a drapery of ferns and mosses, which diffuse the richest odors, and almost conceal from sight the noble stems that support them. In the gardens, abound the orange, ever blooming and ever fruitful; the pomegranate and the fig, and hosts of others; while on every side—

> "Its luscious fruit Anana rears
> Amid a coronet of spears."

As in other places, our visit here was a brief one.

Having sailed for Africa in August, it was necessary, in obedience to orders, to leave the West Indies for our northern coast in January. With a favorable wind, which allowed no time to prepare our systems for the shock, in a few days we exchanged a torrid for a frigid climate, and instead of seeking the shade and being clothed in summer attire, we coveted every sunbeam, and wrapped in our thickest garments shrunk from the keen north wind. After passing through the Florida Straits, we encountered a northeast snow storm, and in its very teeth worked our way to New York; our sufferings increased a hundred fold in consequence of the *weather* ports being taken out; for what purpose, we juniors could not conceive, unless to allow the sea an unresisted sweep across the deck, or to extinguish the fires and prevent us from cooking our food. We had heard of lee ports being lightly fastened to permit the egress of the water when a sea was shipped, but never before of weather ones being taken out to give ingress to it. The driving spray, freezing as it fell, coated everything with an incrustation of ice, and our decks would have been too slippery to walk upon if the vessel had been in a state of rest. The running rigging soon became of the size of shrouds, and the shrouds as thick as cables. When it was necessary to brace a yard or trim a sail, the sailors could only make their way in the manner of Commodore Trunnion on his way to be married; and when the rope was reached, it had first to be cleared of the ice which encumbered it.

Coming from the hot and relaxing climate of Africa,

we could ill endure the keen north wind which cuts, and burns as it cuts, like a red hot razor. Some of the officers and many of the men were frost-bitten; a few of the latter so severely, that they subsequently lost the use of their feet for life. The greatest sufferers were those who drank ardent spirits; and those who were strictly temperate, almost to a man escaped. Next to temperance, exercise was the greatest preservative, and he who kept his blood in circulation by constant motion, if it were only marking time, retained the full use of his limbs, while his more indolent watchmates were severely frost-bitten. When we reached port, our schooner, from the truck to the water's edge, was a pyramid of ice; and as fast as we were detached from her, each one, who possessed a home, made what haste he could to reach it.

CHAPTER X.

One beautiful moonlight night, while sailing through the group of the Windward Islands, one of our shipmates related some incidents in the life of an officer of one of our private armed vessels during the war with England. The island of which he spoke when he began, was then in full view, and from the time and circumstances of its relation, the narrative made such an impression on me, that I sought the earliest opportunity to note it down while fresh in my remembrance. The names are partially altered; but the story was related with an air of truthfulness, which combined with what some of us had heard before, left no doubt on the minds of its hearers.

It was just daybreak; the air was calm, and the whole face of nature was shrouded in a light and silvery mist. Presently the mist became agitated by a fitful breeze. Rays of light, faint at first, but every moment becoming brighter in their hue, penetrated it from the east, and at length, gathering its folds, it prepared to follow the path of the ascending sun. As

it lifted, a scene was disclosed upon which the eye of man delights to dwell.

An island, clothed with luxuriant foliage, and redolent with the perfume of the tropics, laid sleeping on the crystal waters. On its southern side, the unruffled waves of a sheltered bay broke with a murmuring sound upon a white and shelving beach.

At the foot of this bay, embowered in a grove, was a small cluster of whitewashed houses, which seen through the interlacing branches of the trees, looked the fit abodes of charity and domestic peace.

The flickering airs, soft and fragrant as the breath of infancy, fanned the pale and attenuated cheek of an invalid, who seated at the foot of a cotton-tree, looked wistfully to seaward. A boundless expanse of ocean, with its undulating surface, alone met his anxious gaze; but when the sun had risen, and unobscured by a cloud, threw his unrefracted rays across the slumbering sea, he discovered, on the farthest verge of the horizon, a light and buoyant fabric, and recognized it as the object of his scrutiny. It was the Chasseur, the symmetrical Chasseur, a private armed ship of war, already renowned for a glorious achievement.

In a few hours the sea breeze set in, which, cool and refreshing, is sent by a merciful Providence to temper the heat of a tropical sun. The ship was soon under a cloud of canvas, and it was a beautiful thing to see her inclined to the breeze, dashing along with graceful speed, while the light tracery of her rigging was reflected upon the surface of the sails, which looked snow-white in the glancing beams of the sun. As if

instinct with life, she bounded across the water, and soon dropped her anchor in the bay.

The invalid Maynard Horner, was an officer of the Chasseur, and had been wounded in an engagement about a month previous. By the advice of the surgeon he had been sent on shore to recruit while his vessel made a short cruise among the islands.

At first Mr. Gillespie, the American Consul, procured for the invalid the best lodgings that could be hired; but when he heard his mother's name and found that through her the young officer was related to an old and cherished friend, he at once had him removed to his own house.

Horner was in his twenty-fourth year, and already distinguished for his gallantry. His mind was vigorous, and his manners graceful, and there were few who in a short time had acquired so many friends. His eye, undimmed by recent illness, expressed decision of character, and his dark hair fell in untrimmed luxuriance over his pale but manly features.

Like a ministering angel, Mary Gillespie, the motherless daughter of the Consul, supplied the wants and anticipated the wishes of the invalid. Her silent but not unobserved attentions won his unbounded gratitude, which, as he recovered, ripened into love; for to rare personal attractions she united the loveliest qualities of her sex.

It was scarce possible, that under such circumstances, two kindred spirits should meet and not assimilate. It is no wonder, then, that thus thrown together they should become attached. They did

love! Love only as those can do, who, trustful in their nature, are uncankered by care, and in their thoughts, their prayers, their aspirations, and their dreams, become each other's constant and abiding theme.

The Chasseur arrived in the early forenoon. That day her commander and several of her officers dined with Mr. Gillespie, and before midnight, they were again at sea, for there were enemies abroad, and they felt bound to seek them.

It were useless to dwell upon the parting of the lovers. All that the gushing fondness of two such natures could impart was interchanged. Hap what might, though distance should separate, and circumstances debar their intercourse for months, or years, they had that unswerving confidence in each other which true and loyal hearts alone can feel. It is true that both felt much anxiety—the maiden in especial, for her lover was exposed to far more than the perils of the deep. But with a faith early instilled by the precepts of a sainted mother, she placed her trust on high, and with more of hope than fear, looked forward to the future.

For some weeks the Chasseur sought in vain for a valuable prize. But few captures were made, and it was determined to shift her cruising ground to the South Atlantic. When crossing the line, the inconsiderate among the crew were disappointed that the usual ceremony of receiving Neptune was dispensed with; but the Chasseur was too well disciplined for such a disorderly exhibition.

Horner's messmates soon perceived a marked

change in his demeanor. His hilarity was gone; and avoiding his former associates, he paced the deck or sat apart, wrapped in the visionary aspirations of a lover. They suspected the cause, but had too much regard for him to wound his feelings by ill-timed jests and allusions. Indeed, their respect for him was increased, for they perceived with surprise that although completely absorbed in reverie when he had no duty to perform, yet he had become the most vigilant among them, and in particular paid the strictest attention to the exercise of his division at the guns, and in the use of small arms. At such times, his eye sparkled with more than its wonted enthusiasm, and his very air breathed some exalted purpose.

"Take care, gentlemen!" said the captain one day to a party of officers near him, "take care! Horner is wooing glory that he may win a bride, and if opportunity offer, may bear away the palm."

"Let him, if he can," was the reply, "we will not begrudge what must be dearly earned."

Nearly in a line with the extreme southern limits of two continents, at the confluence of two mighty oceans, lies Tristan d'Acuna, a high, rocky, and uninhabited island, its summit wrapped in clouds, and except in one place, the surf, loud and continuous, breaks upon its shore.

The wind was fresh, and the tumultuous waves ran high, when through the mist the crew of the Chasseur gained a sight of the land. While the captain hesitated whether to approach the anchorage, or "lie to"

and await more favorable weather, the cry " sail ho !" was heard from aloft.

" Where away ?" was quickly asked by the officer of the watch.

" Broad off the weather beam, Sir," was the reply, and the Chasseur wore round and stood towards the stranger. None but those who have experienced it, can form an idea of the thrill of delight with which every man on board of a cruiser, in time of war, hears the cry of " sail ho !" which insures the excitement of a chase, and the probability of an engagement.

Long before the hull of the stranger was visible from the deck, her spars and sails, enveloped in the mist, in their shadowy outline seemed of gigantic proportions. Like a shapeless cloud, rather than a thing of art, she came down before the breeze, the mist, now and then, in fantastic wreaths, half concealing, half betraying, her form and character. The American hoisted her colors as an invitation to the stranger to declare her nationality. Shortly after, the report of a gun came booming over the water, and the crew of the Chasseur uttered a shout of exultation, as through the vapor they descried the ensign of St. George. The commanders of the two vessels were, however, aware that the wind was too high, and the sea too rough for a fair encounter. Each one, brave himself, doubted not the valor of his adversary, and with a tacit understanding that they would meet when the gale abated, the ships hove to in each other's near vicinity. They rode out the night in safety; each one carrying a light to denote her position to the other.

The next day it moderated, and at 1 P. M., the Chasseur hoisted her jack at the fore, as an intimation that she was ready for the encounter.

The signal was promptly answered, and the vessels filled away, on opposite tacks, and exchanged broadsides as they passed. Immediately after, like two knights engaged *a l'outrance*, each again wore round, and stood directly for the other, while from forward, aft, successively as they bore, the guns were fired with singular precision. As they neared each other, the scene became more and more exciting. The atmosphere was darkened, and the crews were working their guns with the energy of desperation, when a harsh and grating sound told that the ships were afoul.

"Away! boarders away!" was the instant cry of the Englishman, and a host of men, cutlass and pistol in hand, gathered on his forecastle.

"Stand by to repel boarders!" was the prompt reply of the American, and a forest of bristling pikes was arrayed against the assailants. Talk of serried ranks and wedged battalions—of the compact square, and even of the deep moat and frowning parapet!—who would not charge upon either, rather than breast that fretted line of steel, held by those stern-visaged men! The enemy paused and faltered.

By word and example, Horner had encouraged his men to their utmost exertion, and at the first call hurried with them to repel the enemy; but when that enemy hesitated, although but for an instant, he

shouted "On them, men! on! on!" and rushed forward to board them in turn.

"Back Mr. Horner, back, I command you," shouted the captain. "My God! he's gone!" he added, as the two ships lifted high by a swelling wave fell apart, and the foremast of the enemy came down with a crash. The instant before, Horner had sprung on the bowsprit, and the next, just escaping the mast as it fell, he was upon the deck of the other vessel.

Captain Boyle, although firm as a veteran throughout the fight, no sooner beheld the peril of his officer, than trembling like an aspen, he sprung into the rigging, and in a voice shrill and distinct amid the uproar, called out, "Hurt but a hair of his head, and I'll sink you where you lie."

In the mean time, Horner had not been idle. Striking right and left, parrying where he could, but not stopping to return a blow, he pressed on, and in less time than it has taken to narrate this incident, gained the quarter deck, cut the halliards, and hauled the ensign down.

On separating from the enemy, the Chasseur ranged ahead, and was prepared to throw in a broadside, but, seeing the colors down, hailed to know if they had surrendered. The reply was in the affirmative.

The prize was immediately taken possession of, and Horner was found almost insensible, endeavoring to staunch the blood from an ugly wound with the flag which he had hauled down.

So destructive had been the fire of the American

that the prize was completely riddled. She was therefore scuttled, and in a very short time the Chasseur was again prepared for action.

The wound of Horner was so severe as to leave no hope of his being able to perform duty the remainder of the cruise. A neutral merchant vessel that was fallen in with, was chartered as a cartel, and all the prisoners, with a few of the wounded, including Horner, were put on board of her to be taken to the United States.

Under the judicious treatment of the medical officer who accompanied them, Horner was convalescent when they passed the island from which he had lately embarked. At his urgent request he was landed, and the cartel after a few hours' delay, proceeded on her cruise.

Like the anguish of the parting, the ecstasy of the meeting of the lovers may be imagined, but cannot be described.

"Dear Maynard," said Mary, as soon as they were alone, "Dr. Holmes has told me all, and you have more than realized my wildest and most extravagant hopes."

"Say not so, Mary! Indeed you should rather take credit to yourself; for if I have done anything beyond the strict line of duty, it was to prove myself worthy of your rare affection."

"It is always so with you; you first excite our admiration, and then ascribe to others the credit due only to yourself."

"Nay, sweet girl, you wrong yourself and me. Tell me, what is the body without the soul?"

"An inanimate lump of clay—but why the question?"

"Because to me you are what the soul is to the body—the life which animates and the spirit which directs it. You are my inspiration and my hope—the aim and object of all my aspirations."

"Hush, this cannot, nay, I would not have it to be true. Let us change the theme." She laid her hand upon his lips as she spoke—but what maiden was ever yet displeased with the devotion of a favored lover?

In the course of their conversation, Maynard learned that Mr. Gillespie was on the look out for a vessel to convey himself, his daughter, and his son, a boy of fourteen, to the United States. The former was most anxious to accompany them, and in the midst of happiness, was perhaps, the most impatient of all—for Mr. Gillespie would not consent to his daughter's marriage before she had seen her relatives at home. Perhaps, too, he wished to inquire more particularly than he had yet been enabled to do, into the character of the man who aspired to be his son-in-law. He knew him to be brave and intelligent, and of frank and winning manners, but he knew nothing more—Captain Boyle when he dined at the Consulate, having answered his questions in general terms of commendation.

They waited for a long time in vain. So ruinous had the war become to American commerce, that for

months, not a vessel from the United States had visited the island.

Late one evening, a schooner named the "Humming-Bird," formerly an American letter of marque, arrived, bringing intelligence of peace between England and the United States. The owners of the schooner had, without delay, applied to the Colombian Minister for a commission, and she was now equipped as a privateer under the flag of that Republic. Her commander, having been drawn from his course by a vessel to which he had given chase and captured two days previous, purposed proceeding immediately to Nassau, New Providence.

As from thence a speedy conveyance to the United States could certainly be procured, and no Spanish cruisers were supposed to be at sea, Mr. Gillespie offered such inducements to the captain that he consented to take them as passengers, and gave up his cabin for their accommodation.

In less than sixty hours they sailed with a light but favorable breeze. About 4 P. M., the second day, when they were nearly through the Mona passage, it fell calm. Within the passage, from shore to shore, there was not a ripple on the water, and the buoyant little vessel, without advancing, rose and fell with the undulation of the sea. A few miles ahead, without the passage, stretching from the east towards the west, the dark and ruffled surface was relieved by the white caps of the waves, which were curling and breaking into sparkling foam. It was the trade-wind sweeping unobstructed by the land, towards the Great Bahama

Bank. Several vessels were in sight, among them a large one, coming down before the wind, which, less than any, excited their attention, for she seemed too burdensome for a Spanish trader to the colonies.

"Captain," said Horner, half an hour after, "unless I am very much mistaken, that large stranger to windward is a man-of-war."

"Probably an Englishman," replied the captain.

"Scarcely; her canvas is not sufficiently dark, and her upper sails roach too much. It is evidently a frigate, and I think can hardly be a Frenchman, for they rarely come in this direction. Are you sure that there are no Spanish cruisers among the islands?"

"None so large as this," answered the captain, "for the Isabella went to leeward upwards of a month ago."

"May it not have been a ruse?" asked Horner.

"Give me the spy-glass," said the captain, and he looked long and earnestly. "I cannot make her out," he said at length, "but do not like her looks. Get out the sweeps, Mr. Long," he added, addressing his lieutenant, "we must have the 'Humming-Bird' out of this mill-pond, or her wings will be useless."

The order was promptly obeyed, and the schooner was soon moving at the rate of three or four knots through the water, but the larger vessel was, in the meantime, coming down at treble velocity. As soon as the former began to feel the influence of the wind, the sweeps were laid in, and all sail made to the northward, in the hope that the stranger would pass without heeding them. In this, however, they were disap-

pointed, for as the frigate was brought to bear abeam, they observed with anxiety that she edged away towards them.

"I fear that we were deceived in our intelligence," said the captain, in reply to a look from Horner.

"For heaven's sake, conceal your misgivings from Mr. Gillespie and his family while there is a doubt," asked Horner, to which the captain nodded assent, and proceeded quietly with his arrangements to elude, if possible, the grasp of his pursuer, for he now felt convinced that he saw the "Isabella."

The best sailing of the schooner was by the wind; instead, therefore, of keeping away, she was hauled close to it, and steered N. N.E., bringing the frigate to bear forward of the weather beam.

Mr. Gillespie and his daughter, who had retired below when the sweeps were gotten out, now returned to the deck. Unconscious of danger, they looked admiringly upon the bright and beautiful scene. Nearly abreast, the island of Porto Rico was in full view, the dark rich green of its luxuriant growth of cane, varied here and there, by groves of the cotton-tree, among which were seen the settlements of the planters. Astern, but farther distant, Cape Engano stretched far to seaward, while inland, ridge over ridge, wooded to their summits, rose the picturesque mountains of St. Domingo. The numerous vessels in sight, mostly running before the wind, varying in size, in rig, and in the color of their canvas, enlivened the view, while nearer, the frigate, in her towering proportions, was borne majestically towards them.

"Oh, father! What a glorious sight! Look, Maynard, at that noble ship! But what is the matter? You are silent, and seem dejected?"

"In a moment, dearest," he whispered, as he left her to approach the captain, who had beckoned to him.

"I am afraid," said the latter, "that my little craft is in great peril, and less than an hour must decide her fate. The Spaniard will not be silent long, and I advise you to get the passengers below."

"I was about to propose it," replied Horner; and returning to Miss Gillespie's side, said, "Summon your fortitude, Mary; the ship which you admire so much is a Spanish frigate endeavoring to capture this vessel."

"Oh! how unfortunate! and will they harm you, and father, and Frank? Good God, what is that?" and she shrieked as the frigate luffed to the wind and fired a gun, the shot from which went plunging ahead of the schooner.

"Come below, Mary! Come quickly! Help me, Mr. Gillespie, for she has nearly fainted."

The maiden and her father were conducted to the most secure place below, and Horner returned to the deck which Frank refused to leave.

At the first report of the gun, the Captain called out "Edge her away, keep her off a point; let the guns alone," he added, addressing some of the crew, "Let them be; it would be worse than useless to fire; the 'Bird' must now trust to her wings alone."

The little vessel was in fact at the very crisis of her fate. The gun just discharged, had told that they

were within reach of the shot of the enemy; they felt that their only avenue of escape was through a gauntlet of fire, and that the loss of a single spar would insure their capture. It seemed perfect madness for such a wee thing to abide the wrath of the huge leviathan, panoplied in thunder. But in the forlorn and desperate hope of sustaining the enemy's fire for a few moments, without material injury, the captain steadily pursued his way—but cut his anchors from the bows, and threw half of his guns overboard. Had the wind been light, the schooner's chance would have been a fair one, but instead of lessening, it seemed to freshen as the sun went down. There was a bare possibility of escape, however, for already the little vessel lightened of so much weight, began to increase her velocity—still there was an abiding, a stunning fear, of being sunk by a broadside of the frigate. The latter had now opened her fire, and the fierce iron hail fairly lashed the water into foam; but the schooner was yet materially uninjured, when a voice more potent than that of gunpowder, hushed the loud artillery. Unobserved by either, a light and fleecy speck, more like a whiff of smoke than the fragment of a cloud, had risen over the land, and swift as a meteor, shot across the sky. It was what sailors term a "white squall," and it caught the chaser and the chased wholly unprepared. Almost instantaneously it struck them both. The frigate's foremast and main-top mast, went by the board, and every sail that was set was blown into perfect shreds. The little "Humming-Bird" felt the blast, but to succumb before it—she

was whirled over and capsized in an instant. Many of the crew were instantly drowned, while others instinctively clung to the keel.

In a paroxysm of anguish, Horner leaped down the cabin hatchway as he felt the vessel going over, and at imminent hazard rescued Miss Gillespie, but her father and their servant perished. Frank owed his preservation to one of the seamen, who held him firmly with one hand, while he clung to the wreck with the other.

The survivors, as soon as assured of their immediate safety, looked around for means of rescue. The frigate had driven past them, and under a single after-sail was hove to, clearing her hull of the wreck. The several vessels in sight had neither felt nor observed the squall, and were all too distant, and the air was fast becoming too obscure to attract their attention.

Sustaining his insensible mistress, with the aid of one of the seamen, Horner said all he could to cheer his companions.

About an hour after dark, the moon rose, and her light silvered the crests of the waves as they curled before the now gentle breeze. She had scarce risen more than her diameter, when the watchers on the wreck discovered two or three dark objects which seemed to creep upon the water. Their hopes and their fears were equally excited, but, presently, they heard the splash of oars, and knew them to be boats from the frigate. As eager now to be taken as before to escape from capture, by shouts and cries they attracted the notice of those who sought them. They were soon removed to the frigate; the lady and her

brother being led to the cabin, and the remainder, including Horner, were promiscuously confined on the lower deck.

Under jury foremast and a new main-top mast, the frigate was the next morning standing under easy sail, along the island of St. Domingo.

Repeatedly, but ineffectually, Horner endeavored to convey a message to Miss Gillespie, and spent the night in sleepless anxiety on her account. He knew not into whose hands she had fallen, and whether her youth and beauty might not, with an unprincipled man, lead to ruffianly treatment. Her brother was with her, it was true, but he was young and feeble compared to the strong men around him.

Early in the morning, he asked to see the lieutenant of the watch, but was told that he could not communicate with any one except through the officer of the marine guard, who would not make the round for several hours. When that officer did appear, and was told that a prisoner wished to speak to him, he superciliously asked—

"Well, sir, what do you want?"

"I wish," said Horner, "to communicate through you to the commander of the ship, that I am a citizen of the United States, and with the family of Mr. Gillespie, was simply a passenger on board of the privateer!"

"Where are the proofs of your identity? Have you a passport?"

"I had one, but with all my baggage it was unfortunately lost in the schooner. But here is her com-

mander, who, as well as his crew, will bear testimony to what I say."

"Let them answer for themselves," was the sharp reply. After a moment's pause, he added, "I will report what you say to Count Ureña, our commander, but let me advise you not to rely upon the evidence of these wretches," pointing to the prisoners, "if you have no other proof, you will fare indifferently." As he said this, he turned upon his heel, and walked away.

Again, hour after hour passed away in fruitless expectation. Every step upon the ladder which led from above excited a thrill of hope, only the instant after to be crushed in disappointment. At length, about 2 P. M., an orderly with a file of marines came to conduct him to the commander. He obeyed the summons with alacrity. On reaching the main deck, from habits of association, he felt cheered at the sight of the great guns, the stacks of muskets here and there surmounted with their bristling bayonets, and the bright sheen of the sharpened cutlasses. As the cabin door was thrown open by the sentry stationed there, he cast a quick glance round the apartment, in the hope of seeing his betrothed. She was not there, and but for the guns projecting from either side, he could not have realized that he stood in the cabin of a man-of-war, so rich was its furniture, and so gorgeous its decorations. Gracefully festooned across the entire width and partially concealing the white and highly polished lattice-work of the after-cabin, was a deep crimson curtain, embroidered and fringed with gold.

On each side, in the recesses between the guns, were magnificent couches canopied and covered with the same material intertwined with white, and between them and the ship's side, were collections of flowers and fragrant plants. A large mirror in an arabesque frame, was inclined over a rosewood beaufet, laden with massive plate and a profusion of crystal. A richly chased silver lamp was suspended over a table, the cover of which was white cloth fringed, like the curtain, with gold. Around were a few elaborately carved chairs, and from several cages were heard the melodious notes of singing birds. The deck was covered with the finest India matting.

On a couch, in the recess to the left, was seated a man of middle age, and rather delicate features, except the chin and under lip which were massive and sensual, and a peculiar glance of the eye, which gave a sinister aspect to an otherwise handsome countenance. He was spare in figure, and to a casual observer, even as he sat, it was perceptible that he stooped; and his whole appearance indicated a frequent participant in the orgies of dissipation. Before him stood the officer of marines who had just made his official report. At a signal from the latter, Horner advanced towards the Count, who said,—

"I understand, sir, that you declare yourself to have been only a passenger in the Humming-Bird, but that you have no evidence to sustain you. How can you expect me to credit the assertion of a stranger under such equivocal circumstances?"

"You have a lady on board, sir, my affianced bride,

who, with her brother, were passengers as well as myself. They will tell you that I am not an impostor."

"Your affianced bride," said the Count, not heeding what he last said, "you are then the friend for whom she has been so uneasy?"

"I knew that she would be so," replied Horner; "May I now ask to see her, that she may corroborate what I have said?"

"Not so fast," exclaimed the Count, "that you have gained the affections of the young lady, is no proof of your being what you profess—indeed, you may have won them under an assumed name and character."

"It ill becomes you, sir," cried Horner, very much incensed, "it ill becomes you to insult a man who for the time being is in your power; but I warn you that if I, or those with me, are unnecessarily detained or harshly treated, you will be held to a severe reckoning."

"And by whom, sir," exclaimed the Count, turning pale with rage; "by a man who has no other vouchers to a most improbable tale, than a horde of pirates, a mere boy, and a love-sick maiden."

"The proofs are sufficient, sir, for any impartial judge, but I see plainly that you have some purpose in seeming to disbelieve them; what that purpose is, your conscience best can tell."

"What mean you, sir, by this insolence; but I know how to curb and punish it."

"Insolence and punish," contemptuously answered Horner; "those are words used by cowards when addressing slaves. I defy alike your malice and your

power. You may maltreat us, but a day of reckoning will surely come. I demand to see Miss Gillespie and her brother," he added, as his ear caught the sound of sobs in the after-cabin.

The Count pulled the bell-rope as he spoke, and at the summons the sentry stationed without the door opened it, and with hand to cap awaited his directions. The latter, pointing to the door, said,—

"Mr. Manuel, take out your prisoner and confine him apart from the rest; sentry, let them pass."

Horner hesitated for a moment, and then said,— "I am unarmed, and it would therefore be madness to resist you; but, in the name of humanity, I ask, can you listen unmoved to the distress of the lady within there; as a man, an officer, and a nobleman, I appeal to you. She has recently lost her father as you know, and except myself, her young brother is now her sole protector."

"She will be sufficiently cared for, sir, without your interference. Take out the prisoner, Mr. Manuel."

The above conversation had taken place in Spanish, which Horner spoke fluently; but when he found that for some sinister purpose he was not permitted to see Miss Gillespie, he advanced towards the lattice-work and called out in English, "Mary, dear Mary, be upon your guard! Frank, I fear that she is in the hands of a villain. Do not leave your sister for a moment."

"That I will not," cried the boy, who vainly tried to force the door, while his sister sobbed convulsively.

The Count, although he did not understand the language, comprehended the import of the words, and with a gesture of impatience, motioned the officer to take the prisoner away.

Horner, satisfied that the danger was lessened by the timely warning he had given, submitted without resistance, and was led from the apartment.

When left alone, the Count remained for some time thoughtful. "If I could but speak their horrid language," he said, soliloquizing, "or if she understood mine, I could certainly win her. But I must know how matters exactly stand between her and this would-be bridegroom. Let me see: can I trust Gonzalez? From the expression of his eye, sometimes, as well as from his never speaking of her, I fear that he knows all about his unhappy sister. And yet, I must trust him or abandon all, for he is the only interpreter we have. There is no help for it: I cannot give up the game so freshly started; but I will be wary, and watch him closely." He slightly touched the bell. "Send Gonzalez to me!" he said to the attendant who obeyed the summons.

A few moments after, a young man of twenty-three or twenty-four years of age entered the cabin, and bowing to the Count, awaited his commands in silence. From his spare figure, he looked taller than he really was. His hair and moustache were glossy black, and curled in rich luxuriance. His eyebrows formed one continuous arch, and the eye beneath, black and lustrous, was subdued in its ordinary expression, but at times, in a single glance, conveyed a startling

idea of latent energy. His features were almost femininely regular, and his voice musically clear and sweet.

The Count's fears were not without foundation. His secretary, (for such was the position of Gonzalez,) knew his sister's wrongs, and, like a true Spaniard, longed for an opportunity to revenge them. His commander for some minutes scanned him closely where he stood, the young man at first returning his gaze with a look neither too humble nor yet audacious, and then deferentially turned his eyes in another direction.

"What is the matter, Gonzalez? You seem of late unusually taciturn and moody."

"I think, Señor, that my health is suffering from long confinement to the ship. I need recreation on shore."

"What mean you by long confinement? Were you not repeatedly on shore last month in Havana?"

"No, Señor! if you will recollect, I applied several times for permission, but, on each occasion, you had important letters or despatches to write."

"Did you hear from home before we sailed?" and the Count's look became intently riveted upon him.

The young man slightly colored. "I heard indirectly, Señor, that all were well."

"From whom?"

"From a muleteer who resides in the adjoining village."

"Did he give you no particulars?"

"None, Señor, worth relating."

The Count paused. He was dissatisfied, yet feared

that by further questioning he might excite the very suspicion he wished to quell. Assuming a blander tone, he said, "I have been to blame, Gonzalez, and will make amends. When we arrive in port, you shall have ample opportunities to recruit. Should you need funds, consider my purse at your service."

"Thanks, Señor: my salary is sufficient for all my wants."

"Well, bear my offer in remembrance: but come nearer—I have something confidential to impart. You are aware that the lady rescued from the wreck last night, is now in the after-cabin?"

"I am, Señor."

"One of the prisoners, doubtless an impostor, assumes that she is betrothed to him. I wish you to see her and ascertain how she is affected towards him."

"It is needless, Señor. At the invitation of Lieut. Flores, I accompanied him in his boat last night, and in rescuing the prisoners from the wreck, witnessed how tenderly that lady clung to the man you speak of."

"It might have been the convulsiveness of fear."

"If so, Senor, it would have subsided with the occasion which gave it birth; but it continued to the last, and while she evinced for the lad the solicitude of an elder sister, she seemed to regard the American as her chosen and her sole protector."

"Why were they separated?"

"I understood by your orders, Señor," replied the youth, with an air of surprise.

"I mean," said the Count, somewhat confused, "how did they bear it?"

"He was, at first, disposed to resist, but a moment after submitted with an air of stern resignation."

"And she?"

"At first seemed bewildered and could not comprehend the purport of the order; when she did so, she implored the American not to leave her; but, when he whispered a few words to her, she too, submitted, and with such meek gentleness, as moved the hardest hearts to sympathy."

"Sympathy," exclaimed the Count, angrily, "where there is no real distress, there can be no occasion for its exercise. In common humanity, I am bound to protect her from the arts of an impostor."

There was a slight twitch of the Secretary's upper lip, but he said nothing.

"At all events, I wish you to converse with her, Gonzalez. Try if you cannot reconcile her to a short separation from her friend, and assure her that as soon as I am satisfied that he is what he represents himself, he shall be free."

The Secretary bowed in acquiescence, and the Count rising, led the way into the after cabin. It was fit for the boudoir of a queen. A carpet of the richest Persian dye and softest texture, was under foot. Except in front, the whole apartment was lined with fawn-colored tapestry; and the windows framed into the after ports, had parti-colored curtains of fawn and cherry. An ottoman and several chairs were covered with embroidered damask corresponding to the tapestry

and a small richly-carved cabinet was filled with books. There was a pair of globes upon stands, and a harp and a guitar, mirrors and candelabras, with a few small, but exquisite paintings, completed the equipment of this cell of a Sybarite.

With dishevelled hair and eyes inflamed with weeping, in all the abandonment of grief, Miss Gillespie laid with her head upon her brother's breast, who, as the door was opened, threw his arms around her as if more perfectly to protect her.

With a courteous air, and all the elaborate breeding of an artificial gentleman, the Count advanced and paid his respects through the medium of the Interpreter. "Had she sustained no injury from the accident of the night before? Had she recovered from her alarm? Had she slept well? Could he do anything for her?"

The three first questions she answered in monosyllables. To the fourth, she made an effort to reply, but maiden bashfulness overcame her, and she looked imploringly to her brother. The youth construed her feelings rightly, and said—

"We wish, Sir, to see our friend Mr. Horner, who was a passenger with us in the schooner."

"At present, it cannot be," said the Count, "but when we reach Havana he will doubtless prove his character, and he can then rejoin you; but," addressing her, "so much beauty should not be marred by untimely grief. A few days more and your friend will be restored to liberty. Here, I cannot make a distinction between him and the other prisoners.

Permit me, therefore, to intreat you to dry up your tears, and let a smile once more wreath itself upon your lovely cheek."

"Say to him," asked Miss Gillespie, of the Interpreter, "that I am in deep affliction. Yesterday, I lost my father, and now, when I am most helpless, I am, by his act, separated from the friend whom that father had chosen as my protector through life. I am, therefore, in no mood to listen to compliments, which would be ill-timed from any one, and from him, are absolutely insulting."

The Count stifled his vexation, and said, "I beg pardon for this intrusion, and will wait a more seasonable time to express my sympathy and make a proffer of my services." So saying, he withdrew, leaving Gonzalez to gather the particulars of their history.

An unprincipled man, in his sphere possessing almost unlimited power, the Count felt himself baffled by an unarmed prisoner and a helpless maid.

"Till now," such were his thoughts, "I fancied Dolores beautiful, but her features lack the harmony and intellectual grace of this northern Houri. At every hazard she must be mine. If all else fail, the drug must be resorted to. It is certainly the speediest, and I know not but that it is the best. To-morrow we will be abreast of Ozama, where my friend Don Castro resides, and to him I can send their seemingly inanimate bodies, as if for interment—but I am neglecting my first precaution"—and he rung the bell for the steward, a swarthy Italian, with the body of a man surmounted on the legs of a dwarf.

"Domingo," said his master, "go into the secret passage and watch Gonzalez, who is now with the lady and her brother. Note everything he does, and try to gather the purport of what he says."

The steward obeying, disappeared through a panel that opened with a spring.

In about half an hour Gonzalez came forth from the inner cabin and repeated what he had learned from the prisoners. When he had retired, at a peculiar signal from the Count, the panel flew noiselessly open, and the steward reappeared before his master. The account he gave was anything but satisfactory, and his master's brow darkened with mistrust as he listened to the recital.

About sunset, Miss Gillespie asked if her brother and herself might be permitted to walk on the upper deck. Assent was most graciously given, and the Count himself escorted her. But finding that she would not converse, and that his presence was irksome to her, he smothered his vexation, and after a few turns left the orphans to themselves.

It was an hour and a scene fitted to captivate the eye, and refresh the soul; such was its soothing influence, that Mary frequently found her mind wandering from the contemplation of the perils which environed her. The night previous, the ship, driven before the blast, was whirled with resistless velocity on a bed of seething foam. Now, the gentle wind, borne from the land, wafted fragrance on its wing, and the sea, slightly ruffled, seemed to enjoy the refreshing embrace of its sister element. The gorgeous

western sky was tinged by the hues of the setting sun —to the south and east was a boundless expanse of blue, and the mountains of St. Domingo, lofty and picturesque, bounded the northern horizon.

The sun had gone down, and the moon was up; still, Mary Gillespie paced the deck with her brother. It was evident that she had some purpose in view, and by those who watched her, was observed to cast frequent, uneasy glances around. At length, a figure that had been stealthily gliding along under the shadow of the lee bulwarks, suddenly stepped forth and whispered, "Lady, I have failed to see him; but some time to-night, will surely succeed—say nothing —I see a man's head above the rail, and fear that he has been observing us. I must away; take this and read it as soon as possible." He handed a small folded paper as he spoke, and immediately disappeared.

Mary slipped the paper into a book she carried in her hand, and soon after turned to leave the deck; as she did so, some one pushed rudely against her, and the book fell. This person, availing himself of her confusion, instantly picked it up, and in seeming eagerness to return it, let it fall a second time. Seriously alarmed, Mary now snatched it up, and hurried below. Unfortunately the paper was not to be found, and she gave way to the most direful forebodings.

That evening, as once a week it was his wont, the Count supped with his officers in the ward-room, where he remained until near midnight; but, in the meantime, his diabolical agent had not been idle.

About 11 o'clock, Frank and his sister were sensible that they were inhaling an aromatic and fragrant vapor. At first, they enjoyed it, but it soon occurred to them that they were fast sinking into a lethargy. With desperate exertions they endeavored to force the door, or to obtain assistance by loud and vociferous outcries. The breeze had unfortunately freshened, and there was much tramping and running about on deck, so that their cries were unheard, or, if heard, unheeded. One would suppose that this agitation and fear would have proved an antidote to the insidious effects of the drug; but no! gently, imperceptibly, they felt their systems relax; they soon began to wonder at their alarm; a delicious languor enthralled them, and as volume after volume of the scented vapor rolled into the apartment, they surrendered themselves to its influence, and pressed in each other's arms, were soon wrapped in a profound sleep.

About an hour before, Horner, to whom the night previous had been a restless one, although racked with anxiety, had fallen into a light and fitful slumber, when he was awakened by a hand pressing upon his chest, and a voice whispering in his ear, "Do not speak, but follow—imitate my motions as exactly as you can, and for God's sake be cautious."

The speaker, who was lying beside him on the deck, then rolled over towards the hatchway; but when the sentry turned in his round, he remained perfectly still. This he repeated slowly and cautiously, Horner following his example, until they reached what sailors term the "combings" of the main-hatch, i.e. the elevated

pieces around it, to prevent the water from running into the hold. Gonzales, for it was he, waited there for some time, until he saw the sentry loiter at the furthest end of his round, when he quietly threw himself down the hatchway, and crept on one side, out of sight. As soon as Horner had followed his example, he led the way over casks and barrels. When they had proceeded a short distance, he whispered, "The master's mate of the hold, who is a fellow town'sman of mine, had this passage opened for me to-day. If he had refused—and for a long time he hesitated, that villain would inevitably have succeeded in his plan."

"What plan?" eagerly asked Horner; "I know not who you are, or whither you are leading me. Explain."

"You will soon know me; but let it content you now that I lead you to save your mistress. But that I feared the interference of that ruffian, the steward, I would have gone alone."

"Lead on, then! lead quickly!" said Horner, his fears strongly excited.

They resumed their way, groping along in the dark, and taking every step with the greatest caution. They succeeded in reaching first the main, then the upper deck, and thence separately, found their way through one of the ports, to a narrow platform on the outside, to which the lower rigging is set up, and there concerted their future movements.

The convivial party in the ward room had been broken up by a squall; and with the other sea-officers the Count repaired to the quarter-deck. For a short

time the wind blew with violence, and was accompanied by a heavy fall of rain. In less than an hour after there was a perfect calm, and the ship gently swayed with the undulation.

In the after-cabin, the solitary lamp, through the vapor, shed its soft light upon the rich and costly furniture, and revealed the forms of the sleepers, whose deep breathing alone proclaimed their existence, so immovable was their position, so much deprived did their bodies seem of the watchful guardianship of the spirits within them. The fragrant odor, the attenuated vapor, the faint and silvery light, the boy with his noble brow undimmed by sin or sorrow,—the lovely maiden, one arm upon her breast, and one clasped around her brother, formed an atmosphere and a group, in and around which, angels might love to linger. But a serpent had stealthily glided in.

Satisfied from the profound stillness that the drug had begun its work, the Count entered the apartment, and, approaching, gently touched, then breathed upon and called them by their names, and then more rudely shook them. As he anticipated, they were insensible. The stillness was profound and death-like. He removed the boy from the girl's embrace, and, lost in admiration, gazed upon her wondrous beauty. Her pulse, though faint, beat steadily, and there was yet a flush upon her cheek. For a moment, he fondled her hand, and played with her silken tresses; but, aware that he could remain no longer, for already he began to feel the influence of the vapor, before turning away, he stooped to kiss her moist and parted lips.

The desecration was prevented. A crashing blow descended upon his head, and he fell senseless on the deck. With one foot upon his prostrate form, and the massive bar again uplifted, Horner stood over him, while from a door Gonzalez looked on.

"Hold!" said the last, as Horner was about to repeat the blow, "Hold! another stroke may finish him, and that is a task reserved for me alone." He advanced as he spoke, and examined the wound. "It is a very severe contusion," he added, a moment after; "and if it had fallen a little more direct, the blow would have been a fatal one. He is now wholly insensible, and unless my skill in surgery fails me, will remain, for some days at least, in a perfect stupor. It is most fortunate. Let us place him in his room and retire. The infamous steward will not enter until morning, when I will be hovering near. It is useless: nothing can wake them now," he added, as he saw Horner endeavoring to rouse the maiden; "but, that they may be safe, let me not forget the antidote." So saying, he produced a phial, and administered a portion of its contents to them.

With a sigh, Horner pressed his lips to the brow of his mistress, and turned to assist Gonzalez in removing the wounded man. They then effaced all traces of their presence, and, unbolting the door which led to the outer cabin, retired as they came, through the window of the quarter gallery.

Long after the usual hour the next morning, the table was spread in the outer cabin for breakfast, but the steward did not dare to disturb his master. At ten

o'clock, the drum beat to quarters for inspection. When the First Lieutenant came to make his report, the steward expressed his fear that the Count was indisposed.

"Has he directed that he should not be disturbed?" asked the officer.

The steward admitted that he had not.

"Have you been called to him in the night?"

"No, sir."

"Then I must make my report." He advanced to the door and knocked, first gently, and then more loudly. There was no reply, and the officer turning the bolt, to the surprise of the steward the door yielded to the push. The Count was found lying in a profound stupor, the blood thickly clotted about a wound in his head. The orphans were buried in a sleep which the surgeon pronounced unnatural, and the steward was suspected of having drugged them to prevent an alarm, and afterwards attempted the life of his master. The miserable wretch was put in irons as the supposed murderer of a man in whose contemplated villany he had been a participant.

Light and baffling winds retarded the frigate, and on the evening of the fourth day after the incident above related, she had just cleared the Windward passage, and with Cape La Mole astern, was standing along the northern shore of Cuba, for the port of Havana.

The Count had lain in a comatose state since his accident; and his heavy breathing and frequent moans showed how much pressure there was upon the brain, and how much he suffered. But this afternoon

his respiration had become more regular and less oppressive, and in a few hours he awoke to consciousness and a sense of pain. By degrees, his recollection returned; and after making a few inquiries, to the surprise of every one, he ordered the steward to be released and summoned to attend upon him.

These two, the master just rescued from the grave and the servant, who would have found an ignominious one, had that master perished, conferred for a long time together. After questioning his steward closely, the Count said, "I am satisfied, Domingo, that it was not from your hand I received the blow. I left you in the forward cabin; you could only have entered on the starboard side, and in that direction my head was turned, and I must have seen you. The blow was from the other side. Were you, at any time, absent from the cabin, after I went to the ward-room?"

"Not an instant, señor."

"It is strange! Could entrance have been effected through the quarter gallery?"

"It must have been so, señor, for here the paint is freshly rubbed."

"I suspect Gonzalez," said the Count: "indeed, I am sure that he has been concerned. But then, he had not the vigor to deal such a blow. That hateful American must have been the man. I will be deeply revenged."

Late that afternoon, as Horner, seated aloof from the other prisoners, was grieving that Mary's persecutor had recovered the possession of his faculties before the arrival of the ship in port—from which he

feared the most serious consequences, the master's-mate, in passing, shook him roughly and said, "What are you brooding over? Let me see if your handcuffs are secure," and stooping over as if to examine them, slipped a small fold of paper into his hand. Watching his opportunity, the former read the note. It was from Gonzalez, in these words: "We are strongly suspected, if not discovered. I know it, from the searching examination I have undergone. We must fly, and reach Havana before the ship, if possible. Be on the alert for a signal. Here you are absolutely within the power of the tyrant. He will throw you into prison, and before your case can be investigated, months must elapse, and in the meantime your mistress will be lost to you for ever."

The note agitated Horner exceedingly. It was agonizing to think of leaving Mary and her brother in the hands of their unprincipled captor, and yet, with Gonzalez, he felt sure that if he remained, his fate would be a dungeon, until her ruin was completed. His only consolation was founded on the hope that the Count would not recover sufficiently to carry out his nefarious design, before the ship reached her port of destination. This consideration determined him to escape if possible.

There had been some water heated in the coppers (Anglice, *boiler*) for the purpose of giving the Count a prescribed bath. It was contrived that while the cook's attention was drawn another way, a piece of meat should be thrown in, which rendered the water greasy and unfit for its destined use. As had been antici-

pated, the master's mate was directed to have more drawn from the hold. Accordingly he came upon the lower deck, and as he stepped from the ladder, beside which Horner was reclining, said "Look out," and passed immediately on. The latter, taking the hint, but uncertain how to apply it, remained for a few moments in great suspense, until the master's mate called the sentry forward to hold the light for him. As the latter obeyed, Horner availed himself of the opportunity, and hurried up the ladder, although yet uncertain if such were the plan concerted by his friend. He was very soon assured, however, for nearly abreast of him, from the shadow between two of the guns, a figure advanced a few steps, and immediately retired. It proved to be Gonzalez, and together they clambered out through one of the ports, and found themselves by the small skiff of the privateer, which had been saved from the wreck, and hoisted up immediately under the anchor in the waist. Fortunately, the wind had hauled nearly ahead, and with the yards sharp braced up, the ship was sailing sluggishly along, with her bow rather inclined towards the shore.

"We must remain quiet here," whispered Gonzalez, "until some movement be made on deck, in the noise of which we can lower the skiff undetected."

The wind was gradually freshening, and the ship began to plunge with the increasing swell. After awhile, the top-gallant sails were taken in, but it was an evolution so quickly performed, that before the boat had been lowered half the distance it was suspended from the water, the noise ceased, and they

were compelled to hold on. In about half an hour after, they were cheered with the welcome order, "Man the main clue-garnets and buntlines," preparatory to hauling up the mainsail.

As the men ran away with the ropes, and clewed and gathered the large and heavily flapping sail to the yard, the two fugitives standing in the boat, succeeded in lowering and casting it adrift, and in the obscurity of the night the ship passed by without any one observing them. But they soon found that they had exchanged apprehended evils from human malignity for instant and appalling danger.

With incessant toil, in constant peril of upsetting, they gained at last the shore, and beached their frail boat on the strand of an unknown harbor.

On one side of the sequestered little bay, through the dim and uncertain light, they discovered three or four huts, embowered and almost concealed by the umbrageous and productive banana, whose large, pendent leaves, waving in the wind, seemed at one time to beckon them on, at another, to warn them from approaching.

It was evidently a fishing settlement; for there were some boats hauled upon the shore, and a long seine was suspended on a number of upright poles. Pulling towards what seemed the usual landing-place, as their light skiff grated upon the pebbly beach, they leaped overjoyed upon the silent shore —silent and mute in all that pertains to human action or the human voice—but eloquent, most eloquent, in the outpourings of a rich and teeming earth, and the

gushing emotions of thankfulness it awakened in the bosoms of those two weary and persecuted men.

* * * * * * *

It was the morning of the fifth day after the escape of the fugitives.

The land breeze had subsided, and the flag that was wont to wave over the ramparts of the Moro Castle, hung listless beside the staff which supported it.

Into the cavernous recesses, worn by the friction of the water in the foundations of the massive structure, the sluggish waves tumbled with a dull and deafening sound. In the near offing was the frigate, her sails flapping as she gently rolled on a light ground swell. Farther off, were a number of vessels, awaiting, like the frigate, a wind to waft them to their various destinations. Beyond them, until it mingled with the distant horizon, there was nothing visible on the far-stretching and pellucid sea.

Apart on the quarter deck of the frigate, sat Mary Gillespie and her brother, she, with an air of unmitigated sadness, he, chafing at a captivity which he deemed illegal.

So long as Horner remained a prisoner, although confined apart and denied all intercourse with her, his mere presence in the same vessel gave her a sense of security. But now he was gone, whither and wherefore, she could not tell, and she felt as if she were abandoned to some horrid fate. But, to do her justice, her bitterest source of grief was anxiety for his safety. Had she heard nothing of him, she would have concluded that he was still among the prisoners, and by

the strict vigilance of his guards denied all opportunity of communicating with her. But her persecutor was too shrewd and malignant not to know that if he could persuade her of her lover's desertion, he might more reasonably hope for success. She was, therefore, soon informed of the escape, of which the missing boat was sufficient proof; and every representation was made calculated to impair her confidence and weaken her attachment. But, like a mail of proof, her own integrity protected her, and the malignant shafts fell harmless.

Although young and inexperienced, scarce more than a nestling that had for the first time fledged its wing, this girl possessed the noblest attributes of her sex. Fervent and unselfish love, such as that sex alone can feel, does not harbor a doubt. Undying and unchangeable in itself, it cannot comprehend that, of the existence of which it is unconscious. Often placed unhappily, often denied the communion for which it yearns, it looks beyond the grave for the fruition of its hope.

She had listened to the soft and hesitating whisper of proffered love; and her gushing eye and mantling cheek confessed that love to be requited. Her soul had mingled with another's in the most endearing union of life—the union of manly strength with shrinking beauty; of skill to do and will to dare—with affection to sustain and fortitude to endure. Of man radiant with intelligence, with woman, the celestial link that binds him to a purer state. With a pledge as dear as it was enduring, they had sworn to

preserve that union until it should be merged into the holiest and most beautiful of all, which is effected in death; when their souls, stripped of the mortal coils which encumbered them, and,wafted on wings of love, should soar upward and onward, until side by side, inseparable as in life, and inseparable for ever, they intoned their hymns of praise with the choir which surrounds the Eternal!

Could a woman capable of conceiving such a pledge ever falter, much less prove unfaithful? Never. And Mary Gillespie was as unmoved by the insinuations of the wily Count, as is the placid moon by the howlings of a hungry wolf.

As the two orphans sat apart, occasionally exchanging a few words, and then relapsing into silence, the First Lieutenant, an old and worthy officer, who, from the want of family influence had long been denied promotion, touched by their sadness, approached, and respectfully accosted them. At first he confined himself to inquiries respecting their health and comfort, and made some cheering observations on the prospect of their speedy liberation. He then, after musing a moment or two, left them, and whispered a few words to the officer of the deck. The latter nodded intelligence, and immediately gave an order, which required those of the crew hovering about to go forward to aid in its execution. The First Lieutenant returning, said to Mary—

"Young lady, I have two daughters at home, one of them about your age, and when I think how I should feel if either of them were in your unprotected

situation, I sympathize deeply with you. Indeed, I am not the only one. There is a general feeling among the officers to protect you if need be, and you may rely upon our disposition to serve you. And now answer me, frankly, Does your extreme sadness proceed solely from your detention, and the escape and apparent desertion of your friend ?"

"Oh no, Sir !" she replied, "whatever may have induced him to leave us, I am sure that he has acted for the best. You judge rightly in supposing that we have cause for anxiety apart from what proceeds from our detention, which must soon terminate"—

"But," said the officer, "I have long sought an opportunity to speak with you. Why is it that you have confined yourself below ?"

"We often wished to come up," she replied, "but have been heretofore told that the Count was too ill to be consulted—and that without his permission, we could not leave the cabin."

"Aye, indeed," said the Lieutenant, "we were told otherwise." For some time longer he conversed with them, and before they separated advised them to keep always together, and to write a note to the American Consul in Havana, claiming his protection, and promised if it were sent to him to forward it to its destination.

* * * * * *

Horner and Gonzalez representing themselves as having escaped from a wreck, were kindly received at the little settlement where they landed, but declining the hospitalities which were freely tendered, they

merely asked for a guide to conduct them to Havana. After much fatigue and privation, and at one time exposed to imminent peril, they reached the Reglos, a settlement opposite to the city, the very day on which the ship arrived.

Afraid to venture out before nightfall, they remained quietly in the small room of an obscure inn. They had been there a long time without seeing or hearing any one, when, about an hour after the ship had anchored, they heard footsteps on the creaking staircase, and a voice called out,—

"Is there any one above, Marguerita?"

"There were two sailor-looking men this morning," replied a female voice, "but they must have gone out, for I have heard nothing of them since dinner."

"We will see," said the first; but Gonzalez was too quick for him. At the first word he had started from the bed, and slipping noiselessly to the door, turned the bolt and withdrew the key.

The party, consisting of three persons, came up in the meantime, and two of them proceeded to an adjoining room, while one stopped and tried the door. In a few moments, he rejoined his companions, saying, "All safe! they are out."

When Gonzalez started up and hurried to the door, Horner was struck as much by the expression of his countenance, as at the movement itself, and he continued to watch him in silent amazement. But a few moments sufficed to convince him that his friend was not insane. When the person who tried the door

had retired, Gonzalez stepping lightly to the bed, whispered,—

"Don't make the slightest noise—it is the rascally steward, with some of the cut-throats who resort to this side of the harbor. The Count has some design afoot, and Providence has sent us in time to save that unfortunate lady."

Horner needed no more; and, with their faculties on the full stretch, they listened attentively, and gathered almost every word of the conversation in the next room.

* * * * * *

About the usual hour, the sea-breeze set in; and, sailing by the towering fortress on the one hand, and the beautiful structures of the town, with its crowded wharves and numerous shipping on the other, the frigate, late in the afternoon, anchored in the upper harbor of Havana.

Frank Gillespie, who was no longer restricted to the cabin, watched his opportunity, and slipped into the old Lieutenant's hand a note, with which his sister had entrusted him. Soon afterwards, the Captain of the port came on board, to pay his official visit. The Lieutenant, who was well acquainted with him, took an opportunity of handing him the note, with the assurance that it was on important business, and exacted a promise that he would transmit it, without delay, to the American Consul. The officer promised to attend punctually to the commission, and the kind-hearted Lieutenant, with

great satisfaction, saw him, a short time afterwards, take his departure for the shore. When the ship was moored, the Count, professing to be unable to go himself, sent the First Lieutenant to wait upon the Admiral. Very soon after, a boat came alongside, and the person in charge stated that he bore a message for Miss Gillespie and her brother. The American consul was absent, he said, and would not return for a day or two; but his wife had prepared rooms for, and would gladly welcome them. The message ended with an entreaty that they would come at once. They needed no persuasion, and, making their brief preparations, with indescribable joy took their seats in the boat, and bade adieu to their floating prison.

When his myrmidons came with the boat, the Count had every reason to believe that his plot was in a fair train for execution, and yet he felt restless and uneasy. The critical period between the conception and consummation of any conspiracy, even when the judgment sanctions, and the true heart approves it, is the most trying of all the situations in which human nature can be placed; but, when the object is detestable, the means base and treacherous, and the agents employed unprincipled, then, the suspense must be torturing; for the slightest accident, the most trivial indiscretion may frustrate, and the faithlessness of the least trusted agent betray the best-concerted plot that was ever laid.

For some days, the Count had feigned to be weaker than he really was; and no sooner had Frank and his sister left the cabin, than he sprung from his couch,

and leaned out of one of the ports to see them embark.

It is said that the Evil One favors his own; and in this instance the adage was verified. No one had yet descended the side, and as the Count cast his scrutinizing glance in every direction, his quick ear detected the light splash of an oar. Withdrawing instantly, he extinguished the lamp, and, returning to his position, in a few moments, as his eye became accustomed to the obscurity, he saw indistinctly, a small boat, but could not make out how many persons it contained. It was, he thought, most probably, some poor fisherman laboring for to-morrow's subsistence. Guilt, however, is always suspicious; and, without being able to assign to himself a reason for his misgivings, he summoned the steward, and gave him a few hurried instructions. The latter, immediately after, slipped through one of the ports, and, unseen from the upper deck, descended into the boat just before it shoved off. The fears awakened by the sight of that tiny boat had induced the Count to change his plan.

As the boat with Frank and his sister pushed off from the frigate, the smaller one, containing the two friends, which had hovered at a distance, pursued the same direction. They first pulled for some distance up the river, until it had passed the city, and then stopped at the landing of a neat villa.

"I do not understand this movement," said Gonzalez. "They have stopped at a posada, to which, in their evening rides, the citizens usually resort for

refreshment. There must be some change in their plan since we heard them discuss it."

In the meantime, the other party had landed and entered the house. Those who, under the shadow of the opposite bank, observed them, immediately determined to land also; and, giving way with their oars, had nearly reached the line of light, when Gonzalez called out, "Hold! back! back your oars, quickly! they are returning."

They again retreated within the shadow, and saw two men, followed by a third, bearing the lady to the boat, in which they placed her, and immediately shoved off from the shore.

"I now understand it all," whispered Gonzalez to his companion. "They have decoyed the brother into the house, and left him there. I am sure, too, that the lady is gagged; for she does not cry out, although she struggles desperately. Stop! what are you about?" he cried, as he saw his friend begin to ply the oars with all his might.

"Can you ask me, with such a sight before us?"

"Nay: put by your oar, I entreat you. Your precipitation will ruin all. They are double our number, armed with carbines, and would slay us before we could cope with them; and then, farewell to all hopes of the lady's rescue."

"What shall we do, then?" asked Horner, as he despairingly rested on his oar.

"Follow them, as we first proposed, and concert our plan after we have seen to what place they convey her."

"Gonzalez," said the former, "you have not so much at stake as I in this matter, and you are therefore less agitated, and better qualified to decide on the course we should pursue. I will not be rash if I can help it; but cannot again lose sight of Mary. Her brother is now torn from her, and I am her sole protector. I will die before I desert her for an instant."

"I have told you of my sister," said Gonzalez; "and you must know that a motive impels me, which is as powerful as your own. Love is your incentive, and revenge is mine. Yours is the most impetuous; but mine, as the more cautious, is the more certain to effect its object. I pray you, be moderate."

"I will, Gonzalez, with the condition I have named."

While speaking, they followed the movements of the other boat, which proceeded about half a mile farther up, when the party again landed. The smaller boat was run ashore a short distance below, and the two friends crept along under cover of the thick brush that lined the bank, to within a few paces of the ruffians. A carriage was in waiting, the driver standing beside it. As soon as the latter saw the first party, he opened the door, let down the steps, and, assuming the reins, ascended the box. Two of the gang forced the lady into the carriage, and followed after; a third closed the door, and mounted beside the driver. While this was taking place, Horner was endeavoring to free himself from the grasp of Gonzalez, who tried to detain him. With a violent effort he suc-

ceeded, and springing forward, leaped upon the footboard of the carriage, just as the driver applied the lash, and the horses started off at half speed. The remaining ruffian, seeing some one rush by, turned to pursue and give the alarm, when Gonzalez sprung upon him, and, violently struggling, they fell to the ground.

The carriage, with the ruffians, the victim of their toils, and that victim's determined champion, was driven at a rapid rate for a mile or more on the road which ran parallel with the stream, when it turned short to the right, and pursued its course with undiminished speed. Overcome by terror and exhaustion, Mary Gillespie had swooned away, unnoticed by her companions. At length they pulled up at a gate, and the man seated beside the driver got down to open it. Heretofore, Horner had remained at little risk, for the curtains of the carriage were down; but, as the ruffian who dismounted would, in all probability, wait until the carriage had passed through, in order to close the gate, his detection was certain if he remained. There was no bush or cover to conceal him, but, on the right side of the gate was a large tree, just within the enclosure. While he hesitated what to do, the carriage passed through the gateway, and one of the branches of the tree swept its roof. On the instant, quick as thought, he caught hold of the limb, and swung himself into the tree. The rustling noise he made startled the man who stood by the gate, and who had certainly been drinking freely.

"Hallo! what's that?" he cried, and, springing up

to the box, called out, "Drive on! drive on! It's a wild beast! But I'll have a shot at it," he added, as the carriage rolled on,—and, turning partly round, discharged a pistol into the tree.

With an imprecation, the driver had called out to his companion not to fire; but he was too late, and, at the report, the horses, affrighted, ran off at full speed.

The ruffians within the carriage, as well as the one without, were instantly awakened to a full sense of their danger. They were well acquainted with the place, and knew that a short distance ahead, at a turn of the road, there was an old quarry, which had a precipitous fall of fifteen or twenty feet. As cowardly as he was base, each one thought only of his own safety. The ruffian in front clambered over the roof, and leaped off from behind; the others forced open a door, and precipitated themselves one after the other from it; and all fell with violence, and more or less injured, to the ground.

Besides the fainting girl within the carriage, the driver alone remained; and he, with his feet pressed hard upon the footboard, and his body bent forward, bore his whole weight upon the reins. Although they passed with almost breathless velocity, he accurately noted every distinct object along the road, and was prepared, at the critical moment, to turn the horses from the direction of the perilous chasm. With a quick eye and a ready hand, the instant that he saw the turn, with all his might he pulled upon the left hand rein. This over exertion ensured defeat. The

rein snapped asunder, and the horses, rushing headlong, were, with the carriage, precipitated over the bank. The driver fell upon some fragments of rock, and laid senseless and immovable. The horses, by their moans, and the faint efforts they made to extricate themselves, showed that they were severely bruised; and Mary Gillespie laid on the battered side of the carriage, partly revived from her swoon by the shock she had sustained, and the excruciating pain she felt.

Horner, unharmed by the discharge of the pistol, sprung to the ground, and hurrying after the carriage as soon as he saw that the horses had run away, reached the quarry soon after the accident had occurred. In his excited condition, it was but the work of a moment to extricate his mistress, and bear her scarce animate form into the neighboring wood. His first anxiety was for water, and, pursuing the declivity of the ground, in a direction leading from the road, he soon heard the trickling of a rivulet. Placing Mary gently beside it, on examination he discovered that she had received a severe wound on her temple, which bled profusely, and that her left arm was broken. The loss of blood, the cooling effect of the water, which he freely applied, and the pain she endured, all accelerated her return to consciousness; and in a little while, she was enabled to thank her lover in expressions, brief, indeed, but touching. They had no time, however, for interchange of feeling. They were strangers, and upon the grounds of a powerful and persevering enemy. It was necessary to quit them

as soon as possible, and to reach some place not peopled with the myrmidons, or subject to the jurisdiction of the Count.

With the simple means at his disposal, the water which gurgled at their feet, a few splints made of the twigs which grew around them, and bandages torn from his own garments, Horner soon dressed the wounds, and temporarily assuaged the anguish which Mary endured. She laid for hours, without a movement or a murmur. The heavy air was laden with fragrance, and, now and then, the pattering on a leaf would tell how abundantly the dew was falling. He watched her in silence, until he perceived that her features were occasionally flushed from intensity of pain, and saw that it was necessary to procure shelter and medical attendance without delay. The night was now far advanced, and the laborers would soon be abroad.

Prevailing upon Mary to make an effort, he supported her, while they slowly threaded their way through the thick and tangled undergrowth. After wandering for some time, they came to a hedge of cacti, some of the plants in full bloom, the tints of their gorgeous flowers heightened by the rays of the now rising sun. They turned into a path which ran along the hedge, with a forest of magnificent trees on the right—the Assumah,* the Yalatli, and the lordly Frangipan — with its dark green leaves and scarlet blossoms. On the other side of the hedge was an extensive field of sugar-cane—an immense mass of

* Spelled as they are pronounced.

foliage of the liveliest green, its tops waving in the wind with a rustling sound that was borne onward until it died away in the distance. Beyond, the field was skirted by a forest, which ascended a slope behind it, and, becoming thinner as it ascended, left only a few trees scattered along the ridge which bounded the western horizon. But Mary, striving to conceal her weakness, and to suppress the moans which were every instant rising to her lips, and Horner, wholly engrossed by anxiety for her, could neither of them enjoy the natural beauties of the scene.

When they had proceeded a few hundred yards, they came to a lane which led immediately to the high road; but here, Mary's strength failed, and, placing her on the road-side, her lover concealing his own fears, endeavored to cheer her with hopes of speedy relief.

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When Gonzalez sprung upon the boatman, he took him so much by surprise, that he had hurled him over, and pointed a dagger to his throat, before the latter could muster sufficient presence of mind to defend himself. By threats of instant death, he then extorted from him all the information he desired.

* * * * * *

The First Lieutenant returned to the frigate about half an hour after Frank and his sister had left, and was delighted to hear that the American Consul had sent for them. Soon after he had made his report to the Count, the latter ordered his boat, and left the ship. Supposing that he was summoned on shore by

some of the letters he had received, the old Lieutenant little dreamed that the departure of his commander in any manner had reference to the orphans. He believed them safe, and, with many claims upon his attention, dismissed them readily from his mind.

The Count steered his boat to the usual landing place, and, hiring a calêche, proceeded directly to the western gate. Here he was detained but a moment, for the officer, immediately recognizing his rank, allowed him to pass. Impatient of delay, he then took the reins himself, and drove with great rapidity. Once or twice, he thought that he heard the sound of horses' hoofs at a furious pace ahead of him; but the rattling of his vehicle rendered the sound uncertain, and he concluded that he was mistaken. On approaching the hacienda, he drove round to the rear of the enclosure, where he alighted, and, after paying the driver, opened the postern gate with a key he carried, and proceeded directly to the house. To the attendant who obeyed his summons, he said impatiently,

"The young lady,—where is she?"

"In her chamber," was the reply; and, in obedience to a gesture from his master, the servant proceeded along the corridor, and approached an apartment at its extremity.

"Fools! Why have they placed her there?" muttered the Count.

"Señor?"

"Stand aside!" and pushing by the servant, he threw open the door, and entered the apartment. As he did so, he started back appalled and terrified.

Propped up on a bed, catching her breath with difficulty, was a dying woman. The blood streamed from her mouth and nostrils, and at each respiration gurgled in her throat. It was the young, the once pure and yet lovely Esperanza, the sister of Gonzalez. By the bedside stood her brother, regarding him with a look of deadly hatred, but without moving his arm from the sinking form it supported. The unhappy girl, with staring eyes and outstretched hands, strove in vain to speak to them. In the effort she was suffocated by a gush of blood, and fell back a corpse.

"Conde de Ureña," said Gonzalez, "behold your work! I came here to protect the victim of your present plot, little dreaming of the sight that awaited me —for, although aware of my sister's ruin, I did not know that she had been decoyed to this den of infamy That poor girl must be avenged! You or I, one or both, must bear Esperanza company." As he looked upon the bed, the tones of his voice softened with emotion, but recovering himself instantly, he advanced to the door, and secured it—then drawing a pair of pistols from his bosom, he sternly added as he presented them,—"Take your choice, Sir!"

"Not now! Not here! Another time!" said the Count, his cheek blanched, and his brow beaded with perspiration.

"Here! upon this spot! this very instant!" shouted Gonzalez. "Vile seducer and murderer," he added, "You have killed your man! Where is your vaunted courage? Will that arouse you?" and he struck him a fierce blow. The Count's face flushed, he clutched

the weapon, and eyeing Gonzalez with a look as vindictive as his own, sternly motioned him to take his position.

Time was, when the unhappy nobleman would have shrunk in horror from the very thought of a crime, the dreadful consequences of which, in all the appalling majesty of death, were then before him. And yet, more fiendlike than such a wretch, he stood in the concentrated hatred of a duellist, prepared to take the life of the brother of his victim. By a career of vice, the once honorable man had been converted into a demon.

The combatants confronted each other, levelled their weapons, and fired so simultaneously, that the reports sounded as one. The pistol of Gonzalez was struck from his hand, and one of his fingers shattered. Heedless of the pain, he bent forward to see if his adversary were hit. The Count stood seemingly unhurt before him, but the moment after, his weapon dropped, he pressed his hand to his side, and casting a look of anguish upon the body of the woman he had ruined, tottered, reeled, and fell upon the floor! The threat of Gonzalez was verified. Almost instantaneously, two souls were summoned to their dread account.

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Mary and her deliverer were relieved and conveyed to Havana, where they found Frank Gillespie domesticated at the Consul's. It took some weeks before the former was sufficiently recovered to permit them to embark for home. During this time Gonzalez occasionally visited them by stealth, dreading assassination

by some of the connections of the late Count more than a legal investigation. Unhappily, his precautions were fruitless, and he fell by a vindictive hand, with even less time for preparation than he had given to another. His death was deeply mourned by his friends. He was indeed worthy of all regret—but a cloud had overshadowed his sun of life. He brooded over his sister's shame until existence became a burden,—and had he not found death by the hand of another, his impulsive nature might have led him to seek it at his own.

Our friends embarked soon after for New Orleans, and reached the Southwest pass of the Mississippi just as a gale was coming on. The country above had been overflowed by recent rains, and what between the current from within, and the swell without, they were greeted with a magnificent spectacle. The waves of the Gulf, driven before the gale, encountered the onward sweep of the waters of the mighty river. The sight forcibly reminded them of Rebecca's exclamation in Ivanhoe,—

"God of Jacob! It is like the meeting of two oceans moved by adverse tides!"

When the chastening hand of time had hallowed the memories of the dead, and substituted a Christian resignation for the bitterness of early grief, Horner and Mary were united, and through a since much chequered life, neither time, nor circumstance, nor prosperity, nor distress, has for one instant abated a feeling which is fixed and unalterable as their future destinies.

CHAPTER XIII.

On reaching the seaboard, I found orders for one of the smaller vessels attached to the squadron of the gallant Porter, and destined to act against the pirates who infest the shores of St. Thomas, Porto Rico, St. Domingo, and Cuba.

The whole country mourns the fall, and the profession pants to avenge the fate of the gallant and lamented Allen. This high-toned and intelligent officer, universally respected, and dearly loved by all who knew him, fell, while upright and reckless of exposure, he cheered his men to victory. With several boats, he attacked a piratical force in Seguapa Bay, and after the capture of one vessel, was standing in the boat encouraging his men as they bore down upon another, when he received a fatal wound. With victory almost in his grasp, he died too soon for his country, but not too soon for enduring fame. A short time after he was wounded, as he laid upon the deck of his vessel, an officer, maddened at the sight of his dying chief, seized a cutlass, and was about to plunge it into the

bosom of one of the captives, when his hand was arrested by the faint but distinct exclamation: "Remember, Mr. Henley, he is a prisoner." They were his last words.

Thus perished the dutiful son and the kind brother, who, to support his sisters and his aged mother, lived a bachelor, and denied himself all the luxuries and many of the comforts of life. Not in his first action, when, one after another, his two seniors fell, and as they were borne below, he sprang upon a gun, exclaiming, "Boys, here's another William H. for you!"* and with three cheers renewed the fight; not, when in Manilla Bay, he coolly and skillfully prepared to oppose an overwhelming force; and not, when like Claverhouse, he fell with the cheer upon his lip, and the shout of victory ringing in his ear, did he so much claim our admiration, as when, with parting breath, he stayed the hand of blood with the exclamation: "Remember, he is a prisoner!"

Peace to his manes, for his was indeed a "bold spirit in a loyal breast."

After a protracted delay in the most inclement season of the year, our commodore at length made signal "underweigh to get," and the little squadron made all sail, and stood to sea with a cold but favorable wind.

Pent within the narrow precincts of a vessel as small as she was, buoyant and fragile, our greenhorns one by one fell sick as we tossed and pitched and

* The two seniors were named William H. Allen and William H. Watson.

rolled about, while the ships of greater bulk, almost unmoved by the swell, seemed like philosophers on the stage of life, to regard our restlessness with compassion.

The thermometer soon indicated that we had crossed the Gulf stream; the breeze freshened, the swell of the sea increased, and our boat, for she was no more, washed by the crest of every wave which toppled over her low bulwarks, was thoroughly wet and uncomfortable.

During the night it was very squally; sail after sail was successively taken in, and, at length, we were left with only a single stay-sail set, while the lightning flashed around us, and we watched in deep anxiety the approach of a terrific whirlwind on the water. The outer current only reached, but it was sufficient nearly to upset us. The stateliest ship, once encircled by that mighty wind, would have been whirled and torn in shreds and fragments.

The next morning presented a sight wild even to sublimity. The sun, struggling through a bank of clouds, shorn of his splendor by the opposing mist, cast his angry glance across the troubled ocean, and revealed our scattered fleet, like affrighted wild fowl, scudding before the gale.

Sometimes a wave, like some huge monster rising from the deep, looked down upon us black and threatening; and then, as if disposed for further gamboling rolled its seething foam along the sides, and rushing ahead and gathering into one mighty mass, seemed to await our coming.

On the second day after, the gale abated, and with the wind, the sea subsided. We were separated from the fleet, and running eight knots per hour with a favorable breeze, and occasionally a rain-squall passed over, but we felt that we were approaching the more genial climate of the tropics. The air became less humid, and the clouds, although dense, were less ragged and threatening.

That night was beautiful. The moon burst through the clouds, and tipped their crests and edges with a silvery light. The sea, sublime but restless, heaved its troubled waves in tumultuous agitation, and our vessel rolled gracefully, even while it rose and plunged at times with startling velocity.

The morning after, the sun rose upon a placid scene. The light breeze just ruffled the surface of the water, on which, the white caps, sparkling in the sunlight, chased each other; and near by, with her tall spars vibrating like inverted pendula, was an English brig-of-war, with her ensign at the peak.

The American immediately beat to quarters and hoisted his own colors in return, when, to his astonishment, the brig fired a shot ahead of him.

"Return it, Mr. D.," called the Captain to the First Lieutenant, who had sprung to the long gun; "and aim directly at her hull."

The gun was discharged, and the shot passed through the mainsail of the brig, immediately over the head of the officer of the deck.

Almost before the report has ceased, the voice of the Captain was heard:

"Bear up, and steer directly for her! Away!—boarders away! Stand by to lay her aboard, sir!"

"Aye, aye, sir," was the quick response of the First Lieutenant, and forty men, reckless of life, and ready for adventure, sprung forward, pistol and cutlass in hand.

The brig, taken unawares, with her guns secured, and only a morning watch on deck, was compelled to bear up also until she could summon her crew to quarters, and the singular sight was presented of an exceedingly small schooner chasing a heavy armed brig of war.

While our vessel eagerly pressed forward, the wary commander of the brig continued his flight, but he hastened preparations to punish his puny assailant. During this short interval, the Englishman repeatedly demanded her name and character; but her commander refused to comply until informed what vessel it was that had dared to insult the flag he wore. Most probably, beginning to be aware of his mistake, the English Captain at length announced that the vessel he commanded was H. B. M. brig Buzzard, and that the shot had been fired in the supposition that our vessel was a pirate. An explanation now took place, and when they parted, the American Captain, with many compliments, received an acceptable present of fruit from the commander of the brig. It is thus that brave men respect each other.

We soon after reached our rendezvous at St. Thomas, where, one by one, our vessels successively arrived. Our feelings were here harrowed with the recital of

an act of piracy committed almost in the very mouth of the harbor a few weeks previous.

Mr. Schmidt, the owner of an extensive plantation in Santa Cruz, was returning from Copenhagen, with his young bride, the daughter of a respectable clergyman. He had chartered the cabin of the ship Zembla, for his wife, her servant, and himself, and they were the only passengers. After a pleasant passage, the ship hove to off the harbor of St. Thomas, to send some despatches on shore to the governor-general. The island of Santa Cruz, in full view, laid basking in the sunlight, and amid the shady groves and luxuriant cane with which its sloping sides are covered, Mr. S., with the aid of the spy-glass, pointed out to his blooming partner, one of the most beautiful of the many country seats as their future residence. Her curiosity satisfied, she had turned her eyes to him, beaming with all the confidence of young affection, when they were interrupted.

A large decked boat, seemingly one of those used for fishing on the coast, passed the stern, and suddenly luffing short round, ranged alongside the ship, and about thirty desperate ruffians, armed to the teeth, sprung on board.

The crew, few in number, unarmed, and taken by surprise, were immediately cut down. The captain, who had rushed below for his pistols, was slain as he ascended the companion-way. Mr. Schmidt was one of the first seized, and his wife, clinging closely to him, received a slight wound from the long knives of the pirates, which were thrust through his body. The

servant maid, chased by the ruffians, in her fright jumped overboard, and was drowned; and Mrs. S. fainted away on the body of her expiring husband.

So intent were the pirates upon gratifying their rapacity, that the helm was abandoned, and, for a short time, they paid little attention to the management of the ship.

"Mr. Schumacker," said the quarter-master to the officer of the deck of a small Danish brig-of-war in the southern offing, "that ship to leeward is acting very queer."

"How so, Jansen?" said the lieutenant.

"Why, a little while ago," replied Jansen, "she was lying to, with her main top-sail to the mast; but now, she has drifted round, and is running before the wind with her head yards braced up."

"That is indeed strange," said the lieutenant. "Hand me the spy-glass."

He looked steadily for some moments, and then calling a midshipman, said:

"Report to the captain, sir, that there is a very suspicious sail to leeward."

Before the captain made his appearance, the ship had again hauled by the wind, and was standing along the land. But when her previous movements were reported to him, and the fishing boat was now seen drifting from her, he ordered all sail to be made in chase. As soon as his intention was discovered, the ship packed on all sail, evidently with the purpose of doubling the west end of the island.

If the wind held steady, the chances were about

equal. The brig, although a fast sailer, and to windward, was yet so far off, that to reach the same point she would have to make the hypotenuse, while the course of the ship formed the base line of the triangle.

The chase continued for some time with little change of bearing; but as the ship approached the western extremity of the island, eddies of wind would whirl around the point, and take her sails aback. The pirates were, therefore, compelled to haul more from the land, which brought the courses of the two vessels to a nearer converging point. With an enemy's shore on one side (the alarm had now spread along the land), and a fast-closing and vindictive enemy on the other, the fate of the ruffians seemed inevitable.

The wind was blowing almost directly on shore, but the pirates persevered with a hardihood worthy of a better cause. As the first shot from the brig came crashing through her side, the ship flew up into the wind, and the next moment braced sharp on the other tack, she was standing to the eastward. By this manœuvre, the brig was brought on the starboard quarter, and the pirates began to flatter themselves with the hope of escape, when, as they again approached the mouth of the harbor, they perceived several vessels, well manned, coming out to intercept them. The pirates now hauled more to the southward, bringing the brig on the starboard beam, and the vessels on the larboard quarter. But as shot after shot from the brig tore up the planking, or carried away a spar, it became more and more evident that the ship

could not escape. At last, as the main top-mast fell over the side, the pirates, abandoning hope, put the helm up, and to the astonishment of thousands congregated on the roofs of the houses, and on the adjacent hills, steered before the wind, directly for the anchorage. In a short time, the desperate purpose was revealed. A thin, light smoke, first arose; then it grew denser and blacker, and presently a red flame burst forth, which, wreathing around the rigging, and encircling the spars, the ship, in one sheet of fire, rapidly approached the harbor.

All was consternation among the shipping; and while the vessels that had started in pursuit, fled precipitately from the burning mass, the brig manned her boats, and attempted to board her. But men who had lighted their own funeral pyre were not to be thus subdued, and the boats fell back discomfited. The batteries of the town now opened their fire, and cinders and burning fragments were scattered in every direction. Still the ship held her onward course, and was almost up with the shipping, when, most probably from the burning of the tiller-ropes, she broached to, and grounded on a shoal.

While the spectators gazed in wonder, and watched the figures of the wretched men as retreating step by step they reached at last the taffrail, the whole mass sprung suddenly into the air; a loud and deafening report succeeded, and the water and immediate shore were covered with brands and packages, and scorched and mutilated bodies.

On board of the fishing-boat was found an appren-

tice boy who had leaped from the cabin windows when the ship was boarded, and catching hold of the deserted piratical boat as it drifted by, gained her deck and concealed himself.

Our fleet here separated; the smaller vessels to cruise among the islands, while the ships repaired to Key West, preparatory to fitting out the boat-expeditions. Among others, I was a volunteer for this service, and at the expiration of a short time, found myself at that place, detailed for one of the barges. Our flotilla consisted of four boats, viz.—Gallinipper, Sand Fly, Gnat and Mosquito, under the command of Lieut Watson. They contained each, two officers, a coxswain, and sixteen men.

Burning for adventure, and happily ignorant of the trials which awaited us, we started on a pleasant day, and with sail and oar, plied eighty miles across, to the island of Cuba. We reached it in safety, and hearing that the pirates had selected and fortified a place exceedingly difficult of access, our commander determined to attack them.

That our approach might be as secret as possible, we concealed our boats in a narrow inlet during the day, but at early dusk, the oars were manned, and the order given to proceed. A little after midnight a breeze sprung up, and taking in the oars, with the exception of an officer and the steersman of each boat, every one slept as he best could, upon the three feet by ten inches of space allotted to him. Our watchful commander sought no repose, but when those who slept awoke, they found all sail taken in, and the boats

lying quiet and motionless, near the mouth of a river, waiting for sufficient light to enter it.

It was the Sagua le Grand, the noted resort, the great stronghold of the pirates.

As tint by tint, the light increased, the time was spent in silent preparation. Presently from boat to boat, the order was passed to "close in;" and we gathered around that of our commander.

"My lads," he said, "this is no child's play we have undertaken. Whatever may be the force of the enemy, I am determined to attack him. Will you stand by me?"

A loud murmur of assent was the reply.

"Is your powder dry? Are your flints good,—and your cutlasses well sharpened?"

He was told they were.

"Then muffle your oars and follow me; but make not the slightest noise, and wait until I give the word. *Then*, let your cry be *no quarter*, and he who first boards the enemy, shall be highly recompensed!"

At a signal we then fell into position, and our commander leading the way, we rounded the point, and rowed steadily but stealthily forward.

The river was broad at the entrance, but except in the channel, which was difficult to find and still more difficult to thread, it was very shallow. The headmost boat, sounding as she went, carefully proceeded, and regulating our motions by hers, we followed in the strictest silence. Not a word was allowed to be spoken, and concealed by the tangled brushwood, which beneath the overhanging trees lined the banks

of the narrowing stream, an enemy, even at a very short distance, might have mistaken the slight noise we made, for the gambols of the water-fowl which were disturbed at our approach.

After a space of time, brief in itself, but which seemed to us of interminable duration, we came to a wide *lagoon, at the other side of which, half a mile distant, the pirates, as vigilant as we were cautious, were drawn up to receive us. Careened on a shelving beach, laid a merchant brig, the crew of which they had barbarously murdered. Along the shore were strewed bales and packages; and a hut and a few tents stood within the verge of a grove of lofty trees. On a projecting point, was a battery of several pieces of artillery, and on the other side of the brig, but a little farther out, was moored an armed schooner with her broadside towards us. Both the battery and the schooner were crowded with men.

As soon as we had pulled out into the lagoon, we formed our boats in a line abreast, and each man girded on his cutlass and stuck a pistol in his belt.

"Mr. V.," said our commander to the next in rank, "as the battery seems the most formidable, I will undertake it. Do you take the Sand Fly with you, and board the schooner. Lose no time with the musket, Sir, but lay her aboard on different points, and put your trust in cold steel. Now give way men, and *no quarter!*"

The oars buckled to the word, the boats bounded with a spring, and we were soon in the midst of a rattling hail of grape and canister, which made the water foam

* Shallow lake.

around us, our men cheering and shouting, as with rapid and furious stroke we bore down upon the enemy.

I was attached to one of the boats directed against the schooner, and as we neared her, the scene became more and more exciting. Besides the boom of the cannon fired from the schooner and the battery, the lake and the shores around rang with the incessant peal of musketry, and the hurling of the iron and lead around us was dreadful. But as an oar would drop, and form after form sink from its place, the louder became the shout, the more vindictive the fury of our men. Ourselves upon the bow, the other boat farther astern, almost simultaneously, we laid the pirate aboard. To grapple the side, to spring on the bulwark and leap upon the deck, amid muskets, pikes, and brandished knives, was the work of an instant. With courage equal to our own, the pirates rushed forward to repel us, and a desperate hand to hand conflict ensued.

The musketry had now ceased, and a pistol shot was but occasionally heard, but the clash of steel was incessant, and the silent but deadly thrust became more frequent. The shout of an officer as he cut down the swarthy pirate with whom he was engaged, was responded to by a wild cry of exultation from the men, and animated as by one spirit, we bounded forward with a cheer. A better cause and far more numerous force, could not have withstood our charge. The pirates gave way, slowly at first, but when our leader called out "push home, men! and no quarter!"

and the cry "no quarter! no quarter!" was fiercely repeated, they turned, and springing to the side, leaped overboard, and endeavored to escape by swimming. Many of our men plunged after them sword in hand; others jumped to the boats, and pursuing, cut them down as they overtook them, while another portion, from the deck of the captured vessel, deliberately shot them as they struggled in the water.

On the part of those wretches, not a cry was raised—not a supplication uttered. When too hotly pursued, they turned to grapple where they could, and in silence they received the death wound, and in silence they sunk, their throats gurgling the water which was deeply crimsoned with their blood.

Turning from the sickening sight, my eye rested for a moment upon the slimy and death-encumbered deck, when a shout on the shore reminded me of the battery.

Our boats had grounded some distance from the beach, but our men leaping out hastily formed, and advanced boldly to the attack. They were warmly received, and the contest was still undecided, when we carried the schooner. But, when those in the battery saw their fellow-pirates leap overboard, they, also, took to flight. They were relentlessly pursued, and the scene which had been enacted upon the water, was repeated on the land. But few escaped; and destroying what we could not preserve, we gathered their booty, and bore our prize away in triumph.

Three days after, while cruising along the coast, a suspicious sail was descried in shore, to which we immediately gave chase. We soon discovered that

she was armed, and her movements became less and less equivocal. At length, as we came within range of her cannon, she opened her fire and hoisted a red ensign. It was el Bandara de Sangre (the Bloody Flag), commanded by the most active, and at the same time the most desperate and remorseless of the ruffians. But his men were less brave or more considerate than himself, and after a few ineffectual discharges, some in boats and some by swimming, precipitately fled. We followed them to the shore; and our men, in the eagerness of pursuit, became severally dispersed. The high matted grass, the thick brushwood, and the spongy, yielding soil, much retarded their progress, and the pirates, better acquainted with the locality, mostly escaped.

When our party gathered around the watch-fire at night, one man, a marine, was missing. It was supposed that he had been killed by the fugitives, and many were the lamentations for his fate. But our commanding officer who had remarked and appreciated the coolness and intrepidity of Morrison, thought differently, and said that he felt assured we should yet hear from him.

The night passed away, however, and the sentries posted around, listened in vain for his footstep. In the morning, a detachment was sent to search in every direction for him. Warned by the supposed fate of our companion, whose mangled body we expected every moment to find, instead of each one pursuing a different course, we were about separating into squads, when one of the men discovered a path, on which the

tracks of men were plainly discernible. We pursued it at a quick pace, and that pace was soon accelerated by the report of a musket. In a very short time, we came to an open space, in which, we beheld two men struggling desperately.

It seems that, far more successful than his companions, Morrison had captured and disarmed a pirate. Returning he lost his way, and long after night set in, perfectly exhausted with fatigue, he came to a halt, and permitted his prisoner to lie down and sleep, while he stood sentry over him. He dared not lie down himself, for he knew that he would instantly fall asleep, when his prisoner, whom he had no means of securing, would unquestionably murder him.

At one time he leaned against a small tree for a moment's rest. In that moment, sleep overcame him, and he dreamed that he was wandering with a familiar friend, through well-remembered scenes. Suddenly, the scene became wild and changed, and the form of his friend assumed the features of the prisoner. Again, by another transformation, the form became that of a huge serpent, which, retaining its human expression, seemed coiled, ready to spring upon him. His steps were arrested, and his blood curdled at the sight. Unable to move, he saw it rear its head, and heard it hiss and spit its venom. With one desperate effort, he strove to overcome the feeling which paralyzed his limbs, and held him spell-bound.

He awoke, and caught the riveted gaze of the pirate who had half-risen from the ground.

The marine long hesitated whether to preserve him-

self he should not destroy his prisoner. Once he raised his weapon, and the pirate, who, with half-closed lids, narrowly watched his proceedings, quivered and shrunk with dread. A sigh—the sigh of relief which follows suppressed emotion—escaped him, as Morrison lowered his musket, and said:

"I can't do it; I'll take the chances first."

In this manner, weary and anxious, sometimes dozing as he stood with his head upon his breast, and again waking with a start, as a passing gust agitated the leaves, or a rain-drop pattered beside him, he passed the long and dreary night.

At the earliest dawn, he again set out with his prisoner, but scarce able to drag himself along, he staggered with feebleness, suffering more than all from an excruciating thirst, to the agonies of which watchfulness so much contributes. At last, he could stand it no longer, and seeing a bird flit by and alight a short distance from him, he fired and killed it, intending to slake his thirst with its blood. But the instant he fired, the prisoner snatched the bayonet from his belt, and made a plunge at him. Receiving a slight wound, he grasped the weapon at the point, and struggled for his life.

It was at this critical moment that our party came in sight; nor had we an instant to lose. Shouting aloud, each one ran forward at full speed, but the combatants were too intently occupied to hear or heed us.

The marine fought manfully, but it was of no avail; for by a quick movement of his active opponent, he

was whirled over, and fell violently to the ground. Half-stunned by the fall, he relaxed his hold, and his antagonist, brandishing the bayonet aloft, exclaimed :

"D—n you, I'll let you know who's pirate now," and was about to pin him to the earth, when his arm was arrested by Midshipman Booth, who had outrun us.

A similar detachment landed on Cayo Romano, an extensive island, and gave chase to a body of pirates, who fled into the woods. In the ardor of pursuit, Mid. H. became separated from his companions, and falling into an ambuscade, was himself made prisoner. He was immediately bound and hurried onward far into the interior. For a long time, and with great rapidity, they pursued their devious course. After traversing a great distance, the profound stillness induced them to believe that the pursuit had ceased, or taken another direction. With a sense of security, their evil passions came in play, and muttered threats and ferocious glances at the prisoner, told that robbery and murder were uppermost in their thoughts.

At last they came to a halt, and forming a circle, with the prisoner in the centre, held a consultation respecting him. Without a dissenting voice, his death was determined on ; but there was a discussion as to the mode. Shooting was not even proposed, for the report might betray them, and, moreover, they were determined that his death should be a prolonged and silent one. With a cruelty of purpose unsurpassed by the savages of our own frontier, they discussed the various modes of torture. The advocates

of the knife were for mutilation and incisions in the least vital parts, through which the current of life might be slowly drained. But the halter was determined on; and a suitable tree being selected, the prisoner, nearly stripped, was placed beneath a projecting branch. A rope produced by one of the gang, was thrown over the limb, and a noose spliced in one end was adjusted round the neck of their victim. The other end was then hauled upon until he was nearly strangled, his weight barely supported upon the extremities of his feet, which alone touched the ground.

With his hands lashed down and his mouth securely gagged, Mr. H.* could neither resist nor call for help. When so exhausted that he could scarcely speak, his tormentors removed the bandage, and proceeded to question him. To all their interrogatories respecting the force and probable stay of his companions upon the island, he refused to reply. Unmoved by their menaces, frequently rendered more expressive by the tightening of the cord, their promises of release could not shake the firm integrity of his soul.

Hopeless of extracting any information from him, they were about to leave him to his fate, when, in the bitterness of his despair he cursed them, and bade them remember him when they fell into the hands of his friends, "for," he added, "they have found your boats, and you cannot escape."

This intelligence alarmed them. They had, as they thought, securely concealed their boats, and expected

* W. W. Hunter

that after a few days their pursuers would quit the island, when they could make their escape to Cuba. Lowering the prisoner's feet to the ground, they sharply questioned him. But he gave so accurate a description of the place of concealment, that they could no longer doubt. They then proposed to release him, provided he would pledge his word that the boats should not be destroyed or taken away. This he told them he could not do, for the officer who commanded the expedition was of a rank superior to his own. In vain they tried to persuade him that the officer would regard the pledge, when told it was the only mode by which his life was saved. He was inexorable; and again tightening the cord, with bitter imprecations they left him.

Upon the extremities of his swollen feet, with every joint strained to the utmost, he spent hours in excruciating agony. At dawn of day, however, his captors returned, and after a second fruitless attempt to intimidate or persuade, they released him, on the sole condition that he should bear a message to his commanding officer. The message consisted of a declaration that they were simple fishermen, with the earnest prayer that as they had not taken the life of one who had sought to destroy them, their boats, upon which they depended for subsistence, might be spared.

As soon as capable of proceeding, Mr. H. was escorted back within a safe distance, and reached his companions, who were on the point of setting out, with the determination of scouring the whole island in

search of him. As he was indebted for his life not to the mercy but to the fears of the pirates, their prayer was disregarded. The day before the pursuit had been eager, but it was now vindictive, and like wild beasts, the wretches were chased along the cliffs, through the swamps, and within the deepest recesses of the forest. Some, more fortunate or more fleet, escaped, for the scarcity of provisions compelled our party to leave before they were all exterminated.

While cruising off Cape Antonio, a circumstance occurred which shows the value of a keen perception of character, combined with sound judgment and unswerving resolution.

One of our detachments had landed in search of a piratical resort, and a short distance in the interior found a pulperia, a sort of country store, where liquor was the principal article sold. The commanding officer of the detachment was soon satisfied that the owner was what he professed to be; but, of the assumed character of a man in an adjoining quinta, he thought differently. The man was found employed in making cigars. Although the owner of the pulperia called him his brother, and nearly every one else considered the man guiltless and inoffensive, there was so much contradiction in his account of himself, that our commander sent him a prisoner to Havana.

Of all the evil tendencies of our nature, the disposition to cavil at authority is the most prevailing. The gibes and sneers at the expense of that officer became bitter and more frequent, when, on our arrival at Havana, in reply to inquiries respecting the pris-

oner, we were told that "he had been hung in compliment to the Americans." By a friend, the officer was informed of the report, and the excitement it had created in the squadron. In deep anxiety, although conscious of having acted for the best, he applied at once to the proper authorities for information. The official account proved him correct.

The prisoner, still professing to be a cigar maker, obtained, with the material for their manufacture, permission to send them to a friend outside, to be sold for his support in prison. It happened, that as the first bundle was passed out, the officer of the guard who had stopped for a few moments in the gateway, asked for one. The bearer, without daring to refuse, betrayed, as the officer thought, so much reluctance, that he selected from the middle the very smallest and most indifferent one. Lighting it by the stump of his own, he found to his surprise, that it would not draw. Opening it at length to discover the cause, he found within, instead of tobacco, a written note. It was addressed to an accomplice, and gave an account of the dispersion of a noted gang, and the capture of the writer. It was on that note and by the confession of the wretch himself, that he was condemned and executed.

CHAPTER XII.

We were afterwards dispatched to scour the whole of the northern coast of Cuba, with the adjacent keys and islets. Of the exposure and privation incident to the performance of this duty, no conception can be formed. Unsheltered from the fervent rays of a tropical sun by day, or from the heavy dews of night, we toiled and slept alike exposed to their pestilential influence.

Subsisting on a stinted allowance of water and of salted food, which increased the natural thirst, our lips were as much parched by inward heat, as our hands and faces were blistered by the scorching sun. The scarf skin peeled off, and we were alike tormented and disfigured by hideous pustules, gross to the eye, and peculiarly sensitive to the touch. The heat of the day compelled us to throw aside all but the lightest garments, and the dampness of the night, with innumerable swarms of insects, made us assume the thickest and most impenetrable; but in vain—the closest texture and the thickest folds could not protect us from

the latter. The constant buzz and frequent sting of the mosquito harassed, while the sharp prick of the sand fly goaded us almost to madness. It is wonderful how we stood it; and but for the high state of mental excitement, the most powerful constitution must have succumbed. Whether chasing a vessel far to seaward, or dragging our boats up some narrow creek, by the jutting roots or overhanging branches of the mangrove, or pushing them, as we waded, across a wide but shallow lagoon, the toil was unceasing, the exposure baneful, and the privation scarce endurable.

Under the most depressing circumstances, the mind will at times recruit itself by some effort at diversion. One night, the boat to which I was attached, was separated from the fleet by a succession of heavy squalls. The next morning we found ourselves within a mile of a very suspicious-looking vessel, and nothing in sight to sustain us. The gallant Lieutenant who commanded us, resolved without hesitation to attack her. After a hurried preparation, therefore, we gave way for the sloop, the crew of which, seemed through the haze, to keep their threatening long gun trained upon us. My station was in the bow, and knowing that our men were sufficiently courageous for even a more desperate encounter, but that almost everything depended on celerity, I threw off my boots, and calling to my commander who sat in the stern, proposed that the crew should cast aside their jackets and the clumsy shoes they wore.

"It matters not what they wear, Sir, provided they are right *here*," he replied, slapping his breast, as I

thought, with a gasconading air. Please God, thought I, if I live, I will strip you of your theatricals.

Our suspicions proved to be unfounded, and the vessel was permitted to proceed without molestation.

The second night after, an opportunity was presented for retaliation, of which I gladly availed myself. We had rejoined the fleet, and were cruising along the coast of the main island in search of piratical establishments. About sunset, we came in sight of a place which looked so suspicious, that we were sent to examine it. As we neared the shore, we found our progress barred by a dangerous reef, and rowed some distance along the outer edge of the surf, without discovering the slightest vestige of a channel. The empurpled cloud which had enveloped the descending sun, seemed to grow heavy as it assumed a leaden hue. As the air thickened, and the shore grew indistinct, the surf roared more audibly, and the foam, as it tumbled down the watery slope, cast a garish light upon the wild and beautiful scene.

I had hold of the helm, steering the boat along just without the line of foam, and my commander was eagerly looking out for the channel, when I perceived directly abreast, a narrow space where the rush and the upward leap of the water was less tumultuous. Quick as thought, I slapped the helm down, and we dashed among the breakers. In an instant, amidst a deafening roar, we felt the boat borne upwards; then, with its bows frightfully depressed, it rushed down a steep descent; was again arrested by a roller which

bore it upward and backward, and then we were whirled forward with incredible velocity.

"My God, Sir! what have you done?" Then perceiving that we had passed in safety, he added, "Why didn't you give warning, sir?"

"I didn't think it necessary, sir, since I knew that all was right *here*,"—laying my hand upon my breast as I spoke. The Lieutenant bit his lip, but said nothing.

The consequences of exposure and great privation of food and rest began soon to be developed, and one by one the drooping eye and throbbing pulse warned us of approaching sickness. Placing our sick on board of the larger vessels, with the barges little better than half manned, we started for Key West.

A severe gale overtook us, and the oldest seaman fairly trembled as we rode upon the pinnacle or struggled in the trough of the raging sea. The wind and current were adverse, and instead of the prolonged and easy swell of the mid-ocean, the gulf whirled its waves about like some huge Briareus tossing his hundred arms in the wildest and most furious contortions. Sometimes riding down the sheer precipice of a broken wave, we seemed to each other, upon our bed of foam, as insignificant and far more helpless than the gulls which screamed around us.

Our first and greatest dread was of collision. In the open sea we would have been tossed in the like direction, and our relative distance would not have been materially lessened or increased. But here the waves were so tumultuous, at one time influenced by the

wind, at another controlled by the current, that some of the boats were soon scarce visible in the distance, while others were in the most dangerous proximity. So far from being enabled to spread a sail, the sweeping force of the wind compelled the men to sit in the bottom of the boats to steady them. Our own boat and another, seemed soon to come within the influence of attraction. In vain we tried the helm, in vain with an oar we attempted to give each a contrary direction. With dreadful accuracy, the eye discovered that the distance which separated us on the summit of a wave, was lessened at its base. Presently we were so near, that it was evident the next heave would bring us together. There was perfect silence in each boat, and the low tone of the officer as he bade the larboard oars to be got out, sounded as distinct as if uttered through the trumpet in the stillness of a midnight watch. It were in vain to deny that every cheek blanched as the next moment we found ourselves on the slope of a receding wave, rushing madly towards each other. At the instant of closing, their oars caught ander the bottom of our boat, and the succeeding wave swelling upward beneath us, we were careened gunnel under, the oars snapped like dry twigs, and a portion of their boats'-side fell in with a crash,—as pitched in contrary directions, we were swept far apart. It was evident that the destruction of both boats had only been prevented by the entanglement of the oars.

With them the danger now assumed another aspect. Although the side of their boat had broken in above the surface of the sea, yet the crest of every wave broke

over it, and the water rushed in with alarming rapidity. Besides, the whole frame had been severely strained, and the boat leaked fast. With the exception of the man at the helm, every one, officers and all, commenced bailing with his hat. The leak alone, they could have managed, but they no sooner congratulated themselves, that they had diminished the quantity of water, than some passing wave would mock them by casting in more than they had cast out.

They toiled thus for hours, but so hopeless seemed their efforts, that the crew, at last, refused to bail any longer. Again and again, the officer by turns commanded and entreated. They were deaf alike to his threats and persuasions, and in dogged silence awaited the result. Provoked to desperation by their folly, he sprung forward and drawing the plug from the bottom of the boat, exclaimed, "If we must die then, the sooner the better.'

By a strange anomaly in the human character, the very certainty of that death, to which they were before resigned, caused a reaction in the feelings of the crew, and hastily replacing the plug, they began to bail again with renewed vigor. By constant labor and unremitting vigilance, through the mercy of an Overruling Providence, we weathered the storm and arrived safe, but exhausted, at our place of destination.

Very soon after the congregation of our squadron at Key West, the yellow fever in its most virulent form, broke out among us. Our hastily erected and scantily furnished hospitals, were soon crowded with the sick, the dying and the newly dead. Frequently, the eyes

of one about to enter, would turn in dismay from the sight of the body of some companion or friend, which blocked the doorway in its passage to the grave. Within the portal, turn his eyes wherever he would, and the most ghastly, or most disgusting sights awaited them. In vain he endeavored to close his ears against the deep-drawn sighs, the retching sounds and the maniac laugh of the wretched beings around him. He alone, who has laid on a rude pallet in the ward of a hospital, crowded with the victims of a malignant disease, and beheld on one side the bloodshot eye, the flushed brow and the restless movements of fever at its height; and on the other, the torpid stillness, the pallid hue and fast glazing vision which tell that the fever has done its work,—he alone, can realize the horrors of such a state.

Of that dreadful period, so painful to think of, it would be laceration to the feelings to attempt a recital. Who can dwell upon the languishing illness, the scant attendance, the parching thirst, the gurgling sounds of suffocation, the convulsive spasms and the death-rattle of mess-mates and friends? For me, I cannot,—but, while I deplore their fate, most fervently do I cherish the remembrance of their worth. Men have died for an opinion and have been reputed martyrs. These brave men, who, by their gallantry in battle and their endurance of privation, gained the applause, may surely, in their untimely deaths, claim the sympathies of their country.

From two circumstances, an idea may be formed of the dreadful mortality which thinned us. Of the crew

of one of the barges, consisting of seventeen men and two officers, there were, at the expiration of three weeks, but five survivors! Of the whole body of officers of the navy, one eighth perished in that sickly season! May they, and their more humble but equally gallant comrades, rest in peace!

The next year we were employed in the same manner, and little occurred to vary the monotony of fatigue or to cheer the tedious hours of endurance. Of the events of this period, my journal presents nothing to transcribe except the loss of the schooner Ferret.

She was sailing along the land, thirty or forty miles from Matanzas, when by a sudden flaw of wind, she was upset. A number of the crew entangled by the ropes and sails, or incapable of swimming, were immediately drowned. The remainder, with the officers, clambered to the upper rail, to which each one clung with the tenacity of endangered life. As soon as the sense of immediate peril was removed, they looked wistfully to seaward, and along the land in each direction, in the hope of rescue.

Far to the west, distinct in the broad light of the descending sun, a felucca was again spreading sail which, wiser than the schooner, she had folded to the passing gust. She was too distant to distinguish either the wreck or the wretches who crawled upon it, and they possessed no means of attracting her attention. She was standing in for the land, and as she receded from their sight, the least sanguine despaired and the boldest became despondent.

But the fear of a protracted death was exchanged for

the horrid apprehension of one more immediate and dreadful. A young lad, once robust and cheerful, but now feeble and dispirited from a wasting sickness, unable longer to retain his hold, rolled over into the sea. The black fins of sharks, before unseen, soon cleaved the surface in various directions, and suddenly disappearing, a crimson suffusion of the water told the next moment that the work of carnage had begun. Their appetites whetted with the taste of blood, as the light faded away, the dusky bodies of these ravenous fish could be distinguished gliding along the surface of the dark and slumbering ocean. Their boldness increasing with the advance of night, they circled nearer and nearer, and as the crew drew themselves up to the shortest span, they could distinctly hear their deep and ominous breathing.

Notwithstanding the cheering exhortations of their gallant commander, one by one, throughout the night, the feeblest or the least courageous fell off. Towards midnight, a breeze sprung up, bringing with it a gentle swell. As riding with the undulation the wreck at times sunk with the receding swell, and became, for an instant, wholly immersed, the survivors could only by clamorous shouts deter the greedy monsters from rushing in upon them.

Thus passed the night. With the light of day, the sharks became more wary in their approach, but were neither less numerous nor less vigilant. With the first streak of light in the eastern board, almost unconscious of the foes near them, the weary men turned to watch, in deep anxiety, the progress of the slow rising sun. They

watched in vain, for although several vessels were in sight, they were so far off, and were steering in such directions, as to preclude all hope of assistance from them.

The commander now determined on a measure which he had reserved for the last extremity. The small skiff yet hung, or rather in the inverted position of the vessel, laid upon the stern davits. This boat, he determined to despatch to the shore, from whence, should she fortunately reach it, to obtain assistance. A lieutenant, a midshipman and two men, volunteered for the undertaking. The chances were, if any, in favor of remaining by the wreck. The keen wind was evidently freshening, and a boat considered almost too frail for the ripple of a river, could not be expected to ride in safety upon the fast increasing swell. But it was necessary that some should go, and as all would without hesitation have obeyed a command, the distinction was justly claimed by those who had volunteered.

The skiff was prepared and manned, and pushing off from the wreck, was cheered on its mission by the faint huzzas and heartfelt "God-speed" of those who remained. In transcribing this part of my journal, my eyes overflow with the bare remembrance of past sensations. And I know that from the inmost depths of his soul, the gallant officer in charge of that boat, prayed that he might perish, rather than return unsuccessful.

The skiff was so light, so frail, and so difficult of trim, that they were every moment in danger of upset-

ting. The swell rapidly increased, and as they sunk into the trough of the sea and shut out the horizon, the succeeding wave overshadowed, and its crest seemed to curl in anger above them. Thinly clad and wet to the skin,—moreover faint from want of food and rest, as they rode upon the tops of the waves, they suffered bitterly from the coldness of the wind. In the hollow of the sea they were sheltered one moment, only to suffer more keenly the next. The oars were of little service, except to steady them in the dreadful pitchings and careenings to which they were every instant subjected. Two managed the oars, one steered, and one incessantly bailed. There could be no transfer of labor, for it was death to attempt a change of position.

Although the current set along the land, the wind and the heave of the sea drove them indirectly towards it. After six hours incessant fatigue, cold, cramped and wearied to exhaustion, they reached the near vicinity of the shore, and running along it for a short distance (in increased danger, for the boat was now broadside to the sea), they made the mouth of a small harbor, into which, their frames thrilling with gratitude, they pulled with all their might.

As the peace and the joys of heaven are to the wrangling and sorrows of this world, was the placid stillness of that sheltered nook to the fierce wind and troubled sea without. The transition was as sudden as it was delightful, and with uncovered head and upturned gaze, each paid his tribute of thankfulness. They next thought of their companions.

There was a small schooner at anchor, which looked as if she might be indiscriminately used for traffic or for piracy. There were several fishing boats hauled up on the beach, and a number of fishermen were employed drying and mending their nets. A short distance from the shore, about a dozen huts were scattered along the banks of a stream which emptied into the little bay. It was a place heretofore unknown, and they had every reason to apprehend it to be one of those haunts from whence the pirates issued so suddenly to commit their depredations. Conscious that in such an event, immediate death awaited them, if their true characters were known, they prepared their story and boldly landed on the beach. They were immediately surrounded by as swarthy and cut-throat a looking set as they had ever seen, who unceremoniously hurried them into a pulperia and began to question them.

The first glance around the room into which they were ushered confirmed their worst suspicions. Besides kegs and bottles of various liquor and drinking glasses and segars, there were fabrics of European manufacture and wearing apparel of every grade of society, from that of the ship boy to the fashionable lady,—hung on pegs or lying in tumbled heaps upon the shelves. There were bonnets and shawls and hats; parasols and fans, boots, swords, pistols, handkerchiefs and watches. The plunder of many a vessel, the murder of many a fellow creature, had contributed to the variety of that assortment.

The officer in command had directed the others to watch him, and if he gave a certain signal, they

were to return the answers previously concerted. If he did not, they were free to assume their proper characters. Immediately on entering the room, the expected signal was given.

At the shrewd suggestion of one of the gang, they were taken apart and questioned separately. Their accounts agreed exactly, in all except one essential particular. In the assumed name and nation of the vessel to which they professed to belong; in her destination, her rig, the number of her crew and the name of her commander, they all agreed: but they had forgotten to concert the number and description of her guns. One mounted her with carronades, another with long guns, and they were differently represented as few of large, or as many of smaller calibre. This discrepancy betrayed them.

The fury which gleamed from the eyes of these men when the true character of our countrymen was discovered, warned the latter to prepare for the worst. While the pirates earnestly talked apart, our little band silently re-assembled, and standing with their backs to the wall, determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

The fear of detection had induced the latter to cut the buttons from their coats and remove every vestige of the uniform. But, when the pirates again approached them, their fell purpose but too visible in their countenances, the brave Lieutenant boldly declared that they were part of the crew of an American vessel of war, and that if they dared molest his party they would be signally punished. He proceeded

to tell them that the bearing and direction of their harbor was now known, and that we had an overwhelming force in Matanzas ready to pounce upon them on the slightest provocation.

Had his tone been truculent and submissive; had he attempted to sue or to treat for ransom, they would have been murdered on the spot. But his boldness startled, and his threats alarmed them. There was so much probability in what he said; we had so frequently taken such signal vengeance upon their lawless bands, that while they thirsted for blood, a moment's reflection convinced them that they dared not shed it. But they determined on what was almost as bad. On the pretext that the officer and his crew were Colombian privateers-men, they imprisoned them in one of the huts, around which an efficient guard was stationed. It was dreadful to think that although their lives were perhaps eventually secure, their friends were perishing while they could not make one further effort for their preservation. In vain, from the windows, they offered the highest reward for a messenger to Matanzas. Seemingly or really they disbelieved their assertions and ridiculed their promises. In despair, they gave up the attempt, and sick at heart, hungry, thirsty, and exhausted, sunk upon the mud-floor of the cabin.

They had not laid long, however, when they were aroused by the trampling of horses without. They eagerly looked out and beheld a Spaniard mounted on one horse and leading another, on which sat a young and rather handsome female. He was a merchant

from the interior come to purchase from the spoilers. They were passing by the hut, before which a number of people were collected, and had stopped to inquire the reason. To him the commander addressed himself, and by every appeal to his interest and his feelings, endeavored to prevail upon him to bear a note to Matanzas. But he too, as obdurate as those around, jeered and derided him. Their commander then turned to the woman, and in the most thrilling tones, and with gushing eloquence, portrayed the condition of his shipmates on the wreck, and besought her as she loved her husband, her brother or her child, to pity and to save them. She was a woman, and thanks be to God! she was a mother, too! Her humid eye, her throbbing breast proclaimed his success. She wept, she entreated and she prevailed. Divine influence of woman! never more needed, when, in the cause of humanity, was it ever denied?

Once interested, the woman, true to the impulse of her sex, pursued no half-way measures. Yielding to the entreaties of his wife, what he had before scornfully denied, the merchant not only agreed to dispatch a messenger, but also procured the liberation of the party, and by his direction a grateful repast of coffee, bread and fish, was spread before them.

But the meal was interrupted and their appetites failed, when it was reported that no one could be procured either to proceed alone, or to act as guide to the town. But what difficulty can surpass the ingenuity, or in the cause of love or charity, what sacrifice can be too great for the pure and gentle of the other

sex? The wife suggested, what never would have occurred to her stupid husband, and which, when first mentioned, threw him into a perfect rage. Notwithstanding his violence, she waited patiently, until his oaths, and with them his passion was fairly spent, and then, with gentle voice and winning manner and all those fond endearments, which are alike the charms and the weapons of the sex, one by one, she overcame his scruples, and he consented to accompany our commander forthwith to the town. To do the brute justice, the last and greatest difficulty was the thought of leaving his wife unprotected behind him. But, ardent in a good cause, she yielded to none of her sex's weakness. She said that she had ever heard that the Americans were brave, and placed herself under their protection. They swore to die rather than a hair of her head should be injured. With all the qualities of moral excellence, the simple and unpretending virtues of that woman would adorn a throne on earth, as they will surely win for her a crown in heaven.

The commander set out without a moment's delay, and left his companions behind as protectors of the wife, and as hostages for the safety and remuneration of the husband. He travelled all night along intricate by-roads and narrow mule-tracks overgrown with brushwood. Scarce able to keep his saddle, he urged his guide to the utmost speed. He reached Matanzas just before the dawn of day, and leaving his guide at the Consul's for the reward, he proceeded to the water, and procured a boat. Reaching the steam-brig, and clambering her side, he was just able to

say " the Ferret has capsized to leeward, and they are perishing on the wreck," when he fell fainting in the gangway. The brig was immediately got under way, and he recovered in time to steer her in the right direction.

They rescued all who remained, but the number had been sadly thinned since the skiff was dispatched the day before.

Sailors are strange mortals, and sometimes seem to love their jests better than their friends. The First Lieutenant of the schooner, a perfect skeleton in figure, was taken delirious from the wreck. As soon as he recovered his consciousness, but while yet too weak to turn in his berth, a waggish brother officer said to him, " M., I'm told that the sharks frequently smelt at your legs, but could find nothing to bite."

Towards the last, the sharks had become so ravenous, that from time to time they seized the most exposed upon the wreck, who screamed in their agony as they were dragged beneath the surface.

The noble commander of the Ferret was lamed for life ; the First Lieutenant, the spirit of bravery and the soul of truth, lingered in consequence for many years, on the verge of the grave. *

* It is proper to say that the officer dispatched on this perilous service, and to whose decision, intrepidity, and moving appeal, the survivors of the wreck were indebted for their lives, was Lieutenant, now Commander James Glynn, of the Navy.

CHAPTER XIII.

Returning to the United States after two years' service in the West Indies, the vessel was laid up for repairs, the men were discharged, and the officers detached.

From my journal during this period, I transcribe a description of a Condor-Hunt on the plains of Chili, by a near and dear friend, who has passed to his reward.

THE CONDOR-HUNT.

In each division of the American Continent, nature seems to have carried on her operations with boundless magnificence, and upon a gigantic scale. Chateaubriand, reclining by his watchfire on the banks of the Niagara, where the thunders of its cataract were only interrupted by the startling yell of the Iroquois, could yet *feel*, in the midst of tumult, the amazing silence and solitude of the North American forest. And the hardy mariner, whose bark has escaped the perils of the Southern sea, and is wafted along the western coast of Chili, looks with no less admiration upon the fertile plains gradually receding into the

swell of the Andes, which literally lifts its smoking craters and towering eminences above the clouds, and upon its snow-capped and sunny summits, scarcely feels the undulations of the storms which gather and burst around its waist.

With the stars and stripes of the Union floating from the mast-head of our frigate, we were sailing along that part of the coast of Chili, where the waving line of the Andes rounds within a short distance of the Pacific, and were unusually solicitous, after the perils and privations of a tempestuous sea-voyage, to tread upon a soil on which nature, from her horn of abundance, has poured forth the choicest of her gifts.

Older sailors than ourselves had spoken of the generous hospitality of the Spanish colonists, and there were historical associations connected with this favored land, well calculated to render a visit agreeable. Who that has been nurtured in the lap of freedom, would not long to look upon the only race of native people on the western continent who had never been subdued, and who, to this day, tread the soil of their forefathers unvanquished and invincible?

The Araucanians, who inhabit the southern portion of this delightful country, like the Saxons of the European continent, are the only native race who have successfully repelled every invader, and who, happier than the Saxon, still rejoice in their unbridled freedom.

Neither Diego Almagro, with his brutal treachery, nor Valverde with his unsparing cruelty, could ever subdue or intimidate a race of freemen whose liberties still survive the frequent convulsions by which they

have been agitated. The flame of freedom among this gallant people, like the volcanoes of their native mountains, seems destined to burn on for ever unextinguished. But I proposed to speak of the Condor-Hunt on the plains of Chili.

Every one has heard of the Condor or Great Vulture of the Andes, rivalling in natural history, the fabled feats of the Roc of Sinbad. Even the genius of Humboldt has failed to strip this giant bird of its time-honored renown, and his effort to reduce the Chilian Condor to the level of the Lammergyer of the Alps, is a signal failure.

Although he has divested this mountain bird of all its fictitious attributes, and stripped a goodly portion of romantic narrative of its wildest imagery, yet the Condor still floats in the solitude of the higher heavens, the monarch of the feathered race. The favorite abiding place of this formidable bird is along a chain of mountains in our southern continent, whose summits, lifted far above the clouds, are robed in snow, which a torrid sun may kiss but never melt. Above all animal life, and beyond the limit of even mountain vegetation, these birds delight to dwell, inhaling an air too highly attenuated to be endured by other than creatures peculiarly adapted to it. From the crown of these immense elevations, they slowly and lazily unfold their sweeping pinions, and wheeling in wide and ascending circles, they soar upward into the dark blue vault of heaven, until their great bulk diminishes to the merest speck, or is entirely lost to the aching sight of the observer.

"All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin, atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.
There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering—but not lost.
Thou art gone—the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form."

In those pure fields of ether, unvisited even by the thunder cloud, regions which may be regarded as his own exclusive domain, the Condor delights to sail, and with piercing glance survey the surface of the earth, toward which he never stoops but at the call of hunger. Surely this power to waft and to sustain himself in the loftiest regions of the air—the ability to endure uninjured, the exceeding cold attendant upon such remoteness from the earth, and to breathe with ease in an atmosphere of such extreme rarity—together with the keenness of sight that, from such vast heights can minutely scan the objects beneath, as well as the formidable powers of this bird, when the herds are scattered before him; were sufficiently admirable to entitle the Condor to our attention, and to give us promise of goodly sport in the approaching Condor or Lasso-Hunt.

A large landed proprietor, a descendant of one of the early Spanish patentees, to whom we had been indebted for abundant supplies of fruit and provisions, as well as for numberless civilities, convoyed to us at length the welcome tidings that the Condor, numerous

as the sands of the shore, had stooped from his sublime domain, to the base of the mountain, and that the hunt would commence in the morning.

The sun had scarcely risen in the heavens, when our party of from twenty-five to thirty, sprang from the boats to the beach. The plain before us ran in a gently ascending slope to the base of the hill about one mile distant. The hunt was up—and the field in the distance was dotted with scampering herds of cattle and groups of horsemen, mingled in one dusty melée, the sight of which lent wings to our speed, as vaulting into the deep Spanish saddles, prepared by our worthy host, we sprang onward to the field of blood. Impelled by the cravings of resistless appetite, the Condor, regardless of danger, pressed forward to assail the herds of the plain; while the watchmen, having sounded the alarm, the numerous population turned out, as well to protect their cattle, as to hunt the mountain-bird—the Chilian's manly pastime.

From the midst of a canopy of dust, spread wide over the plain, there came forth sounds of noisy conflict, resembling the heady current of a "foughten field;" and mountain and hill-side were shaken by the shouts of the hunters, the tramp of scampering horsemen, and the bellowing of enraged and affrighted cattle. The Condor, alone, rapid as the cassowary of the desert, pursued in silence his destined prey. As we rapidly approached, we perceived one of the herd bursting from the western extremity of the cloud of dust, lashing his bleeding side with his tail, and his blood-shotten eyes starting wildly from their sockets,

while foaming at the mouth, he bellowed loudly with pain. With a wonderful unity of purpose, he alone was closely pursued by the whole flock of birds, who, disregarding the other animals, seemed to follow, as with a single will, this stricken one, who was at the same time cautiously avoided by his terrified companions. Like all gregarious birds, the Condor appeared to have a leader, who, rushing at their head, into the midst of the herd, pounced with his greedy beak upon this devoted animal, the fattest and the sleekest of the multitude, and tore a piece of flesh from his side. Attracted by the sight or the scent of blood, the whole flock, like a brood of harpies, joined in the mad pursuit. Swift of foot as the fleetest racer, they kept close to his side, ever and anon, striking with unerring sagacity at his eyes.

Tell me not of the gladiators of martial Rome, or of the Tauridors of modern Seville—they were pastimes for children, compared with the thrilling excitement of the Condor-Hunt. Away they fled, and away we hurried in the chase. A thousand horsemen were wheeling rapidly in pursuit—a thousand cattle, terrified and frantic, swept over the plain—and a thousand Condors mingled in the crowd—until, by the rapid movement, herd and Condor were again hidden from the view in clouds of dust. A loud shout soon after attracted us to the scene of conflict. Bursting forth once again from the cloud of dust into which he had vainly rushed, the devoted animal plunged madly forward, yet more closely followed by the whole field of vultures. Black with dust, and streaming with

blood from a hundred wounds inflicted by the remorseless beaks of his pursuers, he still fled onward, but with diminished speed. As if looking to man for assistance in his extremity, he rushed through the midst of our cavalcade, and the Condor, regardless of our presence, hung upon his side, or followed in his footprints.

From the altered movement of the animal after he had passed us, with his head on high, plunging and blundering over the uneven ground, it was evident that his course was no longer directed by sight. His eyes were gone—they had been torn from their bleeding sockets!

Wearied and panting, his tongue hangs from his mouth, and every thirsty beak is upon it. Still onward he flies, hopeful of escape—and onward presses the Condor, secure of his prey. The animal now appeared to be dashing for the water, but his declining speed and unequal step rendered it doubtful whether he could reach it. He seemed suddenly to despair of doing so, for wheeling round with one last and desperate effort, he gathered himself up in the fulness of his remaining strength, and rushed into the midst of the herd, as if he sought by mingling in the living mass, to divert the attention of his pursuers. But the mark and the scent of blood was upon him, and on the track of blood the Condor is untiring and relentless. Beast and bird once again were lost to view, beneath the curtain of dust which overspread the trembling plain. But, in a few moments, pursued by every bird, he broke from the midst of the herd, and made a few

desperate plunges towards the water, and reeling onwards, fell at length bleeding and exhausted, on the very margin of the sea!

Sternitur exanimisque tremens procumbit humis bos.

In an instant he was buried up among his pursuers, his flesh torn off, yet quivering, by hungry beaks, and his smoking entrails trailed upon the ground. In the distance, on the verge of the horizon, the last of the herd might still be discerned, flying upon the wings of the wind from the fate of their companion.

Our host gave the signal, and we hurried to the spot to rescue the carcass, with a view to visit upon the Condor vengeance for the mischief he had done, and the blood he had spilled. At our near approach, they took reluctantly and lazily to wing, and wheeling in oblique circles, they were soon seen floating over the crest of the mountain, dark specks in the firmament. The hunters, prepared with stakes about seven feet in length, commenced driving them in the ground, a few inches apart, and in a circular form around the carcass, leaving a small space open. As soon as we retired from the spot, the birds descended upon the plain, and entering the enclosure, renewed their feast, and again took wing. In the course of a few hours, the huntsmen returned, and throwing into the pen an additional supply of food, drove down other stakes in the open space, leaving just sufficient room for the admission of the Condor.

The birds, more numerous than ever, returned to their filthy banquet.

Meanwhile, having refreshed our horses, and partaken of the hospitality of our worthy host, we once more took the field for vengeance on the gorged and lazy foe. As the wings of these birds have a sweep of seventeen feet, they are not readily unfurled, so that when the Condor has alighted on the plain, he is only enabled to rise by running over a space of fifteen or twenty rods, and gradually gathering wind to lift himself on high. While in the midst of their ravenous feast, a few of the hunters warily approached and closed the opening; and thus, unable to soar aloft from a spot so confined and crowded, the Condors were captive. But a Chilian scorns thus to slay a foe. Armed with a lasso, each of the natives sits upon his horse, eagerly awaiting the turning loose of half a dozen birds from the enclosure.

They are out—and away scamper the Condor, fleet as the winds of heaven—and away, in rapid pursuit, wheels the mounted Chilian, swinging around his head the noose of the unerring lasso, which, falling upon the neck of the bird, makes him captive. The line is played out, and away sweeps the powerful bird, and away the practised horseman after him. Springing upward, the Condor now unfolds his wings and flutters in such width of circle as the rope will permit—and now shoots perpendicularly upward—and now falls headlong, and is trailed exhausted on the ground.

The lengthened shadows of evening had fallen along the plain before the sport was up, and the last Condor was captured. We returned to our ship, well pleased

with the entertainment, and swinging into our hammocks sunk into deep slumber, for which the exercise of the day had prepared us—but our sleep was not too sound for refreshing visitations from friends far away,

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea."

* * *

Long before the expiration of my leave of absence, I was an applicant for service, and my application was successful.

I was detailed for the Hornet, the symmetrical Hornet, endeared by the achievement of two glorious victories.

We fitted out at Norfolk; and before we were ready for sea, one of our eldest midshipmen was taken seriously ill. At length, his life was despaired of, but he lingered long a perfect maniac. He had no friends—his rude manners and his dissipated habits having long estranged his messmates. His paroxysms were so frequent and violent, that he required unceasing and vigilant watchiug. He had no nurse—those in the town usually employed as such, absolutely refusing to take charge of him. He was, therefore, solely dependent on the humanity of others.

Hearing one afternoon how much he was neglected, and that while alone, he had seriously injured himself, I volunteered to sit up with him that night. I knew not the hazard I encountered, and those who were better informed, were too interested to enlighten me.

At intervals, varying from half an hour to an hour

and a half, his paroxysms occurred during the night; sometimes assuming a frightful, at others, a ludicrous aspect. At one time he jumped from his bed, and while his Herculean frame seemed to recover its full strength, he glared upon me ferociously, declaring that I had a design upon his life, and swore, with a dreadful imprecation, that he would tear me limb from limb, and with my blood slake the thirst which was consuming him. Like a tiger beset in his lair, he crouched as he spoke, and, foaming at the mouth, was about to spring upon me. In his infuriate condition, I should have been as an infant in his hands. There was no avenue of escape, for the windows were secured, and I had myself locked the door, and placed the key on the mantel which was behind him. I felt, however, that if I flinched, I should be irretrievably lost. Advancing towards him, therefore, I looked him sternly in the face, and while my heart fairly throbbed, assumed a bold and threatening tone, and bade him return instantly to his bed, or I would beat him severely. At first, he returned my glance with one so fierce and vindictive, that I involuntarily shrunk, but with an effort, I succeeded in keeping my gaze riveted upon him. His glances afterwards became more furtive and less ferocious, until, by degrees, he succumbed, and cowering at my feet, entreated in the most abject manner, that I would not strike him.

Such scenes occurred repeatedly during the night; each as perilous as the first; and nothing but pure shame prevented me from calling for help, or from leaving him as soon as the first paroxysm was over.

The light of day was never more grateful to the benighted wanderer, than it was to me closeted with a madman, in the midst of a populous neighborhood. The rising sun put an end to my watching, and before it set, he was relieved from his sufferings. He died in convulsions.

As soon as I returned to the ship, I threw myself on a locker, and slept profoundly. I awoke some time after the dinner hour was past, and hastened to write a letter, which, being on a matter of some importance to me, I was anxious to forward by that evening's mail. I had scarce commenced, when one of my messmates sportively threw some water upon the paper. Begging him to stop, I began another, which was treated in the same manner, and a third and a fourth, notwithstanding my earnest entreaties, shared the same fate. Provoked at length, I told my persecutor, that the new vest he had on, could not be as valuable in his eyes as the necessity of writing was imperative on me, and that if he repeated the provocation, I would soil his garment with the ink which was before me. He did repeat it, and true to my word, I threw the contents of my inkstand upon him. He now became enraged, and applied to me an opprobrious epithet. Before I could close upon him, our messmates interfered, and we were studiously kept apart.

A duel is a dreadful thing! Not in the risk of life, which, suspended by a single thread of destiny, is, in ten thousand ways, liable to be hourly severed. Not in the infraction of the laws of man—for man may interdict what morals do not condemn. But in the

rash presumption, the daring impiety, with which a frail and erring creature crowns his sinful career by an act of defiance, and polluted with the desire of shedding—perhaps reeking with the blood of a fellow-creature, rushes uncalled, into the presence of its dread Creator.

We are the creatures of circumstance—gross or refined, vicious or comparatively pure, according to the sphere in which we move, and the characters with whom we associate. The vestal, whose greatest sin has been a gesture of impatience or a sigh of discontent, exposed to the same temptations, might have been as loathsome in her degradation as the inmate of the brothel. The convicted felon, who, with bitter imprecations on his lip, is swung from the ignominious scaffold, may have been a youth of promise, whose nightly prayer and morning aspiration breathed gratitude to his God, and whose every act was once directed to the welfare of his fellow men.

We are the creatures of circumstance because we are weak : we foolishly embrace error, rather than be ridiculed for singularity.

I had sufficient virtue to abhor, but not firmness enough to resist the mandates of the code of honor. Had I not been prevented when the insult was given, I would not have left the presence of my adversary, until I had either thrashed him or been severely thrashed myself. As it was, I considered that I had no alternative; I therefore challenged Mr. H., and we were to meet the next morning.

Contained within the scanty limits of a steerage

locker, my personal effects were necessarily few. Real estate I had none to bequeath, and my personal property would not pay the expenses of interment.

A friend, who stood by me in this emergency, as he had done in many others, undertook to liquidate the debts I owed, for which, fortunately, I had sufficient due to me from the Purser. In the event of my fall, for any deficiency in the funeral expenses, I trusted to the generosity of my country, even while I was about to violate one of its most positive enactments.

I did not sleep well that night; and yet, I cannot remember, nor does my journal present one expression from which to infer that death, *as death*, had any terrors. It was not the parting, but the manner of it, from which my mind, deeply imbued with the precepts of a pious mother, involuntarily shrunk. I felt, and it is recorded on the pages before me, that I would have cheerfully exchanged the chances of escape, for certain death in the cause of patriotism or humanity.

It were useless to transcribe the conflicting sensations which are recorded on the pages of my journal. With an abiding conviction of the probable consequences, my mind, never for an instant, faltered from its purpose. The feeling was nearer akin to remorse for errors past, than a hesitation between good and evil. In other words, "I knew the right, and would the wrong pursue."

Towards morning, I sunk into a heavy sleep, from which I awoke late and unrefreshed. My friend hurried me through breakfast, that I might practise a

little with the pistol, to which I was unaccustomed, while my adversary was considered an excellent shot. He had procured for me the weapon with which Decatur, mortally wounded himself, had so nearly killed his antagonist.

It looked so much like deliberately seeking another's life, that I refused to practise, until satisfied that the odds were so much against me, no efforts of mine could materially diminish them. I went into the adjoining woods, and tried three shots, either of which would have proved fatal had I been confronted by an opponent.

Returning to the town, we met the funeral on its way, and joined the procession. At the burial service, by some accident, or as it appeared to me at the time, by some fatality, I found myself standing at the foot of the grave, one hand holding my cloak to conceal the pistol which was held in the other. To my distempered imagination, the tenant of the grave appeared to burst his cerements. The madman, now infuriate in his wrath, now distorted with grimaces, seemed, while he scowled and chattered, to regard me as a greater madman than himself. It appeared, indeed, as if Providence in merciful warning permitted me to stand upon the brink of the sheer precipice, and to look far down the yawning gulf into which I was about to precipitate another, or myself.

Pride, and an undue regard to the opinions of others, proved too powerful to be overcome; but I made this compromise with conscience, I resolved that stand or fall, I would not aim at the life of my

adversary. Frail changelings that we are! What frivolous pretexts, how slight provocations are sufficient to turn us from our purpose—particularly, when that purpose, good in itself, is assailed by the passions!

The morning had been cool, but in the afternoon it became warm; and near the appointed time, I walked out of town towards the place of rendezvous, with the weapon and ammunition as studiously concealed beneath the oppressive folds of my cloak, as if they had been feloniously obtained. My friend was unavoidably detained, and I started alone, fearful of being too late. He overtook me just before I reached the ground. The other party was there before us. The word and distance were soon arranged, and the ground measured. My pistol was objected to by the opposite party, and one of a pair was substituted, cumbrous as a horseman's, and so large in the bore, that it was necessary to wrap an ounce ball in buckskin to fit it. It seemed as if we were about to fight with small artillery. With the purpose I had formed, it was immaterial to me what weapon was placed in my hand, but I was rather nettled that with the advantage of superior skill on his side, my antagonist should evince so little magnanimity. Still, when I took my stand, my purpose was unaltered, to receive his fire, and in a manner not to be suspected, throw away my own.

While with relaxed grasp, I held my weapon by my side, my mind was wandering far from the scene, and I was listening as in early boyhood, to the beautiful

but neglected precepts of my mother, when the words "Fire! One!" startled me.

Looking instantly up, I caught the eye of my antagonist. The expression was not to be mistaken. With eager avidity to take my life, was mingled great anxiety for the preservation of his own. I could not resist the feeling which impelled me, and as his bullet whizzed by my ear, and before the last word "three" was uttered, I had fired with an aim as malignant as his own.

As the reports reverberated around us, I looked eagerly forward, expecting to see my adversary fall. Half encircled by a spiral wreath of smoke, to my mortification (yes, to my present shame I transcribe it), to my mortification he stood unscathed before me. Had I retained the pistol which I carried to the field, his death would have been inevitable. The aim was unerring, for it was vindictive, and the hand is ever faithful to the eye. The fault was in the weapon. As it was, both shots were ineffectual, and before we were prepared for a second, my antagonist tendered such an apology, that the matter was adjusted.

I have transcribed this, not for the incident itself, which is a trifling one, but to give some idea of the thoughts and tone of feeling elicited by the occasion. I do not know how others may feel on such occasions, but I deem it due to candor to say, that even while appearing courageous, I would not have been there if I could have helped it—if I had not dreaded more the sneer of ridicule than the reproaches of my own conscience, and regarded more the estimation of men than

the approbation of my Maker. It led, however, to one good result, of which more hereafter.

Susceptible to kindness, I was grateful for the slightest offices of friendship. The professions and attentions of the landlord whose inn I frequented, had made a deep impression on me, and my heart in its loneliness, treasured the remembrance of his kind expressions. That impression was effaced and the remembrance embittered, when, on my return, I found that my bill had been made out in anticipation of my fall. That simple circumstance pained me more than I can express, and while it taught me the hollowness of one species of profession, rendered me for awhile, suspicious of all.

Ten days after, we dropped down to Hampton Roads, and awaited our orders for sea. The night before their expected arrival, I was left in charge of the deck. In the same watch with me was an interesting youth, who had recently been appointed a midshipman. In making some report to me, I observed that his cap was drawn so closely over his face, as nearly to conceal it. Suspecting that something was the matter, for he was anything but disrespectful, I watched him closely. He had retired to the taffrail, and leaning his head upon his hand, remained for a long time immovable. I approached and inquired if he were ill. As he raised his head to reply, I perceived that his eyes were filled with tears.

After a short time, I learned the cause of his distress. His home was distant but one day's journey, where his father was lying dangerously ill, and the Captain

had refused permission to visit him. Encouraged by my sympathy, and the pledge I gave not to betray him, he further told me he had engaged a shore-boat, in which, at a late hour of the night, he was determined to make his escape and abandon the service rather than not see his father. Persuaded that the Captain could not have understood the circumstances, I entreated him to abandon his purpose, and offered my services to procure the leave he desired. He promised to wait until three in the morning.

As it was yet early, I left the deck in charge of the next senior midshipman of the watch, and proceeded to the state room of one of the Lieutenants, in whose good nature and good sense, I had equal and perfect reliance. I related the circumstance to him, and as I expected, he became interested, and repaired immediately to the cabin. He returned successful, and young Nelson took leave of me that night with a grateful pressure of the hand, and a fervent "God bless you!"

After his return, with a moistened eye, he gave me an account of his journey.

A second marriage, that frequent bane of domestic peace, and its fruit, a second family of children, and its usual consequences, partiality on the one side, and injustice on the other—had driven Nelson from the shelter of his father's roof, and at his early age, with a feeble constitution, and an education incomplete, had thrown him into the navy for a livelihood.

A little before sunset of the same day on which Nelson left us, he was put on shore about a mile from

his father's residence. With a heavy heart, the poor boy trudged slowly along, in order not to reach the plantations much before nightfall. Concealing himself behind the fence, he waited until he saw the ploughmen retire from the field, and heard the last tinkle of the bell as the kine gathered to the nightly fold. Skirting the edge of the field, he then made for the negro quarter, and unobserved, entered the hut of Old Charlotte, the former nurse and favorite servant of his mother.

"Oh, Master Harry!" exclaimed the old woman, "thank gracious for the sight of you," but added in a sadder tone, "Old Massa is mighty sick, but he don't know it!—poor massa, he don't know it!"

"I must see him to-night, Charlotte, for to-morrow morning I am obliged to return."

"It can't be, Massa Harry!"—and she proceeded to tell him how fretted his father had become by a long and wasting illness. She told him, too, that his stepmother debarred from his father's presence all but her immediate dependents and herself.

Although with the other domestics of his mother's time, the old nurse was excluded from the Great House (as the family residence was termed), yet at the earnest solicitation of her young master, she promised to contrive an interview between him and his sister. Tearing a slip containing the words "My only brother," from his sister's last letter, Nelson sent it to her inserted in a time-worn pocket comb, which he knew that she would immediately recognize, should the nurse not have an opportunity of speaking to her. He then

concealed himself in the loft, while the old woman hobbled forth on her errand.

In a short time, he heard the quick pattering of footsteps along the path, and immediately after, the door was pushed open, and he was anxiously called. The next moment, he clasped his panting sister to his breast; and locked in each other's arms, these forlorn children wept as each clung to the other frantic with joy.

Seated side by side, on a low bench, Nelson listened with suppressed emotion while his sister told of the petty vexations and ignominious trials to which she was subjected. At times, when she related some overbearing act of that stepmother's unfeeling son, forgetful of the delicate hand he held within his own, he grasped it until she nearly screamed, while he vowed vengeance on her persecutor.

His sister told him, too, how much their father had been neglected in his illness; how he was left entirely to the care of servants, who were the creatures of their stepmother, and how she nightly stole to his chamber and watched him while he slept, or tended him in his delirium, until frightened away by approaching footsteps. She promised her brother to admit him into the house when all were asleep, and if possible to conduct him to the sick chamber. After a short interview they parted, the girl apprehensive of her absence being noticed.

A little after midnight, Nelson approached the rear of the house under cover of the outbuildings, and gaining the porch, stood before the door, where his

mother during life, was wont to sit, while his sister and himself gambolled before her.

While he stood here, anxious for the present, and far from unmindful of the past, he was alarmed by the deep bay of the old house dog. The porch was supported on piles, and beneath it the dog had been sleeping. As he came forth growling, Nelson's heart sunk within him, for detection appeared inevitable. But one hope remained. He turned to the dog, and in a low tone called him by name. Hector was no ingrate, and at the sound of that familiar voice, he leaped upon his young master, and nearly overwhelmed him with caresses. Here was another cause for apprehension. The dog in his joy, whined so loudly, that there was great danger of the family being aroused. The apprehension was realized, and through the sash over the door, Nelson saw that a light was approaching. He had barely time to conceal himself beneath the porch, when the door was unbarred, and the step-brother, of whose persecutions his sister had complained, came forth with a heavy stick in his hand. He gave the dog a blow, and bade him begone. Hector ran and laid himself beside his master. The young man followed, and reaching under, beat him severely. The dog snarling, while he crouched more closely, refused to stir. Nelson, concealed by the shadow in which he laid, could not move for the dog. At last, the poor animal provoked beyond endurance, sprung out to seize his tormentor, but a heavy blow, which seemed to crush his skull, felled him to the earth. Spurning the body with his foot,

the young man re-entered the house, uttering a bitter execration. Nelson, who had only been able to restrain himself by the recollection of how much was at stake, now approached the dog. The poor animal was in his last agony—but yet,

> "He knew his lord; he knew and strove to meet;
> In vain he strove to crawl and kiss his feet;
> Yet (all he could), his tail, his ears, his eyes,
> Salute his master—He quivers and he dies."

Nelson waited a long time, and began to be seriously apprehensive that his sister was prevented from keeping her appointment. At last, she gently unbarred the door, and reaching her hand, drew him in, and softly closed it after him.

Hand in hand, the rightful heirs of that house, trembling with the fear of detection, groped their way through the dark hall and up the creaking stairway. Whispering him to wait at the head of the stairs, the girl left her brother for a few minutes. Taking him again by the hand on her return, she led him to a door on the left, beneath which could be seen the glimmer of a light. With cautious dexterity, she then opened the door of the sick chamber.

The light on the table, rising and sinking in fitful flashes, was nearly extinguished. The untended brands had fallen upon the hearth, and their father, in an uneasy attitude on the bed, scarce perceptibly breathed; while seated in an arm-chair, with his head leaning against one of the footposts of the bedstead, a negro-boy snored loud and sonorously.

After gazing sadly upon the wan and wasted fea-

tures before him, Nelson placed his hand upon his father's brow. The gentle touch, more effectual than the loud noise made by the negro, roused the sick man from his feverish slumber. At first, he looked wildly upon them, but as he recovered his consciousness, there was to their delight more of sadness than indignation visible in his countenance.

"Arthur! Ellen! how is this? Why have you not been to see me before?"

"Indeed, dear father, Arthur never heard that you were sick until yesterday, and I was told that you were angry with me, and I dared not come except when you were asleep."

"Is it indeed, so? And you, Arthur, did you not receive a letter I dictated?"

"I did not, father! God knows that I did not!"

"When I sent for you, Ellen, why did you not come?"

"I didn't know that you sent for me, father, or I would have come and never left you."

"It is strange," muttered the sick man, "there must have been foul play."

As he spoke, he fell back exhausted, but continued to gaze intently upon them. Presently a lethargy seemed to creep over him, and his eyes were fast closing, when a noise in the entry instantly aroused him. Again starting up, he pointed to a portfeuille on the table, and said,

"Quick! quick! Give it to me, quick! Open it," he said, as soon as it was brought to him. Nelson tried, and failed, for it was securely locked. The

sick man's countenance assumed a ghastly hue as he perceived it. Too agitated to speak, he still made signs to open it, and Nelson, with some difficulty, forced the lock. His father then eagerly looked over the papers, and selecting one, was motioning Nelson to throw it into the fire, when the door was thrown open, and a woman in dishabille, followed by a young man, rushed into the apartment. It was the step-mother and her son.

"It is the will, Cornelius! It is the will!" exclaimed the former, as soon as she saw the paper in the hands of her husband. "Take it from him!. Take it quick, or we are beggars!"

The son sprung forward, but was arrested by Nelson, who, drawing a pistol, said,

"Advance one step nearer, and I fire!"

Cornelius stood aghast. There was consternation in the apartment, and the girl sobbed heavily as she clung to her brother. But when Nelson looked to his father, and saw the dreadful change that was taking place in his features, he was struck with remorse, and throwing the pistol down, sunk on his knees beside the bed. Cornelius now approached, and began drawing the paper from the hand of his step-father. At this instant, the thought of the destitute condition of his sister, changed the purpose of Nelson, and he sprung up to prevent him.

It was unnecessary. The fingers of the dying man clutched the paper so tenaciously, that the neglected finger-nails cut through it—and it was torn, leaving a portion of the signature in his grasp. While the

young men struggled, one to secure the paper, the other to protect his father from molestation, the latter, with his last act of consciousness, gathered the fragment in his mouth, and strove to chew it. In the act, his eye glazed, his jaw dropped, and his spirit took its departure.

Placing his sister with the family of a friend, and employing a lawyer to look after his interests, Nelson, true to his promise, returned at the appointed time. But our commander, than whom one more truly humane, never trimmed his canvas to the gale, permitted him to await on shore, the acceptance of the resignation he had tendered.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was midsummer when we sailed, and our Captain, who was an oddity, proposed that as we were approaching yet warmer latitudes, the officers should have their heads shaved. The proposition was acceded to, and seated at our mess-table, in the steerage especially, with the coarse and untempting fare before us, and with our shaven heads, we resembled more the inmates of a state prison than officers of an American man-of-war.

On our arrival at St. Jago de Cuba, the Captain and officers were invited to dine with the Governor. Here was a dilemma. To decline would be construed as a rudeness, and to accept, in the condition of our craniums, would subject us to a most ridiculous exhibition. It was determined to encounter the latter, rather than give offence where so much kindness was intended. A large party was formed, that by general participation, individual mortification might be lessened.

We reached the Government House, and passing

through an ante-room, were ushered immediately into the presence of the Governor, his family, and a number of assembled guests. We were not prepared to see ladies, and in fact expected to find the room unoccupied until our arrival was announced.

When our Captain, who was in advance, saw the ladies, he immediately doffed his chapeau, and those who did, and those who did not know the reason, in due subordination followed his example. But the silk skull-caps we wore, seemed to have a greater affinity for the lining of the hats, than for the sleek and polished surfaces beneath them. Without an exception, we stood with our bald and shaven crowns uncovered, looking like so many monks dressed for the nonce in regimentals. The ladies applied their handkerchiefs to suppress a titter; the gentlemen gnawed their lips to restrain a laugh, but, when each of us involuntarily clapped a hand to his head, and looked at the others in ludicrous amazement, Spanish gravity was overcome, and the ladies screamed, and the gentlemen fairly shouted. Piqued at first, we turned to leave the room, but, catching in a mirror the reflection of our grotesque appearance, we broke forth into a peal, louder and longer sustained than that of our entertainers.

This humorous incident tended more to break down the barriers of form, and to establish sociability of feeling, than weeks of intercourse could have effected under ordinary circumstances. We parted late in the evening, mutually delighted.

We sailed for Havana, with Ex-governor Torres and

family as passengers. At first the wind was light and steady from northeast, but it gradually hauled to the southward, and blew heavily. The days were gloomy, the nights exceedingly dark, the navigation intricate, and the weather exceedingly sultry. The sea ran very high, and the wind, in severe flurries, threw up the spray in a blinding spoondrift.

On the evening of the third day, the wind abated, but, it was succeeded by a violent thunderstorm. The lightning, forked and vivid, absolutely made our eyes ache, while our ears were deafened with loud and incessant peals of thunder.

We had afterwards a smooth sea, but the weather was humid and oppressive. We reached Havana in eight days, after a passage tedious to us, and most disagreeable to our passengers.

Among a number of prisoners confined in the Moro Castle here, under sentence of death, there is a young Spaniard, whose history is a sad one. He is a native of the town of Adra the ancient Ahdera (but not the birthplace of Democritus), in the province of Grenada, on the northern shore of the Mediterranean.

His father was extensively engaged in the manufacture of barilla, an alkali, produced by incineration from a plant of the same name.

Under the tuition of the clergyman of the parish, Andreas Gomara acquired some knowledge of the classics, and at the age of nineteen, was sent to Valencia to study law, under Miguel Fonte, an advocate of distinction.

Under the roof of this austere old gentleman,

Gomara spent two happy years. Although the rude manners and abrupt speech of Señor Fonte, would at times mortify the pride and excite the resentment of the student, yet he found a consolation in the society of the old gentleman's niece, Esperanza. According to Gomara's account, she must have been a noble creature. Tall and commanding—with hair of raven blackness, her full, dark eye, by turns moistened with sensibility, or sparkled with enthusiasm. Her complexion was brilliant, and her glorious bust, her arms symmetrically rounded, and a foot and ancle that would have shamed Atalanta, completed her majestic, yet graceful figure.

Gomara was nearly three years her senior—but his education was less complete, his manners were less refined, and he was by nature irritable and impetuous.

The disposition of the lady was as lovely as her person. Susceptible, but not easily swayed, gentle assiduity might win her regard, while rudeness or persecution would arouse her pride or awaken her resentment. She was of a cheerful, and he of a saturnine temperament. As we usually admire in others, the traits in which we are ourselves deficient, it is probable that the attachment of Gomara might have met with a requital, but for rivalry in an unexpected quarter.

Lorenzo Obregon, the son of an officer of the Customs, nearly of the same age, was, in every other respect, the reverse of Gomara. Taller and fairer, but less compactly built, he was versed in every

manly accomplishment, and had won the first honors in his collegiate course. Courteous in his manners, his unassuming deportment covered a spirit, which ever rose in proportion to the difficulties it encountered.

It is well known that the Spaniards are an unsocial race, and that the intercourse between the sexes, which with us is almost unrestricted, is among them confined within narrow limitations. If a young Spanish lady be not, like most of her sex, contracted in early life, she is permitted, with her duenna sitting near, to converse with her lover who stands outside the window. Not until the offer is made, approved, and accepted, are those inhospitable doors unbarred.

Esperanza was of the first class, and her uncle, who was also her guardian, had contracted with the father of Gomara for an alliance of their families, provided the parties should become attached to each other.

Hence, their domiciliation under the same roof, but under circumstances of such precaution, that on the score of opportunity to press his suit, Gomara had as well taken his station beneath the balcony. Nevertheless, in the little attentions he was enabled to pay her at meal times, and as her companion on occasional excursions, Esperanza, with the keen perception of her sex, had understood his feelings long before he was himself aware of their existence.

It is the province of love to beget love, and such in all probability would have been the result in the present instance, but for an unforeseen occurrence.

On the eve of the feast of St. Jago, the patron saint

of Spain, nearly the whole population of Valencia was assembled in a large, circular building, to witness "las corridos de toros," the bull fights, which were to be exhibited on a magnificent scale. From the low barrier which encircled the arena, and separated it from the seats of the spectators, to the top of the building, all that rendered youth attractive, or was high in rank, or venerable in age, were gathered in eager expectation.

Within the arena, were three Piccadores, gaudily dressed and mounted on horses well trained and richly caparisoned. They were armed with lances, and took their stations, two in advance, on each side one, and the other in the rear, immediately fronting the gate, by which the bull would enter. Hovering near each Piccadore were several Chulos, some with crimson mantles thrown over their shoulders, and others with banners of the same color in their hands. The barrier was about five feet high, and the lowest tier of benches but a short distance from it.

Directly before the gate, with one knee to the ground, and the butt end of a long spear resting against it, was a stalwart and swarthy man—a prisoner under sentence of death. Some circumstance divulged to the authorities, subsequent to his trial, and tending slightly to mitigate his offence, had induced the substitution of the present alternative, and in the place of the impartial award of justice, or of merciful interposition where a doubt is presented, the vindication of the injured rights of society was entrusted to the insensate fury of a beast.

The restless fans had ceased to move; the rich mantillas were thrown back upon the heads they rather graced than protected, and every eye was directed to the Governor for the expected signal. It was given; and the buzz of conversation instantaneously hushed, as a bugle rang out a wild and startling note. Its last shrill blast was answered by a deafening roar; the gate at the upper end was thrown open, and a ferocious bull bounded into the arena.

An instant before, the poor man in front was seen to cross himself, then crouching low, he desperately clutched his lance, and endeavored to give it the right direction. The next moment man and beast were rolling together in the dust—the bull bellowing with pain, while the criminal clung to the horn which gored his vitals. The head of the spear, diverging a little to the right, had taken just within the shoulder joint, and passing through, had nearly severed the limb from the body—a few inches more to the left and it would have pierced the heart. But the wound, severe and painful as it was, could not immediately check the headlong impetus of the bull. A long and pointed horn ripped open the abdomen, from which the entrails protruded, and the man expired in agony, while the bull furiously tossed his head and floundered about to sustain himself on his feet. A murmur of disappointment escaped the multitude, *not that the man was killed*, but that the conflict had been so uninteresting and so soon decided.

A Matador now advanced, dressed in embroidered black velvet, and armed only with a sword. Making

obeisance to the Governor, he solicited and received the desired permission. Seeking his opportunity as the bull rushed by, he thrust his long Toledo blade through its heart up to the hilt. The animal staggered, reeled, and fell.

The gate was again thrown open, and the body of the unfortunate man carried off.

Three mules, profusely decorated with ribbons of many colors, were then brought in, and hitched to the carcass of the bull, which was dragged away at a rapid pace, amid shouts and sounds of music.

Again the gate was closed—the sawdust which covered the arena was raked smooth, and the Piccadores and Chulos resumed their positions. Again the bugle sounded ; again, and as suddenly as before, the gate was thrown open, and another bull, fiercer than the first, sprung from his dark recess. Dazzled by the glare of light, and confounded by the noise, he stood for an instant gazing with a bewildered air. The Piccador on the left caught his eye; he gave one roar, pawed the dust, bowed his head, and with his eyes closed, and his tail erect, rushed immediately upon him. The Piccador reined his horse a little back, and with the butt of his lance pressed against his side, awaited the charge. The shaggy front of the assailant received the point of the lance on the upper part, where, glancing along the neck, it inflicted a severe gash. The irresistible force of the charge, however, seemed to be in no wise impeded, and horse and rider were whirled to the ground. The building now rang with the cry of "Bravo! Bravo Toro!" and

handkerchiefs were waved and jewelled hands were clapped in acclamation; while the bull, with his horns buried in the body of the horse, pressed harder and harder down, as if to pin to the earth the poor animal, which absolutely shrieked beneath him. The Piccador, with one leg crushed beneath the horse, strove in vain to free himself, until one of the Chulos sprung forward and waved his mantle. The bull immediately gave chase to him—others came to his assistance, and diverted the wrath of the animal from one to the other, until the wounded Piccador and his horse were borne from the arena.

The bull, whose loss of blood seemed not to have diminished his strength or tamed his spirit, now made a charge against another of the Piccadores. This one was mounted on a horse unusually restive, and when his rider attempted to rein him back, he reared, and plunged, and threw himself upon his haunches. The bull, with his eyes closed, rushed by the spot where the horse had stood, and bringing up with dreadful force against the barrier, it gave way with a crash. It was at that part where sat the lady Esperanza, her uncle, and her admirer. There was instant clamor, and each one, wild with fright, sought safety by springing up the ascending benches. Gomara had instantly seized hold of Esperanza, and was bearing her out, but impeded by the throng above, his efforts would have been unavailing—for the bull, recovered from the shock, was about to rush upon them. While they stood breathless, agonized with fear, Lorenzo forced his way from above, and

snatching from Esperanza's neck a crimson scarf she wore, he threw himself before the animal, and held it forth with one hand, while he presented his sword with the other. As soon as the bull beheld the color which enrages him, he dashed at the cavalier, and the multitude betrayed its fear in a wild cry of horror. Esperanza, refusing to be borne further, seemed transfixed to the spot, as she gazed upon the man who seemed bent upon preserving her life by the sacrifice of his own. A quick eye and a steady hand served Lorenzo faithfully. The weapon was true to its aim, and with the blood gushing out, the bull floundered about a minute or two, and then fell heavily against the lower tier of benches.

At the moment of the encounter, Esperanza had clasped her hands together in a half-despairing, half-imploring attitude: but, when the bull turned aside by the desperate lunge, began to stagger about, she released herself from the grasp of Gomara, and advanced immediately to the prostrate form of Lorenzo. But when, as he was lifted up by some of the bystanders, she perceived that he was unwounded, and so far sensible as to catch the anxious expression of her face, she hurried up, and taking her uncle by the arm, precipitately left the building.

With many encomiums on the gallantry of Lorenzo, her uncle severely chid her for the unmaidenly interest she had evinced. She bore his reproof in silence, but when Gomara, in a complaining tone, asked why she had refused to fly with him, she replied, "You consulted my safety, and I thank you—but *he* (she did

not name him) staked his life against the peril from which you sought to fly."

The words escaped her without reflection, and she did not dream of their effect. They were long treasured in bitter remembrance, and led to a most lamentable result.

Senor Fonte called the next day upon the parents of Lorenzo, and expressed his warmest acknowledgments for the preservation of his niece. Thus commenced an intercourse between the families, and Lorenzo who, unnoticed and unknown, had long worshipped at a distance, was now favored with an opportunity to avow his admiration. The smile with which Esperanza ever greeted him, was soon accompanied with a blush, and she felt that she was beloved—and he that his love was requited.

Gomara, with jaundiced eye, watched their proceedings, and soon discovered by the averted look and altered tone of Esperanza, that another engrossed her affections. In the bitterness of his heart, he swore to be revenged. With nearly the whole of his quarter's allowance sent him by his father, he purchased a costly present, with which he bribed the old duenna. Directed by him, she contrived to place in Esperanza's hands a letter purporting to be from Lorenzo to another lady, wherein the latter was extolled, and herself grossly ridiculed and depreciated.

When the lovers next met, Esperanza, in as indifferent a tone as she could command, inquired of Lorenzo if he knew the Señorita Noreiga.

"Yes," he replied, "she is the sister of a dear friend of mine."

"No doubt the sister is the dearest of the two," said Esperanza, and coolly bidding him good night, retired from the balcony.

Thus they separated. For the first time he thought her capricious; and she, arguing from her fears, believed him unfaithful. They never met again. Night after night, for near a week, Lorenzo wandered to and fro beneath the balcony, and with guitar and song, called in vain upon his mistress to appear. Invisible, but looking on, her obduracy was in proportion to her previous fondness. But so plaintive were his notes, so deeply fond his words, that but for wounded pride, she would have pushed aside the lattice, and listened to his explanation. His last stanza, as for the last time he turned in melancholy mood away, breathed such sad and determined constancy, that throughout life her memory vividly retained it. Indifferently translated it ran thus:—

> Lady farewell! Henceforth my anguished breast,
> Shall cherish grief as its abiding guest.
> Life has no charm—nor earth one cheerful hue
> Nor hope one solace—save the thought of you.

Advised by the duenna that Esperanza's pride could not long withstand the importunities of her lover, and convinced that an explanation would be fatal to his hopes, Gomara determined on yet more energetic measures.

The next evening, as Lorenzo slowly turned into the street, wherein was situated the house of his mistress,

he was jostled by a masked cavalier, who in an imperious tone demanded, "Do you take the wall of me, sir?"

"And who are you that so rudely questions me?"

"This shall answer you,"—and the cavalier drawing his sword, struck Lorenzo a sharp blow with the back of it.

"Ha!" exclaimed Lorenzo as he drew his own, "and this shall avenge me."

Their swords twinkled in the dim starlight, and clashed loudly in the still air of the deserted streets, as with justly aroused anger on one side, and a vindictive jealousy on the other, each, reckless of his own, was bent only on taking the life of his opponent. After several ineffectual passes, Lorenzo made a desperate lunge which was parried with such force, that his too highly tempered blade shivered at the hilt and left him entirely defenceless. Gomara with his heart steeled against every feeling but that of revenge, cowardly took the advantage, and running his adversary through, left him weltering in blood. The noise had attracted the attention of the neighbors, but none dared venture out, until it had ceased. Embedded in gore Lorenzo had breathed his last. In his bosom was found a piece of parchment neatly secured, containing a lock of hair with the word "Esperanza." The mask worn by Gomara had fallen off in the rencounter, and was forgotten in his precipitate flight. It was recognised by the duenna, as one he had prevailed upon her to procure for him. Weak and sordid as she was, she shrunk

with horror from the thought of bloodshed. Penetrated with remorse, she confessed that she had conveyed the letter and procured the mask, but solemnly protested that she knew not for what purpose the latter was intended.

It was universally believed in Valencia that Lorenzo had been assailed and overcome by ruffians in the employment of Gomara; and the latter was obliged to fly from the city. On reaching Adra, his father refused to see him. Rejected from the roof which should last have sheltered, and repulsed by the hand which ought to have been stretched forth to reclaim him, he turned in bitterness away, and homeless and friendless, secreted himself in the mountains. Want drove him from his concealment to mingle with outcasts like himself—and the same stern necessity compelled him to become one of a lawless and degraded fraternity. He joined a well-organized and notorious band of smugglers.

Gomara had pursued this hazardous life about three months, when one evening, a brig laden with contraband articles anchored near the shore. Shortly after nightfall, with eight others, he was sent out to her in a felucca. A little after midnight they had procured a load and started for the shore.

Notwithstanding the cautious movements of the brig, they had been observed from one of the Martello towers which line the coast; and when the felucca touched the beach, a party of soldiers who had been concealed behind a projecting crag, rushed forth and attacked her crew. The smugglers were armed and

made resistance, but were overpowered and secured. The survivors were taken to Valencia and cast into prison. The trial was fixed for an early day; and as two of the soldiers had been killed in the affray, there was no doubt of the prisoners being condemned to death.

Gomara wrote to his father. Like the prodigal son, he declared himself unworthy, and pleaded guilty to the conflict he had provoked with, and the advantage he had taken of his rival, but called upon God to witness that he had not employed an assassin. The father relented, and hastening to Valencia, besought the influence of Señor Fonte in behalf of his unhappy son.

The meeting of those two old men was painful in the extreme. The father grieved for a son, once his pride, now manacled as a felon, and doomed either to a life of degradation or an ignominious death. The uncle mourned the purpose of his life frustrated. His niece, the heiress of his possessions, in whom were centred his hopes and his affections, heart-broken, had resolved to abandon the world, and bury herself and her sorrows within the walls of a cloister. But the unhappy are seldom unfeeling, and among the "sweetest uses of adversity" is the sympathy it awakens for the sufferings of others.

Ostensibly, on a technical plea in reality, through the influence of the advocate, the sentence of death was commuted to banishment to the colonies.

Some evenings after, as the turnkey was locking up the prisoners for the night, he examined carefully the

manacles on Gomara. As he did so, he whispered, "Do you sleep sound?" and without saying more or waiting for a reply, he turned away. But there was that in his eye which enkindled hope. Long after the deep breathing of his companions apprised Gomara that his companions had found a temporary reprieve from their sorrows, he laid nervously awake listening for the slightest sound of an approaching footstep. Overpowered at last by drowsiness, he fell asleep. He was awakened by some one pressing lightly on his chest, and whispering, "Arise, but say not a word."

His irons were silently removed, and with noiseless step he followed his deliverer through the gloom.

Unchallenged by the sentinel, who evidently pretended not to see them, they passed through the outer gate, beside which stood his father. The afflicted parent threw himself upon his son, and fairly sobbed aloud,—then recovering himself, he took his hand and led him rapidly away.

If the interview between the old men had been painful, the one between the father and the son was agonizing. The one, in an evil hour, had yielded to the worst passions of his nature, and goaded by vindictive jealousy, took a cowardly advantage of a disarmed adversary. The other, by hardening his heart against its best and most natural impulse, had driven his child, young, friendless, and with a mark upon his brow, to consort with reckless and unprincipled men.

They soon reached the banks of the Guadalquiver, where a boat laid waiting to convey Gomara to a ves-

sel at the river's mouth. At parting, his father gave him a purse with a letter to a friend in Gibraltar. As they separated Gomara turned and said,—

"Father! the lady Esperanza, how is she?"

"Alas, my son! think not of her. She is lost to you and to us all forever. She takes the veil to-morrow."

Gomara drooped his head, and turning silently away, was rowed down the stream. His father, by a mute gesture bade him farewell, and when the boat was out of sight, threw himself upon the ground and wept long and bitterly. He then hastened home to brood upon his sorrow.

The next day was the feast of the nativity of the Virgin. Before the high altar of the Cathedral stood the bishop in full pontificals, with many assistants round him. The richly chased censer threw upward its aromatic cloud of incense, which dimmed the light of numerous candles placed amid vases of flowers, with images of cherubim and seraphim beside and above them. Near the tabernacle, a figure in female drapery, with its hands clasped together, and a countenance expressive of unutterable grief, represented the Virgin. Her gaze was fixed upon a crucifix above her, upon which was suspended an image of the Saviour; the last towering above all as high as reverence is inferior to devotion.

In full and melodious volume, the peal of the organ burst upon the ear, as the celebrant chanted the beautiful anthem, "Glory to God on high!" first heard by the guardian shepherds of Bethlehem. The immense

congregation rose from their knees, and standing, listtened with feelings attuned to piety, while the choir took up and in notes of exquisite melody, concluded the anthem. Presently it was hushed; the congregation resumed its attitude of prayer, and from the assembled hundreds not the slightest sound was heard, as in a subdued voice, the celebrant recited the office of the day. As he concluded, the organ again struck up, but no longer in a triumphant strain. Its tones, prolonged and sad, prepared the mind for meditation.

Before the close of the soothing, though melancholy hymn which succeeded, a wild and solemn chant was heard approaching, and from a door beside the altar, two and two, arrayed in snow-white garments, a long line of nuns entered, and took their places within the sanctuary. Last came the Lady Abbess, supporting a female exquisitely, nay superbly attired. It was Esperanza.

> "A veil translucent o'er her brows displayed,—
> Her beauty seemed, and only seemed to shade."

More beautiful than ever, her beauty was of a different cast. Her cheeks had lost their tint, her lips their coral hue, and her complexion was pure and colorless as virgin wax. But her eye was kindled with devotion, and her features bore an expression so angelic, that it seemed as if some celestial being stood before them. Chastened by sorrow, and purified by divine love, she appeared too good for earth, and almost fit for Heaven.

The solemn and impressive scene of renouncing the

world, its vanities, and its pomp, now followed. One by one, the jewels and embroidery were thrown aside, and last of all, the peculiar pride and most becoming ornament of the sex, the luxuriant hair was cut and laid upon the altar. As this was done, the death-like silence of the moment was interrupted by a deep groan, and a man fell heavily beside the column nearest the sanctuary.

Gomara, instead of remaining concealed in the vessel, had returned to the shore to witness the renunciation of the world by the being whom he worshipped with all the maddening fervor of his impetuous nature.

He was recognized, again committed, and eventually transported to Cuba. The ministers of the law plundered him of all he possessed, and penniless and threadbare, he was thrown upon a strange land. Friendless, and without occupation, for he had the brand of a convict upon him, the *ci-devant* smuggler, reckless and desperate, became an active and notorious pirate. He was taken, condemned, and before we left the port, ignominiously executed.

I have given the general outlines of his story, as related to me by one who had it from himself. The details, if given in full, with the difficulties he encountered, and the efforts he made to subdue them, would present him perhaps in the light of one as much to be pitied as condemned. High tempered and devoid of magnanimity, one rash and cowardly act blasted his hopes; and his rankling pride led him afterwards to prefer a war against his kind, rather

than by amendment atone for the injury he had inflicted. His first and greatest enemy was his own vindictive temper; the second, was the unforgiving disposition of his father. The first drove him to a dreadful crime; the second hardened a heart that might have been softened into repentance.

* * * * * *

It was soon determined to fit out our launch for an expedition against the pirates. The lieutenant who was appointed to command her, honored and gratified me with an invitation to accompany him. My favorite messmate Lindsay, (son of Col. Lindsay of the army,) entreated to be taken along, but he was on the sick list and the surgeon objected. I was as much disappointed as himself, for we were sworn and intimate friends.

We started at an early hour of the night, and just before shoving off, Lindsay came to take leave of me. Until that moment, I had not dreamed that he was in danger. His hand was parched and feverish; his brow was flushed and his eye glistened with unusual lustre. An icy thrill shot through me, for I felt that my friend's days were numbered. He seemed to labor under a similar presentiment, for his spirits were depressed and the tones of his voice were sad. With a gushing remembrance of the many happy hours we had spent together; of the many endearing proofs each had given to the other, we parted as those do, who never expect to meet again. I saw that he yearned to embrace me, and had we been sheltered from observation, I could have laid my head upon his shoulder and wept. The unbidden tear gathered

in my eye as I bade him farewell, and the last thing I saw was the shadowy outline of my friend standing motionless on the spot where I left him.

As soon as we were clear of the harbor, we steered for Salt Key, where we were to meet the steam-brig, which would tow us to windward, and furnish us with the necessary provisions. But a little after midnight the clouds gathered in thick masses, and a heavy squall of wind and rain overtook us. This squall was the precursor of another and another, under the influence of which the sea rose, and our boat too heavy to be buoyant, plunged deeply, and rising with difficulty to the sea, became exceedingly wet and uncomfortable, and excited apprehensions of yet more serious consequences. At length, the wind freshened so much, that we could no longer carry sail, unless before it, which would have been certain destruction to our clumsy boat. We were compelled to lay to under the oars,—that is, taking in all sail, we kept the boat head to wind and sea with some of the oars, while others of the crew were employed in bailing out the water we were every instant receiving. It was a situation as perilous as it was uncomfortable, and required unceasing vigilance and dexterity in the helmsman.

The blow continued through the night; but abated a little after sunrise, when we made the best of our way to the place of destination. The steam-brig was not there, and we waited for her until the next morning. She had not then made her appearance, and we started to run towards Matanzas in quest of her. On our way we met her, and the lieutenant went on board

to procure some provisions for us, while our boat was made fast to and towed by a hawser from astern. Before the provisions were ready, the wind freshened so rapidly that as night had set in, it was thought advisable to defer sending them to us until the morning. Almost famished, and with a plentiful meal prepared for us we were denied a morsel of food. The wind increased during the night, and at daylight the brig was obliged to lengthen our scope of hawser, lest we should drag under the fast rising sea.

Throughout that day, and the ensuing night, the gale continued, and on the second day became so fierce that the brig was obliged to scud before it. All vessels steer badly when scudding before a gale, but the brig, which was never very obedient to the helm, yawed dreadfully, at one moment bringing a star to bear sharp on the bow, and the next, broad upon the quarter. It was with the greatest difficulty that we could steer the boat so as to keep her from being dragged broadside under. We had now been for two days without food, except some broken ship's biscuit soaked by the spray, which parched us with a thirst that our stinted allowance of water could not slake. Starvation stared us in the face, while our friends in the brig were revelling in abundance. Pitching and tossing in the wildest and most alarming manner, our boat swerved so rapidly from side to side that all their attempts to convey food to us proved unsuccessful. With boding thoughts of death,—of the sweeping wave,—the brief struggle,—the last cry stifled by the water which gurgled down the unwilling throat, we

gazed upon the setting sun. But, we could detect "no token of a goodly morrow." Although the swift wind whirled the spray before it and chilled as it swept by us, yet the peril was so great, that each one stripped himself of his peajacket* to be ready for a swim; while, turn about, one sat at the bow with a hatchet in his hand, prepared to cut the hawser, when it became necessary to do so, to prevent the boat from swamping.

It was a dreadful night. The brig rolled so heavily as to show at times her very keel, and swept along with varied speed. Sometimes, almost arrested, as she clambered up some huge wave, our hawser would be slackened as we neared her; the next moment, she had bounded over the crest, and the hawser fairly cracked with the strain, while we were dragged forward with breathless velocity. The moon and stars were shut out, and it seemed as if an immense black pall was spread above us. The sea too was so phosphorescent that the sinuous wake of the brig was filled as it were, with innumerable sparks, while the huge waves, with their combing crests, looked like great surges of flame. So great was the light that we could with ease have read the smallest print,—but alas! all that we had to read was the deep anxiety imprinted on each other's countenance. The Protecting Power above preserved us through that dismal night.

The sun rose more auspicious than he had gone down, and by noon the gale began to moderate. As

* A sailor's overcoat.

soon as the danger was past, I threw myself down, fairly spent, while the equally wearied but generous sailors took their turns to steer the boat. Not one would lie down before I did.

Some hours after, I awoke with the sun streaming full in my face. The first thing I did was to put out my hand and feel the line, which, throughout the gale, we had kept trolling astern in the hope of catching a fish. I thought that it felt heavier than usual, but was for some time uncertain. In a short time, my doubts were removed, and I joyfully called upon some of the crew to assist me. We hauled in a large bonita, one of the finest fish that swims the Gulf, and at the news the sleepers roused up, forgetful of fatigue in the ravenous calls of hunger. There was, in the bottom of the boat, an iron pot, fitted for cooking, but which alas! had not been used for many days. We threw the panting fish into it, together with the remains of our water-soaked and mouldy biscuit. We then huddled around the pot to screen it from the spray, and with much difficulty lighted a fire by the flash of a pistol. Occasionally seasoned by a few drops of spray, our rude breakfast was in a short time prepared, and the pampered alderman who would have given fifty pounds for the appetite of the beggar to whom he denied a shilling, might surely have doubled the price for a participation in our enjoyment. We did eat, as those may be supposed to do who have long fasted, and know not when they will partake of another meal. Our hunger satisfied, we again slept, the necessary

watch excepted, and when we awoke, the ocean although yet troubled, was fast subsiding.

After scouring about three hundred miles along the coast, we separated from the brig, and started unaccompanied on our return. As we were directed to examine thoroughly several islands in our route, extreme vigilance was necessary, and three volunteers from the brig, were added to our crew. One of them, young and unpretending, soon attracted our attention, and excited our sympathy. In manner he was reserved, for he was exceedingly visionary, and lived in an atmosphere of his own creation. Forgetful of the present, his mind ever reverted to the past, or peopled the future with imaginary beings. Yet his disposition was more a resigned than a melancholy one; the images on which his imagination loved to dwell, though often singular, were clothed in chaste and becoming drapery, and the language in which he spoke to us was startling from its novelty, and not unfrequently rich in its unstudied elegance. He was ill when he joined us, but concealed it, and the next day he was raving, with the fever at its height. In his lucid intervals, he related to us a portion of his history, at which we could not smile, although it severely tasked our credulity.

He was the only son of a schoolmaster, who gave him a classical education, and when he attained the proper age, procured him a situation in a clerk's office of an adjoining county.

Hartman was assiduous in his attendance at the office, but from inattention made many mistakes in the

performance of his duty. His principal task was to copy deeds, where, by errors in dates and titles, by frequent omissions of sentences and transposition of words, he severely tried the patience of his benevolent employer. In fact, he was in every sense of the word, a dreamer. He had his reveries by day, and superstitiously cherished his nightly dreams as foreshadowings of the future.

At one time, he had been dispatched on distant business. Before he reached his place of destination, he was taken ill and confined to his bed in a remote and poorly-furnished inn. The first night he dreamed that his stepmother bought him a garment, which he was about to put on, but from a sudden impulse, for which he could not account, he threw it aside. He awoke with the firm conviction that he would be very ill, but certainly recover, and to the alarm of his kind-hearted landlord, would not allow a physician to be summoned. The strength of his constitution, invigorated by his perfect confidence of recovery, bore him safely through a sickness protracted by several relapses.

About six months after, he dreamed that the same person presented a similar garment, and he had reached forth his hand to receive it, when his father stepping between, took it and put it on himself. This time, Hartman woke, with the full persuasion that he would again be ill, but that his father either had died, or was at the last extremity. In this conviction, without the permission of his employer, who laughed at his idle fears, he started for home. His disordered imagina-

tion preying upon a body already perhaps in the incipient stage of disease, brought on, in part, the realization of his fears, and another spell of wasting illness followed. The death of his father about the time, and, as he protested, at the very hour he had seen him assume the garment, strengthened his deep-rooted faith in the mystic revelations of his dream. When he recovered, besides the death of his father, he had another misfortune to deplore. The patience of his employer had been tried too far, and he lost his situation.

Thriftless, without present means, and destitute of the energy which begets resources, poor Hartman wandered to the seaboard, and at last, in abject want, presented himself at a naval rendezvous, and enlisted in the service. He was detailed as one of the crew of the steam-brig, where his listless habits rendering him unfit for active duties, he was assigned a situation which condemned him to sedentary occupation, and by confinement impaired his health.

The night before we parted from the brig, he dreamed that the same ill-omened female tendered him the garment, which, like that of Nessus, is fatal to the wearer—*and that he put it on.* Of his own death, he was now assured, and in the morning, with moving earnestness, entreated to be sent with us; because, as he afterwards said, he could not abide to die in the cramped and narrow place allotted to the sick, where not only the heavens, but their very light, was excluded, and the air was vitiated before reaching it.

The second evening he died. The same night we ran close along the shore of Cayo Romano, intending to land on some sequestered spot, in order to bury the body. Under the far-stretching shadow of the trees which feathered the sides and summits of the hills, we slowly skimmed along, the sound of the light ripple beneath the bows drowned in the murmur of the waves as they slowly tumbled upon the beach.

We had long ceased to converse, and our eyes and ears were strained to see or catch the sight or sound of a movement upon the shore. The profound stillness was disturbed, and we instinctively started at the sound of a loud and peculiar shriek. It was the Cat-o'-mountain, the most ferocious native of the forest, lured from its den by the scent of mortality. We now knew that however deep we might dig the grave of our companion, his remains would be disinterred by these ravenous beasts, who, their first startling cry exchanged for a fierce and angry growl, stood upon the hill side, and with greedy eyes watched our proceedings.

We turned our boat's head to seaward, and pulling out into deep water, as the moon went down and the stars shone forth in increased lustre, and the gentle wind wafted from the land the odor of tropical fruits and plants, with one prayer recited aloud, and many silent aspirations for the welfare of his soul, we committed his body to the deep. The disparted wave closed in, and shut him from our sight. We resumed our devious path along the coast, and in the exciting

nature of our duty, soon forgot the melancholy fate of the poor visionary.

We approached the harbor of Matanzas, where we were to rejoin our ship at a late hour of the night. The full, unclouded moon shed her soft and silvery light upon a placid scene. Far in the depths beneath, glanced the lights of a mimic sky; clear as at noonday, the whitewashed houses were reflected in the liquid mirror beneath them; the hills were basking in light, the valleys were mantled in shade, and with their bows in various directions, the ships rode to the flickering airs—and ships and houses, the hills, the valleys, the bay and the distant ocean, were as still, as if the wand of the enchanter had been waved above them.

With slow and noiseless stroke we rowed well into the harbor, when the silence was suddenly broken by the boom of our small piece of artillery, and the sharp report of all our musketry. As the echo reverberated among the distant hills, each of our crew blew with his conch-shell a discordant blast. The alarm instantly spread; the garrison flew to arms; the ships of war beat to quarters, and there was consternation in the town.

As I stepped over the side of the Hornet, my first question was for Lindsay. Alas! my presentiments were not unfounded. He was no more!

"A generous spirit marked his short career,
And rising greatness was implanted there.
Ardent for fame—impatient to sustain
His country's glory on the raging main,

The young aspirant left his native shore,
To which fate doomed him to return no more."

I was soon promoted to another vessel, and from a most excellent, transferred my allegiance to another commander. Differing in many respects from the former, my present commander is two removes from the highest grade in the service. When he attains the last, as if he live he unquestionably will, under a system which advances alike the worthless and the deserving, he will not be the least among the Post-Captains in the navy.

We proceeded to the coast of Mexico for specie, and anchored in an exposed and open roadstead. Behind was a dangerous, and for us an impassable reef, marked by the foam which crested its lashing and far-sounding surf. Before us, with its dark and angry waves driven onward by a fresh northerly wind, was the broad expanse of the Gulf of Mexico.

As soon as we had anchored, the boats were hoisted out, and an officer and crew sent in the launch for water. They were well aware of the danger to which they were thus unnecessarily exposed. The expedition was considered unnecessary, for we were but a few weeks from port, and had an ample stock of water on hand. It was deemed cruel to dispatch it at such a time, for the indications of a storm were evident to the least observing.

The officer took leave of us with a compressed lip, and his eye flashed as he listened to the unmeaning directions of his commander, who, as well as himself, had never been there before.

The increasing waves of a fast-rising storm were dammed by the opposing reef, until, accumulated in a huge mass, the multitudinous waters sprang madly upward, and breaking above the crest, swept on with foam, the roar, and the speed of a mighty cataract.

In sadness we parted from our shipmates in the boat, and in deep anxiety watched her progress towards the shore. She no sooner entered within the line of breakers, than a heavy roller passed over the stern, and knocking down the officer who sat there, filled the boat with water, and tore several of the oars from the hands of the rowers. The empty casks kept down by the thwarts, or benches upon which the rowers sat, alone prevented the boat from sinking. Water-logged, with a crew incapable of exertion, her fate seemed inevitable. But that Power which is ever at hand, and often exercised when human means are unavailing, preserved them.

The set of the current was towards the land, and although the boat was pitched up and tossed downward and onward with great force and inconceivable rapidity, yet she could not sink so long as the thwarts retained their places. Fortunately, they were firmly fixed, and the crew clung to them with the desperation of drowning men. We were long kept in suspense, but our fears were relieved as we saw them drift by degrees into smoother water.

Scarce had we drawn a long and grateful breath for the preservation of our friends, than it became necessary to turn attention to our own security. The wind was freshening, and the sea rising rapidly, and

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the aspect of the sky denoted a gale of long continuance. We were soon compelled to slip our cable, and stand out to sea, leaving our boat's crew without provisions, to make what shift they could.

With the subsidence of the gale we returned to the anchorage, and our boat rejoined us. For six days, the crew had suffered great privation and exposure, for they were clad only in their summer garments. After waiting some time, we received a quantity of specie on board, and weighing anchor for the United States, proceeded to a northern port where our vessel was condemned for repairs.

Here we separated—some to be clasped in the chaste embrace of wives, and listen to the winning endearments of their children. Some to receive a father's blessing, and some to pillow their heads on the fond maternal bosom. I go to greet acquaintance; to brood over recollections of the past, and feed my restless soul with anticipations of the future.